

RECORDING BRITAIN

VOLUME I

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INTRODUCTION

ONE of the first appeals of importance to reach the Pilgrim Trust in the autumn of 1939 was from Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, writing on behalf of the Minister of Labour and National Service, by whom he had been appointed Chairman of a Committee on the Employment of Artists in Wartime. In addition to engaging artists to portray features and incidents of the work of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry, it was also proposed that artists should be invited to make a number of topographical water-colour drawings of places and buildings of characteristic national interest, particularly those exposed to the danger of destruction by the operations of war. The project came to be called 'Recording the changing face of Britain'. Quite apart from the havoc wrought by the enemy and by our own necessary defensive measures, and despite the protective work of the National Trust, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and similar bodies, the outward aspect of Britain was changing all too quickly before the War at the sinister hands of improvers and despoilers.

The Trustees responded to the appeal of the Ministry with grants which ultimately amounted to £6,000, and the entire administration of this fund was handed over to a small committee consisting of Mr. P. H. Jowett, R.W.S. (Principal of the Royal College of Art), Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B. (Director of the National Gallery), and Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.A. (representing the Royal Academy). Mr. Arnold Palmer was appointed Secretary. It is to these four gentlemen that all credit is due for the success of the scheme. They chose the artists, agreed the subjects, and made all other arrangements. On behalf of my colleagues and myself I acknowledge with gratitude the debt we owe to them, and the debt the country owes to them, for their skill and devotion. They showed their wisdom in concentrating early on the coastal counties. As the War went on these areas became more and more strictly controlled. Many recordings which were made in 1940 could not have been made later. All the coastal counties of England except Northumberland, Durham, and Lincolnshire were included.

Accommodation for the work of the Committee was provided in the National Gallery, by the kindness of the authorities, and here also exhibitions of the pictures were held in three successive summers. In addition exhibitions toured the provinces under the auspices of the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (now the Arts Council of Great Britain), and of the British Institute of Adult Education, with the co-operation of the Art Exhibitions Bureau. In December

1943 the whole collection was transferred to the custody of the Victoria and Albert Museum, through whose organization it will henceforth be made available to the public. Selected drawings will be added to the Museum's permanent collection of English water-colours, a larger number will be placed in the circulation department, and the remainder—on account of their peculiar local interest—will be offered on long loan to appropriate institutions throughout the country. The completed Record consists of 1,549 works. Of the 97 artists, 63 were specially commissioned, and 6 presented works, while from the others occasional purchases were made. Thirty-two English and four Welsh counties are fairly fully represented. Some counties had to be left unrecorded owing to insuperable war-time difficulties.

A similar scheme under a Recording Committee has been developed in Scotland and its acquisitions have been shown at many exhibitions.

The volumes, of which this is the first, deal with England and Wales, and the Trustees deem themselves fortunate in having induced Mr. Arnold Palmer to edit them. His special association with the enterprise throughout qualified him, better than any one else, for this task, and in the pages which follow it will be seen how much our indebtedness to him is enhanced. The reader will admire the care and technical skill bestowed on the production of the volumes by the Oxford University Press.

The Trustees express their thanks to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and its county secretaries, to the Georgian Group, and to all those, known and unknown, who have lent their aid by means of letters to the Committee or by affording information and suggestions to the artists on the spot.

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LONDON AND MIDDLESEX

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FOR reasons already stated, the coastal counties were the first consideration. When the Scheme began early in 1940, no English cities had been bombed; some people were advancing arguments to show that they never would be bombed; Americans were calling the war 'phoney'. Indeed, the very circumstances which wrought changes in remote country districts where hardly the distant rumble of battle had been heard since the days of Picts, Scots, Danes, and Romans, seemed likely to reprieve for a few years to come many an old street or building lying under sentence in our spreading cities. London, again, is so vast, and so fully if haphazardly recorded, that it offered every sort of reason for deferment.

Before the end of the first fateful summer, however, the case for Middlesex was pleaded by that lifelong and discriminating pedestrian, Sir Ralph Wedgwood. He drew attention to the persistent and independent, if often forgotten, existence of the county of which London is not even the county town; he cited a number of villages, such as Cranford, still hanging on with an indestructible air of good breeding in reduced and jostled circumstances. His proposal was acted on, and by the end of August the first drawings of Middlesex had been acquired, from Mr. Hubert Freeth.

In Middlesex, as already in Kent and Essex and as presently in Surrey, it was difficult, it was soon impossible, to keep unblurred the line between county and

metropolis. Country, suburbs, outskirts—London began to creep into the collection almost without notice or intention. It had every excuse; for if, elsewhere, recording was designed to forestall as far as possible the rough usages inseparable from the training of military and civil services, and to anticipate known plans involving the destruction of pleasant buildings and views, in the case of London such procedure had become pedantic. The Battle of Britain had been fought and won. The blitz was in full swing. Everything was in acute danger. And so, though many plans were laid and executed—Chiswick House and grounds, in their old age thrust into uniform and harnessed to the national effort; a series of park keepers' lodges from Hyde and Regent's Parks and Kensington Gardens; squares and terraces of varying types—Molière's ways were followed and good things taken as they turned up. Eventually, drawings of London were more than twice as numerous as those in any county group. Systematized recording of the metropolis on anything like an adequate scale was, and was bound to be, out of the question. It is a task to daunt an army of cameramen—or so one would have supposed but for the courageous and successful efforts of the National Buildings Record.

But the size of London is perhaps too often stressed, too often urged in support of doubtful contentions. Size is no new problem in London. Anyone, indeed, who has occasion to dip into the endless library of books about London must be struck by the recurrence of problems, of names, of buildings. The Walpoles and the Russells (Bedford), for example, could have been introduced into note after note in the following pages without the slightest strain—the effort has been, rather, to keep them out, to space their appearances. Wren and Nash are still amongst us, Pepys and Evelyn, Boswell and Creevey our not yet untropical reading.

Time soon disappears in that library. Horace Walpole may bear at first a far-away look; yet there are plenty of old ladies and gentlemen whose grandparents were alive in his day. He flourished (it seems the right word) under George III. On that February morning when His Majesty ran through Kew Gardens, calling on the terrified Miss Burney to stop—on that memorable morning in 1789 the ageing King, 'so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible', sang her snatches from the oratorios of his old friend, Handel, and 'told me innumerable anecdotes of him'. Handel was born in 1685; and so, in only two jumps, we reach the seventeenth century.

In the seventeenth century, as everyone knows, the city suffered greatly from fire and, before being rebuilt, was replanned. The destruction was seen as an opportunity as well as a disaster, for a number of apparently insoluble problems, occasioned by the rapid growth of the population and traffic, had long caused grave concern. The following passage, from James Pope-Hennessy's *London Fabric* (Batsford), is quoted

as a good summary of some of these problems and as a possible source of encouragement to a generation which faces them again:

'The population of the city, which at the accession of James I seems to have been about two hundred and fifty thousand, had increased by seventy thousand during his reign, in spite of plagues. A portion of this number could be accounted for by immigrant foreigners, but the majority seems to have been London-born. Jerry-building on commons and open spaces, or in the fields which came right up to the city's edge, was becoming a menace. Two months after he came to the throne Charles issued his first proclamation against this, ordering ornamental pilasters to be placed upon house fronts, and all new construction to be stopped at once. At the same time the traffic problem was now a serious one. Coaches . . . were extremely popular with the Jacobean rich. In 1613 the Government had attempted to restrict their numbers in the city by suggesting that four hundred and thirty should be the limit allowed. This was far surpassed. The narrow streets were blocked by the unwieldy coaches of the nobility, drawn by four horses, though the drivers of these, it was observed, were more mannerly in giving way than the carters with their seven or eight horses in a line, decorated with tassels and jingling bells. Worst of all were the long covered wagons jolting in from the country with twenty passengers apiece. Many of the thoroughfares were repaved with freestone, the old cobbles being "troublesome" to the feet and, no doubt, uneven for the coach-wheels. The general chaos in the busy parts of the city was enhanced by the "Hackney Hell Carts", which stood at the Maypole in the Strand and rattled off with their fares down the crowded streets. Sedan chairs, too, were becoming fashionable. . . .'

The topographical historians of London, though some of them are rather apt to cover, and to miss, the same ground as one another, have made a mass of information easily available. Knowledge yet more detailed and precise, though less accessible, reposes in learned societies. A third source, still less accessible and harder to tap, is the common people—men like Mrs. Nollekens' friend, Tom Twigg the fruiterer, who knew the history of every house and tenant in Covent Garden. Occasionally a chance remark in a newspaper will start a correspondence, and facts, precariously lodged in the memories of obscure men and women, will accumulate in a rapid and astonishing pile, made up of the trivial, the useful, and sometimes the priceless. These people do not know one another, and their scraps of knowledge, after lying about for perhaps two, just possibly three generations and growing ever dustier, are usually lost before that chance remark can collect them and give them value. For the topographer, asking them the way or sheltering for a moment on their doorsteps, it is an exasperating thought.

GATEWAY, ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

King William Road was selected as the western boundary of the Hospital in 1824—the result, according to Drake's edition of Hasted (Part I, 1886), of a sudden and belated decision to restore Wren's original ground plan. Previously, the boundary wall and gateway stood farther east, and to carry out the extension certain houses had to be acquired and demolished. The move was not completed till 1849. Iron railings, designed by Philip Hardwick (architect of Euston Station archway), replaced the old brick wall, but the gateway was kept, being transferred (piers, globes, and all) to the new frontage.

The celestial and terrestrial globes are of stone, 6 feet in diameter. The celestial globe shows astronomical lines, meridians, and circles; the terrestrial, the parallels of latitude and longitude together with the outlines of sea and land. They were made by Edward Man in 1752, and 'inscribed by Richard Oliver, Mathematical Master of the School'; and they had been in position almost from the first, for the gateway, which bears a shield with a very defaced Royal Cipher (George II?), was built in 1750. Twenty-five years after the move, people still recalled the difficulties attending the reorientation of those globes. Important astronomers from the neighbouring Observatory lent learned assistance.

Amid the array of architects who, from first to last, have had a hand in Greenwich—Jones, Webb, Wren, Vanbrugh, Campbell, Stuart, and the rest—the probable author of the gateway turns out to be Thomas Ripley, a poor Yorkshire boy who walked to London, became a protégé of Sir Robert Walpole, and succeeded Vanbrugh, in 1726, as Comptroller of the board of works. Fate has not been kind to him, for his Admiralty has been hidden, and his work on the Hospital chapel destroyed by the fire of 1779, whereas Pope's lines remain.

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whispered, 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

While not called upon to believe that the poet held the architect in the highest esteem, the reader should remember that it was an age of cliques. Pope, who was a friend of Burlington, who was a friend of Kent, who had himself been not without hopes of the Comptrollership, felt bound to strike a blow for his side, and drew his sole but sufficient weapon, the couplet. In his own way he is saying, rather wistfully, that it would have been nice if Kent could have got the job.



BLUE COAT SCHOOL, CAXTON-STREET, S.W. 1

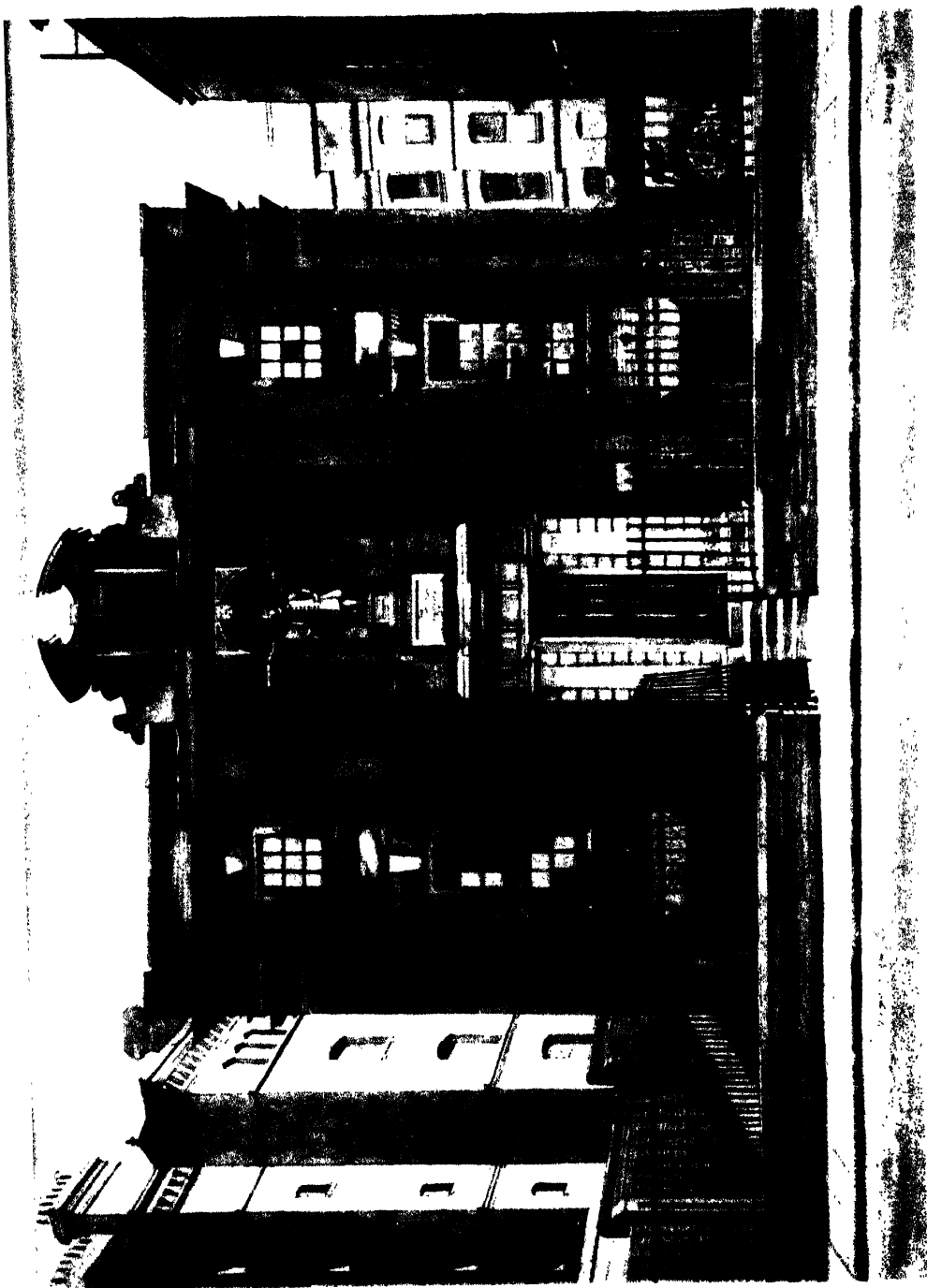
Phyllis Dimond

A tablet over the entrance announces 'The Blew coat School. Built in the year 1709'; and another tablet at the back states 'This school was founded in 1688'. It has not failed, like the Geffrye Museum, to be ascribed to Wren, but there is no supporting evidence beyond the style of the building.

In his book on *Westminster*, published in 1895, Sir Walter Besant described the premises as consisting 'of a charming red-brick hall, with the figure of a scholar over the porch; a little garden full of greenery is at the back; at one side is the master's residence, a two storied house covered all over with a curtain of Virginia creeper; another little garden, full of such flowers as will grow in the London air, is behind the house. . . . It is old, it is beautiful, it adorns the street, it is sacred to the memory of 200 years of Boy—thirty generations of Boy; it is still most useful—therefore one feels certain that it is doomed; it must soon go, to make room for residential flats and mansions, fifteen stories high.'

Admittedly London has suffered many wanton changes for the worse in the last hundred years, but the whining note in Sir Walter's voice is rather too prevalent among topographers. It grows wearisome, and should be avoided when possible. The building, whose early demise he expected more than fifty years ago, still stands. The red creeper has gone—but there are two schools of thought about creepers on old buildings. The garden, too, is asphalted, but it is a very small area. Was it really so green and fresh and charming after serving as playground to 200 years of Boy? A picture, accompanying Besant's text, seems to show a garden, but close examination discovers that the effect is obtained largely by means of a tree. The tree remains; but, the apex of the wedge-shaped grounds having been nipped off, the tree is now just outside the premises, gracing the street.

On the other side of Victoria Street is Greycoat Place, a turning off Rochester Row, where a school for girls was established ten years after the Bluecoat school for boys, in 1698. Adjoining Greycoat Place is Greencoat Place, where there was a school for orphans. There was also a Black Coat School. The school tie seems even older than is popularly believed.

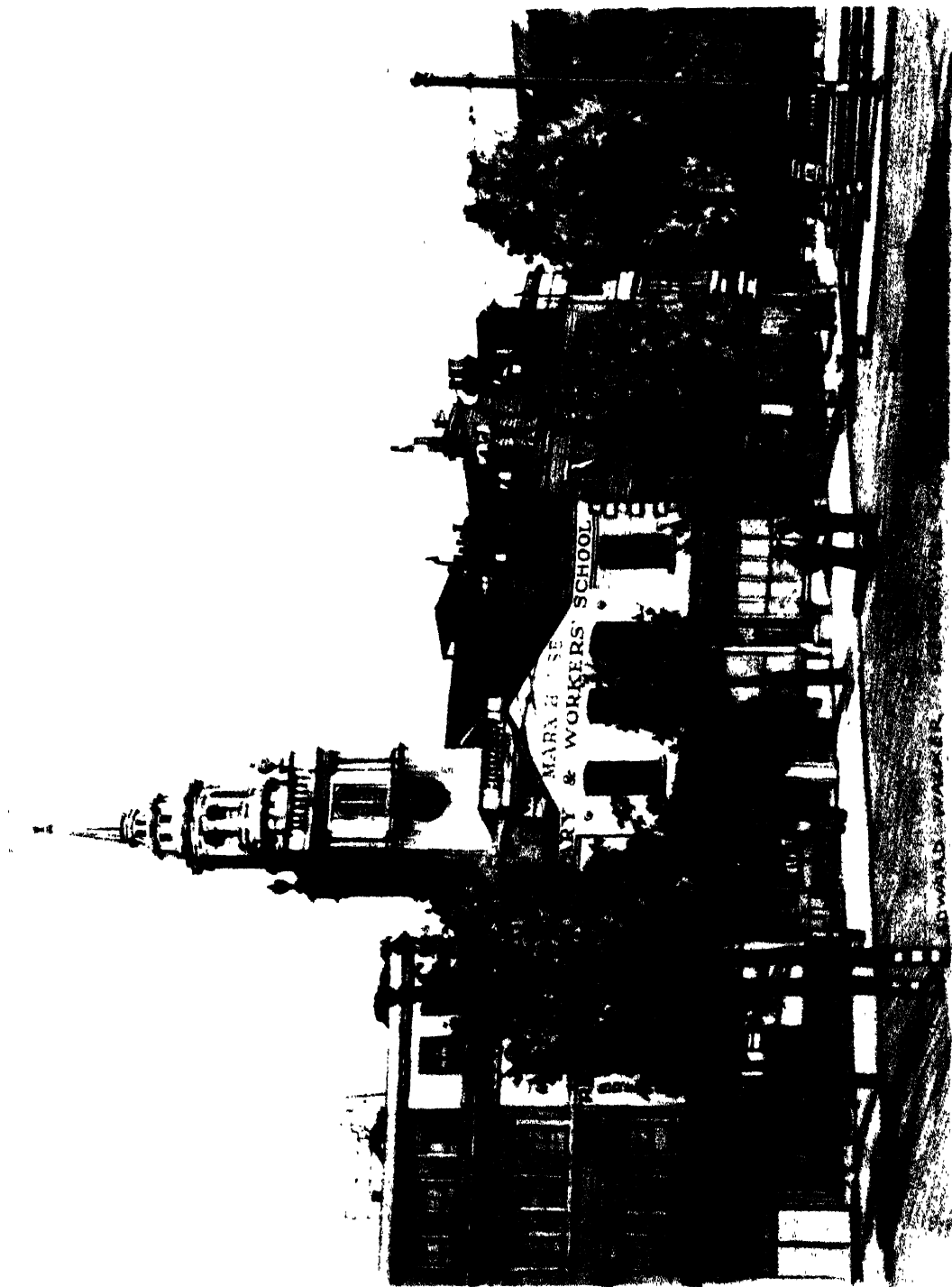


CLERKENWELL GREEN E.C.1

Edward Walker

Few churches in England are the property of the parishioners. St. James's, whose steeple is seen here, was bought by the congregation in 1656, and they still own it and appoint their own vicar. Since the twelfth century, when a Benedictine nunnery stood on the north side of the square, a sacred building of one kind or another has always occupied the site. The present church dates from 1792. Several minor celebrities are buried within, among them Thomas Britton, the musical coal-merchant. He had his shop in Aylesbury Street, at the north-east end of the Green, and in the loft above it he organized the first public concerts ever held in London. That was in 1678. Such was his success that, before long, only subscribers were admitted. The loft became a weekly rendezvous of the aristocratic and intellectual worlds, as well as the narrower musical circles; and Handel, on his first visit to England in 1710, made a point of going there—to play, to make himself known, to meet people and form friendships. Britton died in 1714.

Once a shady orchard, Clerkenwell Green lost its grass long before the end of the eighteenth century, and the last of its trees before the beginning of the nineteenth. The houses surrounding the Green are as diverse in story as in appearance. Marx House (it is Marx House no longer, and the name is now painted over) was built, in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, as a Welsh orphanage. Early in the nineteenth century the premises were turned into a Coffee House, much frequented by Radicals. Later still, a Radical Club was installed under Thomas Mottershead—or, as Marx called him after visiting the club, Muttonhead. Some twenty years later, in the eighties, Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation arrived, with the Twentieth Century Press and the periodical *Justice*; and when, in 1900-2, Lenin was living in Holford Square, a little way north of Clerkenwell Green, he had a table in the office and his paper *Iskra* printed by the Press. In 1933, as Hitler was becoming Chancellor, the house was turned into a Workers' Library and bookshop, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Karl Marx. It has since been let to the London District Committee of the Communist Party.



THE GREAT ALCOVE, KENSINGTON GARDENS, W.2

Edward Walker

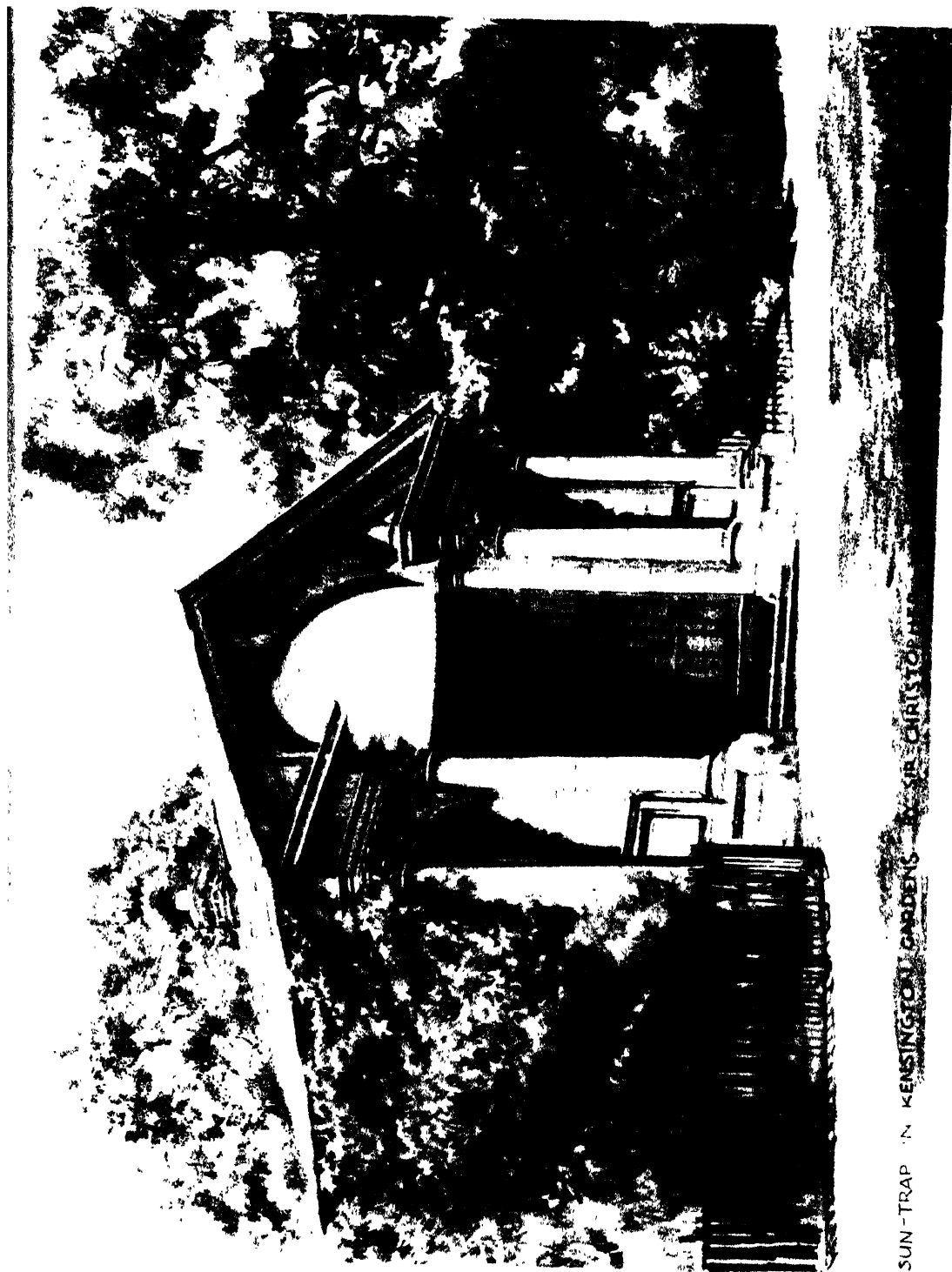
Whitehall was too damp for William III's asthma—and too full of memories, some said, for the Queen's conscience. Kensington, with its gravel soil and its freedom from associations, seemed to promise relief; and so Nottingham House was acquired (for £18,000) and turned into Kensington Palace, the royal residence. After the death of her brother-in-law, Queen Anne continued the arrangement, but since George II's death there from a heart attack no other sovereign has inhabited the Palace save, for the first few hours of her reign, Victoria.

During those seventy years the Kings, and still more the Queens, worked untiringly at the embellishment of the estate and seem to have been devoted to it; but from the first (Evelyn called it 'a neat villa') it failed to fill the public eye.

The Great Alcove, with her monogram above the opening, was built for Queen Anne by Wren. It was set up near the end of the Broad Walk where a brick wall, running along the southern boundary of the Palace garden, ensured privacy from traffic in the Kensington Road. It faced north. Nowadays it is often given the name of sun-trap, but Queen Anne did not come of a sunbathing generation. What she wanted, what Wren gave her, was indeed the opposite—a seat in a shady recess where her weak eyes, shielded from the glare, could rest upon an agreeable if slightly blurred view of house and grounds.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Alcove, still in its original position, was used as a chapel (altar? pulpit? confession box?) by French refugees from the Revolution. The move to Lancaster Gate took place about 1857, but the reasons for the change and choice of site seem to have slid out of recall.

Amid the lilacs of its second home it forms a graceful termination to the most beautiful stretch in any of London's parks. Kensington Gardens, the gardens of the Palace, owe much to Anne who stole 100, and to Caroline of Anspach who is said to have stolen 300, acres from Hyde Park; they owe still more to the two landscape gardeners, Wise and London, to whom Anne entrusted the development. Later, when the public was admitted, the banks of the north end of the Serpentine became the favoured resort of the fashionable world. The scene to-day has changed in a few respects from that admired by Addison. The engine house and the Italian fountains are the work of John Thomas, who, besides being one of Barry's principal lieutenants in the construction of the Houses of Parliament, was in demand for reliefs, pediments, and figures at London railway stations. Better still, there comes into sight at the first twist of the lake the bridge made by the Rennie brothers in 1828. Had he lived to see it, the author of old Waterloo Bridge could hardly have been dissatisfied with his sons' creation.



SUN-TRAP IN KENNINGTON GARDENS BY SIR CHRISTOPHER

THE GREAT ALCOVE, KENSINGTON GARDENS, W.2

Edward Walker

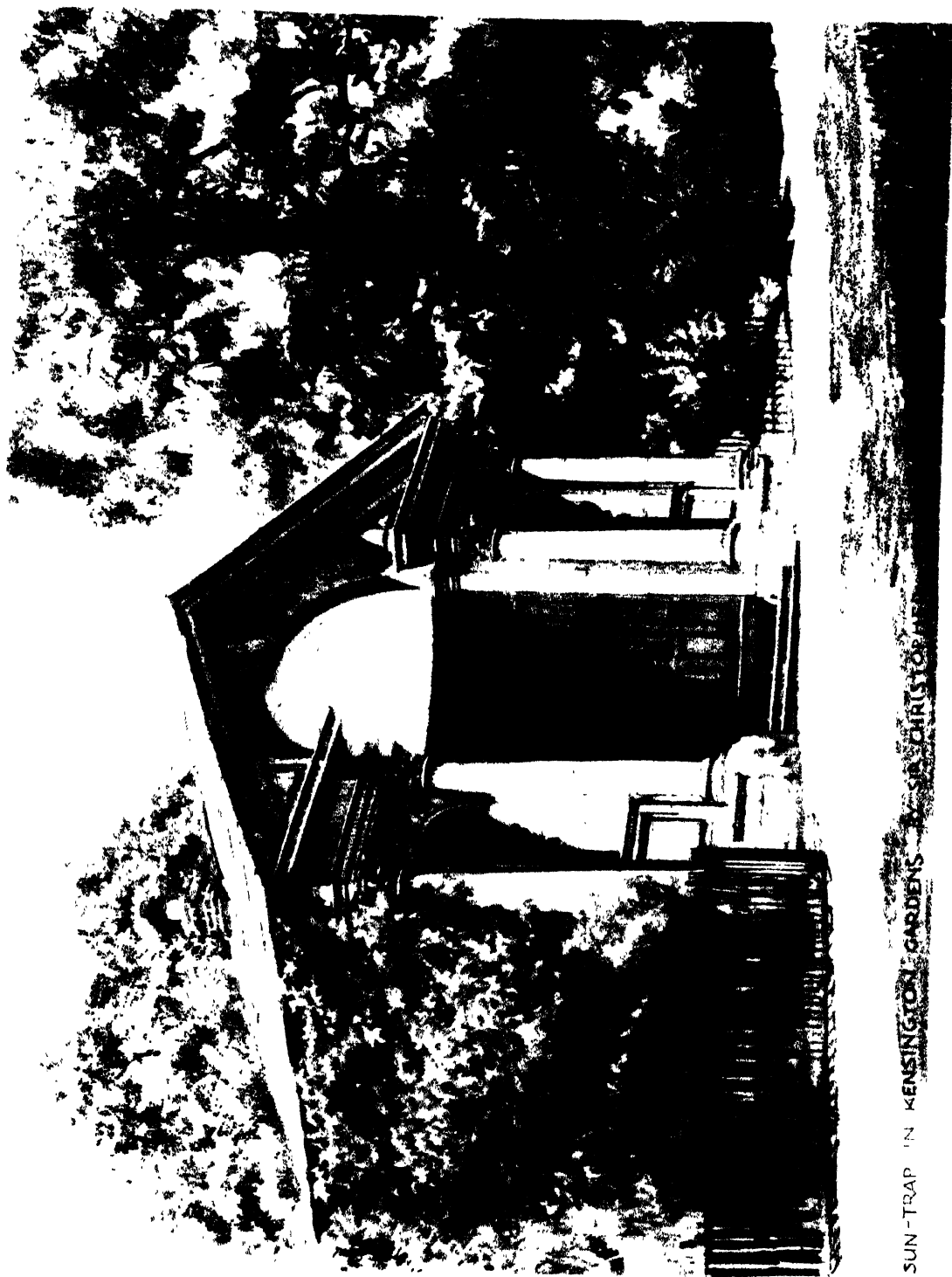
Whitehall was too damp for William III's asthma—and too full of memories, some said, for the Queen's conscience. Kensington, with its gravel soil and its freedom from associations, seemed to promise relief; and so Nottingham House was acquired (for £18,000) and turned into Kensington Palace, the royal residence. After the death of her brother-in-law, Queen Anne continued the arrangement, but since George II's death there from a heart attack no other sovereign has inhabited the Palace save, for the first few hours of her reign, Victoria.

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SUN-TRAP IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. BY SIR CHRISTOPHER

THE WATCH HOUSE, STRAND LANE, W.C.2

Edward Walker

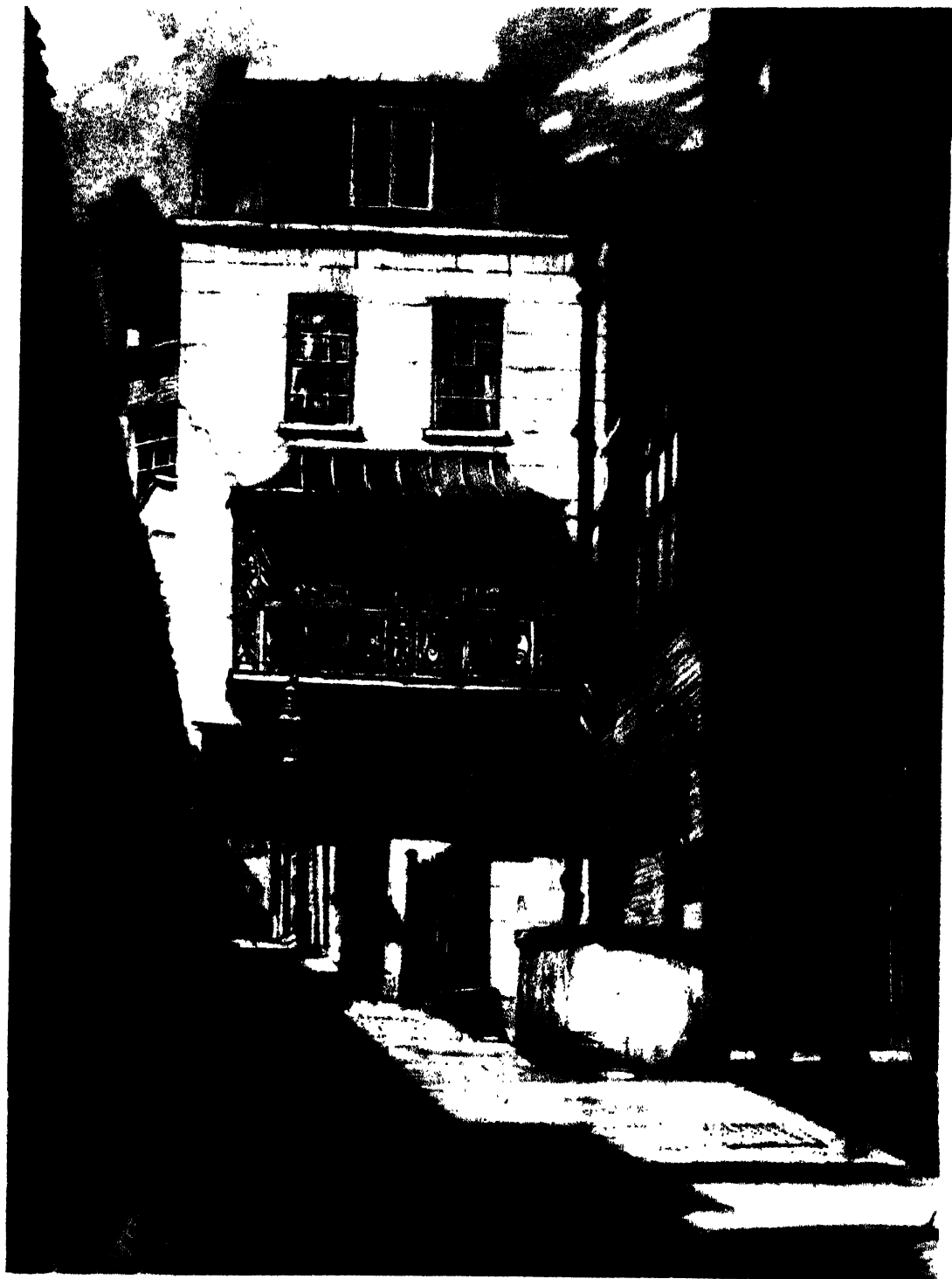
Watch houses, the first primitive police stations, were introduced in the middle of the thirteenth century under Henry III, 'for the full remedies', Stow explains, 'of the enormities of the night'. Three hundred years later, in 1557, a bell was installed on each watch house 'to remind the citizens to take care of their fires and lights, to help the poor and pray for the dead'. Thereafter watchmen were often called bellmen, but under either name they were regarded as a joke. Shakespeare never hesitated to turn to the police system, such as it was, when he wanted an easy laugh (see *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*), and indeed it is only of recent years that the old tradition, still strong in Conan Doyle, has found itself queried by certain writers.

Charles I tried to improve the efficiency of the watchmen, but beyond causing their nickname to be changed once again to Charlies he achieved little. In *Amelia* (1751) Fielding could still wonder how 'poor old decrepit people . . . armed only with a pole, which some of them seem scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate and well armed villains'. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century an active, muscular man who had applied for the post of watchman was told he ought to be ashamed of himself and packed off to look for some more useful work. The scandal, though periodically ventilated for nearly 600 years, was not energetically checked till the formation of the Metropolitan Police in 1829.

William Kent's *Encyclopaedia of London* (Dent), to which acknowledgement is here made, contains a lively summary of the history of the London watchmen.

Even in 1939 there were not more than eight or nine Watch Houses left in London. There are fewer now, though the one in Ely Place, where many visitors have heard the watchman crying the hours, remains.

One of the prettiest of them forms the subject of Mr. Walker's drawing. It is not very easy to find. On the south or riverside pavement of the Strand, almost exactly level with Gibbs's islanded church of St. Mary-le-Strand, stands Denny's bookshop. Beside the shop is an alley-way called Strand Lane, with a notice above the archway announcing, in red letters, the way 'To the old Roman Spring Water Plunge Bath'. A few steps farther on or in, the visitor meets another notice, reaffirming the existence of the Bath and advising perseverance. Round a bend in the alley, but before the Bath is reached, stands a green door—'Ye Olde Watch House of St. Clement Danes'.



Barbara Jones

Unsuccessful twice as a Radical at Wycombe and a third time as a Tory at Taunton, Disraeli became one of the members for Maidstone (Wyndham Lewis was the other) in 1837. He was 33, and already a well-known author of seven or eight books. Nevertheless, according to Froude, his election was only just in time to save him from ruin. His parliamentary contests and his ostentatious way of living had placed him deep in debt—to moneylenders, not to friends. Two years later he married the widow of his former colleague. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was fifteen years his senior, wealthy, and the owner of a sumptuous corner house in the most sumptuous thoroughfare in London—No. 1 Grosvenor Gate, later No. 29 Park Lane, and now No. 93 Park Lane.

That is one aspect of the story. Here is another. Now that the cynical laughter has died away, most people are convinced of Disraeli's devotion and his wife's happiness. Far from appropriating her fortune to his own ends, the new member had risen to be leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons before he rid himself of the load of debt. The death of his father improved his financial position; yet when, to quote Froude again, 'a Conservative millionaire took upon himself the debts to the usurers, the 3% with which he was content being exchanged for the 10% under which he had been staggering', Disraeli had been married more than ten years. Later, long after these troubles were over, another ageing lady, a Spanish Jewess, began to write importunate letters to him. Finally, he agreed to an appointment beside a fountain in Hyde Park. She became the close friend of Disraeli and of Mrs. Disraeli, too, and when she died, in 1863, she left him her large fortune and was buried at Hughenden near the spot reserved for the statesman.

Like many of the stories of Disraeli, the parts do not add up into a whole. The truth about him is obscure; for, though complex natures are not uncommon, he had the mark of the master Enigma—a streak of utter simplicity. About few great figures have commentators differed more widely or wildly, their assurance equalled only by their readers' lack of it. Even his contemporaries, who called him 'The Sphinx', were unprepared for the public veneration shown at his funeral.

He lived at the house in Park Lane all his married life, not leaving it till 1873, the year following Lady Beaconsfield's death. *Coningsby* and *Sybil* were written there.



DORIC ARCH, EUSTON STATION, N.W.1

Barbara Jones

In 1835 the London & Birmingham Railway Company obtained permission to extend the line from Camden Town to 'a certain place called Euston Grove'. The Directors, in a Report to the Proprietors of the Company, dated February 1837, announced that

'The Entrance to the London Passenger Station opening immediately upon what will necessarily become the Grand Avenue for travelling between the Metropolis and the mid-land and northern parts of the Kingdom, the Directors thought that it should receive some architectural embellishment. They adopted accordingly a design of Mr. Hardwick's for a grand but simple portico, which they considered well adapted to the national character of the undertaking.'

Mr. Hardwick was Philip, son of Thomas Hardwick who rebuilt St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The grand but simple portico was the Euston Arch, or Gateway to the North.

Nash's Marble Arch and Decimus Burton's Hyde Park Corner were already in existence and recent enough to make comparisons inevitable. Hardwick met them by designing what was, and may still be, the largest architectural gateway in the country. According to John Britton, the height of the structure to the summit of the acroterium is 72 feet. The stone came from the Bramley-Fall Quarries, in Yorkshire, and 80,000 cubic feet of it were needed. Messrs. W. & L. Cubitt were the builders.

If a contemporary artist is to be believed, the stone was of the same creamy colour as the stucco house-fronts in the magnificent, if now shabby, Euston Square. No hotel bridge, of course, then obscured the approach. Seen from the Euston Road the great pale arch, not blackened and caged, not cluttered up and scribbled over, could be recognized for what it is—the most imaginative adventure in stone essayed by any English railway company.

Alike to sportsmen eager for the moors and to merchants returning heavy with contracts to Glasgow, the Gateway to the North now gives the curt injunction 'Out'. Its career as Entrance and Exit is inconstant and obscure. As early as 1882 a London guide-book seems to indicate that it was then an exit, but there are grounds for believing that it reverted later to its original purpose. No precise information about this aspect of its history has been found.

More than once it has been marked for demolition. Rumour says that, hitherto, all tenders for its removal have been prohibitive. Less reliance on rumour is needed to say that when, sixty years ago, its comparatively small western lodge was condemned, the builders were unable to pull it down and had to blow it up.



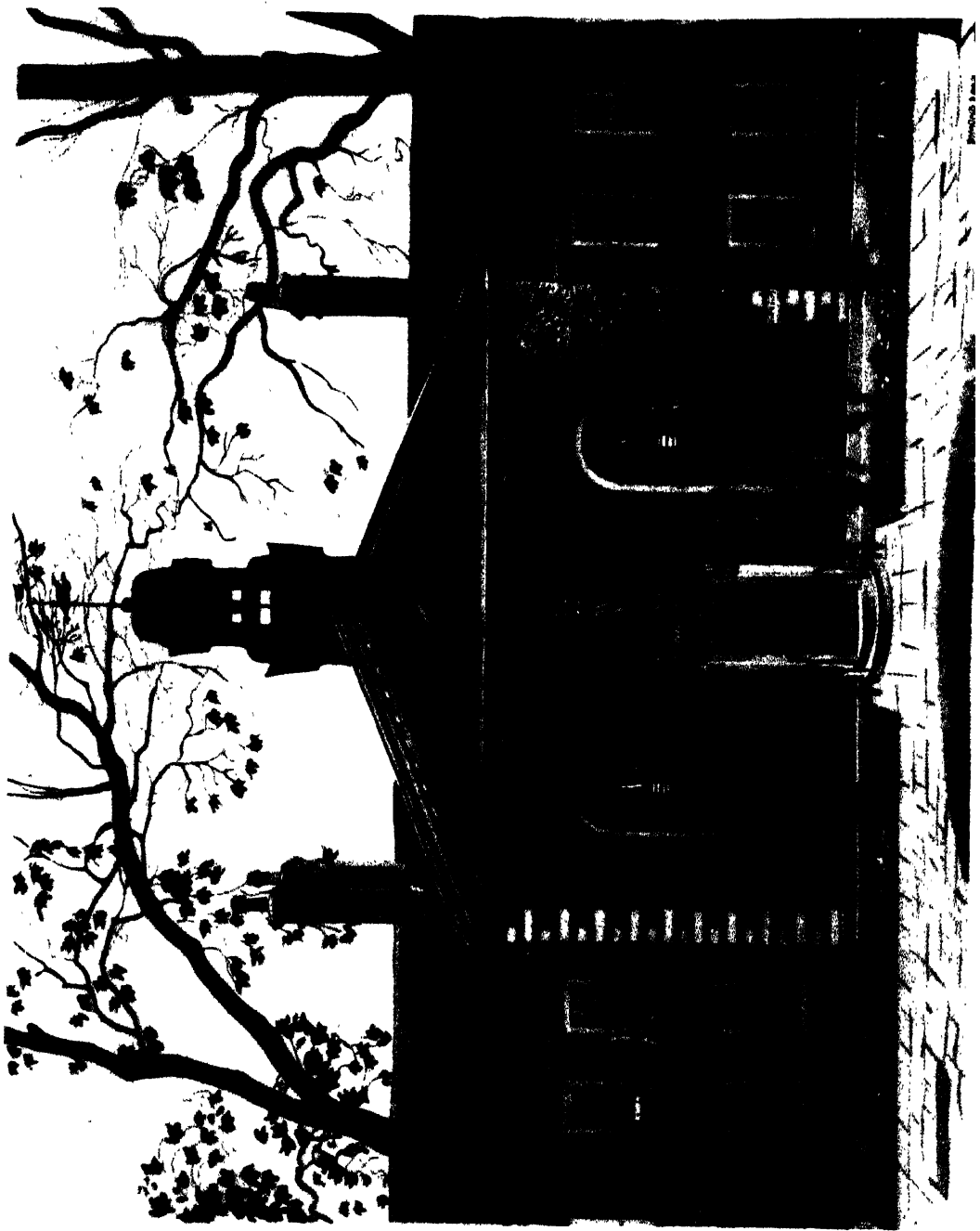
GEFFRYE MUSEUM, KINGSLAND ROAD, E.2

Phyllis Dimond

The building dates from 1715 when, by means of a bequest from Sir Robert Geffrye (1613-1703), it was designed to provide almshouses for widows of former members of the Ironmongers' Company. Sir Robert had been Clerk of the Company; he had also, in 1686, been Lord Mayor of London.

Wren, of course, has been guessed at, but the architect is not known, and the almshouses must be accepted as one of the many anonymous examples of the permeating grace of their period. When first established they stood, conventionally low in construction and surrounding three sides of a rectangular garden, in open country. They continued to serve their original purpose till 1910, when a situation quieter than the Kingsland Road was found for the inmates. The beautiful little oasis was not lost, however, for the London County Council, with the help of the Shoreditch Metropolitan Borough and private subscribers, acquired the premises, garden and all, connected the fourteen houses, and installed a museum consisting of ten or twelve period rooms (types of middle class homes) from Elizabeth to Victoria. Some particularly good staircases, doorways, and shop fronts are also to be seen.

Situated in a quarter noted for its cabinet makers, the museum is well enough placed, but not well enough known. When the new guide-books of London are compiled, the editors will find themselves with all too many unattached stars on their hands, for one of which the Geffrye Museum must surely be a serious candidate.



COVENT GARDEN MARKET, W.C.2

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

The familiar name enjoys a double distinction, being misleading as well as corrupt ; for the area was a monastery garden, the property of the Westminster monks until their suppression by Henry VIII. In 1552 the seven acres were granted to John Russell, 1st Earl of Bedford, who built his town house on the north side of the Strand, near Southampton Street. In 1631 the 4th Earl laid out the site as a Square. His garden wall, corresponding to the present Tavistock Street, formed the southern border; on the other three sides Inigo Jones was commissioned to build piazzas (east and north) and a church (west). 'Something a little better than a barn' was the thrifty Earl's idea for the church. The architect swore to give him 'the handsomest barn in England'. It was burned down in 1795, but Thomas Hardwick followed Jones's plans when erecting the present church in 1798.

From the beginning the Square seems to have known a full and varied life. Vendors of fruit and vegetables from neighbouring villages were immediately attracted, and within a year the Earl had to put up sheds for them. The piazzas, on the other hand, were a highly fashionable address, and long remained so; Robert Walpole, Bishop Berkeley, Sir Kenelm Digby, and the Court Painters, Kneller and Lely, are a few examples of the celebrated people who, at one time or another, lived there. Besides being an address, Piazza became the distinguishing surname borne by the foundlings of the parish, most of whom seem to have been abandoned on the door-step, convenient and somehow solemnizing, of an unfortunate Bishop of Durham.

Steele, in his *Spectator*, describes people of quality attending a puppet show in the Square in 1712. The market continued to be an affair of sheds and stalls (where snails, parrots, and other luxuries could be procured as well as garden produce) until the nucleus of the existing buildings was established by the 6th Duke of Bedford in 1830, to the designs of Charles Fowler. Just before the death of the 7th Duke, the round-roofed Floral Hall was opened, 7 March 1860, with a Volunteer Ball under Royal patronage. Planned as a flower market, for years it was used for promenade concerts, auditions, dances for the market workers, receptions, and floral fêtes. Eventually it became the principal market for foreign fruit ; in war-time, for vegetables. The English Flower market, on the Tavistock Street side, was built by the 9th Duke, and the French Flower market was added in 1903. A few years later the market rights, acquired from Charles II in 1671, passed from the family. The Russell crest is seen above the doorway in Mr. Bayes's drawing.



COVENT GARDEN THEATRE—THE COLONNADE

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Covent Garden Opera House was opened in 1733, occupying ground where, until a few years before, Dr. John Radcliffe, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and William Wycherley had lived, not without acrimonious exchanges over garden walls. After being partly rebuilt by Holland in 1792, it was burned down in 1808. The designing of a new theatre was entrusted to a young man of 28, named Robert Smirke. It was the first important commission secured by the future architect of the British Museum, and he rose to the occasion by producing what was clearly (see Pugin and Britton's *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, 1838) a magnificent house, designed, built, and reopened in 363 days.

The heavy expense of this undertaking led the management to raise its prices, e.g. a seat on the floor of the house now cost 4s. For two months there were nightly riots. 'The diversions of Covent Garden go on bravely', wrote Lord Folkestone to Mr. Creevey. 'The people behave well, and I hope they will beat the damned Managers.' Perhaps his lordship's criterion of mob violence had been permanently coloured by the events of 1793, for the people do not seem to have behaved so very well. No lady could show her face in a box without risk of being insulted, struck by missiles, and driven from the house.

A word or two more about ways and means may be of interest. In the theatre of Shakespeare's day £20 was considered a good house. John Rich, the first manager of Covent Garden Theatre, sometimes took £200 a night, but to get that he had to continue the old practice of accommodating patrons on the stage although, for reasons not apparent, he always set his face against these seats being kept by servants sent in advance. According to Mrs. Rich, John never grumbled at anything in three figures. He paid the Duke of Bedford a ground rent of £100 p.a. When the theatre was altered in 1792, the Duke lent the management £15,000 and raised the rent to £940. In 1803 J. P. Kemble (Mrs. Siddons's brother) bought a one-sixth interest for £22,000. By 1824 the rent had risen to over £2,000. In 1945 the premises were let for £500 a week.

In 1847 Smirke's house, after alteration, became the Royal Italian Opera House, but in 1856 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. A little of the façade survives (Flaxman's long frieze, panels, and statues over the portico), but practically all the present building, including the colonnaded entrance, is by E. M. Barry, the designer of the dome, transepts, and eastern front of the National Gallery, and the third son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

Harmony is not the sole occupation of Bow Street. The first magistrate to take his seat in the police court was Sir John Fielding, the novelist's blind half-brother, in 1749.



HAYMARKET THEATRE, S.W. 1

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

The Haymarket Theatre was built in 1720 as a speculation by a builder named Potter, and was generally known as 'The Little Theatre' to distinguish it from the big one across the way. In 1736 Henry Fielding, who was manager, produced a play called *The Historical Register*, so savage an attack on Sir Robert Walpole that, although no stranger to defamation, the Minister closed the theatre and persuaded Parliament to pass the Act which still obliges producers to obtain the Lord Chamberlain's licence for each new play.

There followed a long period of control, first as manager and later as proprietor, by Samuel Foote. He largely rebuilt the theatre; but of all his successes the performance at which we, to-day, should most like to have been present had nothing to do with acting. On 13 May 1765, when he was nine years old, Mozart gave his penultimate concert in London at this theatre. 'All the overtures were of the little boy's composition.'

In 1820 the theatre was pulled down and, on a site a few yards farther north, the present one was built by Nash. At that time the larger theatre opposite was also Nash's. The first house was built by Vanbrugh in 1704 and called the Queen's Theatre. Under Vanbrugh and Congreve's management it opened with Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, but the 'splendid and imposing structure was totally unfitted for its purpose owing to the reverberations being so great as to make the spoken dialogue almost unintelligible'. The early historians of the theatre go on to say (with conscious or unconscious irony) that after sundry alterations the house was handed over to Italian opera.

J. J. Heidegger then assumed control and a famous struggle began—long, heart-breaking, wildly fluctuating. The brave story has been told so often that it is enough to say that, with the help of Handel's savings and compositions, the theatre passed through the most glorious period in its history. There were dreadful failures, there were glittering successes when so large was the attendance that gentlemen were asked to leave their swords at home, and ladies their hoops. Mention must be made of one performance. In 1731, after various operas had been staged, Handel's *Esther* was given. It had to be given in concert form, the presentation of Biblical subjects being illegal. Thus, compelled to it by law, Handel produced his first oratorio.

After being rearranged by Robert Adam, the house was burned down in 1789; rebuilt by Nivosielski; and, with Repton's aid, redesigned by Nash in 1820. In 1837 the King's Theatre should have reverted to its original name, but there was by now another Queen's Theatre, and it became Her Majesty's. It was again burned down in 1867. The present building, the fourth on this site, dates from 1893.



NAVAL RELICS, MILLBANK, S.W.1

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Unlike most of the buildings here presented, Messrs. Castles's premises in Millbank were architecturally undistinguished, yet they were likely to appeal, and they did appeal, to the sentiments of Englishmen. The stretch of the embankment connecting the northern ends of Vauxhall and Lambeth Bridges has never, as a thoroughfare, caught on; even weekdays here have a Sunday flavour; and few people can have passed that way without finding leisure to observe the old figure-heads, or repassed without noting the beginning of something like affection.

Once the figures graced the prows of ships of the line—some of them, it was said, had sailed under Nelson. Here they are, in the order of display:

H.M.S.s <i>Bristol</i>	<i>Hood</i>
<i>Collingwood</i>	<i>Imperatrice</i>
<i>Crecy</i>	<i>Leander</i>

It has been necessary to speak in the past tense because, unlike the modern counterparts of those men-of-war, the building, never very robust, was no match for the Luftwaffe. Nothing now remains of the structure Mr. Bayes drew in 1940. According to the neighbours, the figure-heads themselves were not, or were not all, destroyed, and the survivors were collected and removed. But though every imaginable path has been explored, it has not proved possible to trace them or to learn the casualty roll. Where letters and interviews have failed, perhaps this note may succeed.



RULE'S, 35 MAIDEN LANE, W.C.2

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Just north of, and parallel to, the Strand, Maiden Lane is a short and extremely narrow street which for many people serves no purpose but to give access to Rule's and to the stage doors of the Adelphi and Vaudeville Theatres. It has other claims to fame. At No. 26, J. M. W. Turner was born in 1775—unless, as he believed, he was born at Barnstaple. On the other side of where the restaurant now stands, Voltaire lodged, almost next to the house in which Andrew Marvell had lived.

Rule's Restaurant, or Oyster Bar, dates from 1798. Until 1831, when the Garrick Club was founded, it may be said to have been the head-quarters of the theatrical profession. Actors and actresses still predominate at its tables, or consume in their dressing-rooms dishes sent out from its kitchens. A few ageing, influential, and rather old-fashioned journalists are also among the faithful clients. All are, so to speak, in working clothes; and the layman, even if he gets a table, may lunch amid celebrities without recognizing one of them.

Like many old restaurants, it is something of a museum as well. Playbills, cartoons, portraits in oil dark with age and smoke, programmes, statues, busts, prints, and engravings crowd its old walls and fill its corners. Bought, presented, bequeathed, they come from various and often forgotten sources, and sometimes their very subjects are now unidentifiable. The most ambitious, and certainly the strangest, of the exhibits is the sculptured group shown in Mr. Bayes's drawing. It represents Hypereides and Phryne who at Athens, in the fourth century B.C., were involved in one of those unsavoury cases which crop up from time to time and have tended, throughout the ages, to bring a hardworking profession into disrepute.



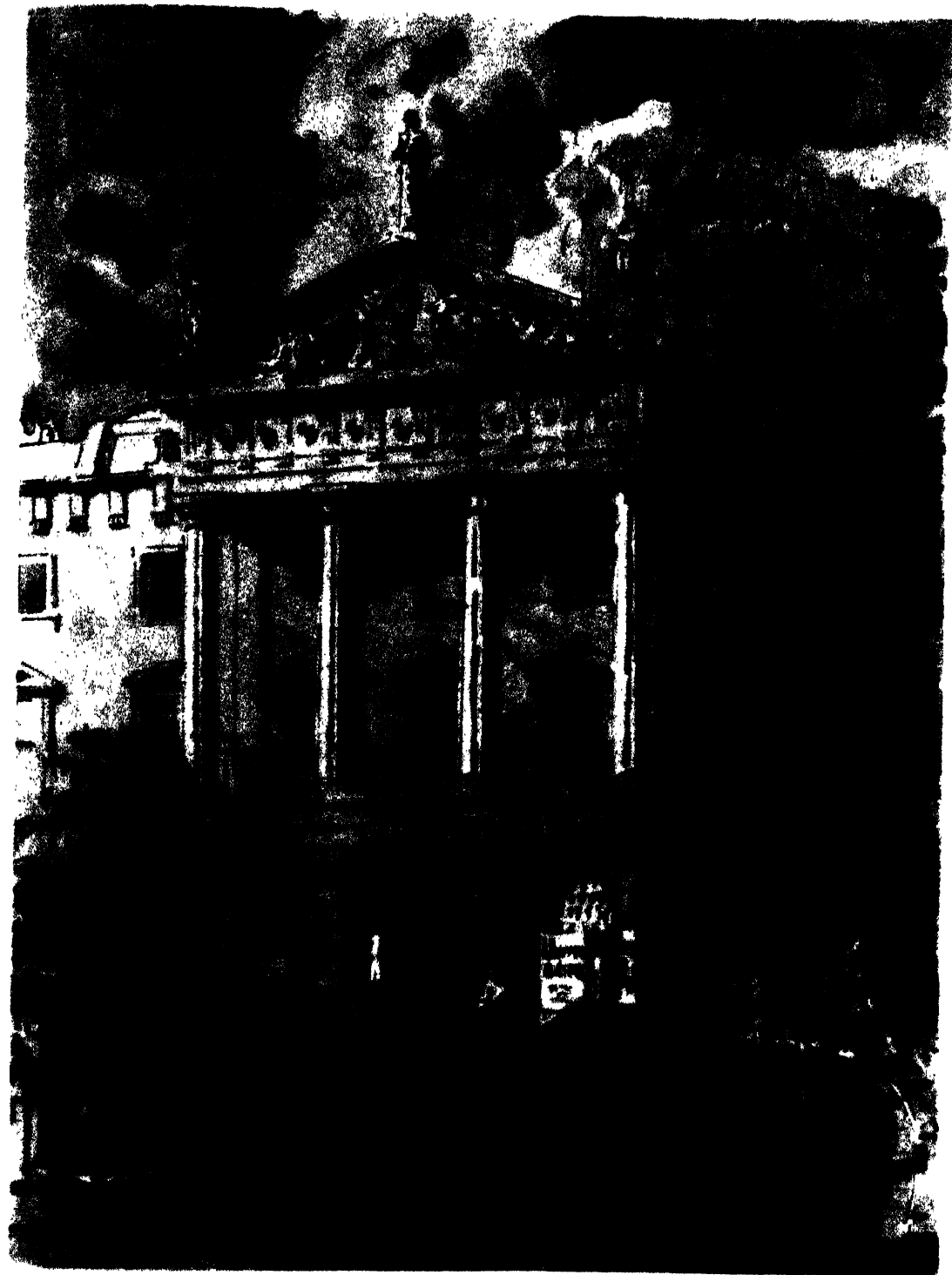
HANOVER-TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Regent's Park was originally a royal hunting enclosure, called Marylebone Park; as everyone knows, it was given its new name and appearance when it became the northern end of Nash's great route from Carlton House. The Prince Regent, who commissioned it, meant to keep the park as his private estate, with a palace in the north-east corner of it; and, although his idea was partly abandoned, the park was not opened to the public till after he and his successor had reigned and died and Victoria was on the throne. Nevertheless, besides the terraces of large houses standing just outside the rim of the Outer Circle, a number of residences surrounded by appropriate grounds were erected in the park itself. With certain exceptions (either by Burton or by Nash in collaboration with Burton), all these buildings are Nash's.

The terraces, too well known to need description, have experienced fluctuations of favour. When they had been standing for about fifty years, young Dickens dismissed them, in his *Dictionary of London*, as 'good but rather expensive houses quite outside the fashionable world'. That was not too condemnatory; his father had lived in Hanover-terrace for a time in 1851; but elsewhere in the same publication he alludes to the St. Pancras Hotel as 'a gorgeous Gothic pile', and it is easy to see which way the wind is blowing, for Dickens, in a matter of this kind, would personify ordinary opinion. And so, by the time another twenty years had passed, a cultured and travelled critic like Augustus Hare is writing of those 'ugly terraces which . . . exhibit all the worst follies of the Grecian architectural mania which disgraced the beginning of the century'.

That was in 1894. To-day, once again, their admirers must enormously outnumber their detractors, although admirers and detractors alike are apt to view them with an affectionate smile which might have puzzled the Prince Regent.



HANOVER GATE, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.8

Phyllis Dimond

The park itself being named after the heir to the throne, the gates and terraces commemorated the other sons of George III. Even then, room was found for one of the sons-in-law, the Duke of Gloucester.

At the gates of the park Nash built a series of lodges, variations on a simple theme except for the two pairs of twins on the Marylebone Road, at the ends of Park Crescent and of Park Square East and West. But the lodge at Hanover Gate is more than a variation. It is islanded; its shape is peculiar to itself; it has niches occupied by plaster casts; and there is another reason why it is difficult to resist the conclusion that special importance was attached to it. With the accession of George I in 1714 Hanover had been joined to the British Crown. Under George III, Hanover became a kingdom, and he and George IV and William IV were Kings of Hanover; and it was not till a Queen was hailed in London that another of George III's sons, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, succeeded to the Hanoverian throne as a distinct inheritance. When the gate was christened, therefore, it received one of the King's titles, and not one of the Princes'—a mark of distinction for which, presumably, there was some good cause. But the principal entrance to the Park must have been by the east side of Park Crescent and Park Square and so (past Chester Terrace) to the never-built royal residence.

Burton, building his Greek Doric lodges in Hyde Park about fifteen years later, developed the theme a good deal further. Perhaps it may not be too fanciful to compare him to Brahms, embroidering more elaborately an air which Handel had previously composed and varied. At Grosvenor Gate he, too, islanded a lodge; he also introduced a strongly marked variation, almost a change of theme, in placing double lodges of romantic, Greco-Italian design at Stanhope Gate. The duplication of some of his lodges, for the purpose of providing conveniences, was done later by Sir James Pennethorne, who may have been the architect also of the lodges at Prince of Wales' Gate. He was a pupil of Nash, and a successful street designer (e.g. Garrick Street, New Oxford Street, Burlington Gardens). The most westerly lodge, at Queen's Gate, is by C. J. Richardson, a pupil of Sir John Soane of Lincoln's Inn Fields.



PARK VILLAGE WEST, N.W.1

Phyllis Ginger

Even James Elmes, the thunderous historian of Regent's Park, finds little or nothing to say about Park Villages East and West, although these two retreats, lying just outside the north-east corner of the park, were as novel when he was writing as they are charming to-day. Subsequent historians have usually copied his neglect, but George Clinch's *Marylebone & St. Pancras*, published about 70 years later, contains a reference worth quoting. 'In January 1811, the Crown . . . appointed a commission to form a park and to let the adjoining land on building leases. The whole was laid out by Mr. James Morgan in 1812, from the plans of Mr. John Nash, architect, who designed all the terraces except Cornwall Terrace, which was designed by Mr. Decimus Burton. The Crown property comprises, besides the Park, the upper part of Portland Place . . . the Park Crescent and Square, Albany, Osnaburgh . . . York and Cumberland Squares, Regent's Park basin and Augustus Street, Park Villages east and west.'

By far the best account is given by Mr. John Summerson in his *John Nash* (George Allen & Unwin): 'Nash was an expert and versatile cottage architect. . . . Cottages seem to have intrigued him at all times, so much so that he took the extra pieces of land on either bank of the canal for the express purpose of building a model village on the lines of the village at Blaise. Nash conceived cottage-building as a pleasant pastime for a septuagenarian architect. And it would have been fitting if his last professional years could have been spent in making such things, instead of in the disastrous undertaking to which his Royal master compelled him. Nash, in 1821, was ready to retire. "If it were not for the King", Farington noted, "he would quit his profession." But at 77 he was still at the beck and call of George IV and forced into designing the biggest single building of his career. Buckingham Palace cost him more trouble and anxiety than any other, and there was no time for cottages. So, although the Park villages were built, they were not built in the way Nash would have liked, and probably he had little opportunity of controlling the designs. *Park Village East* (begun 1824) has been reft of half its houses by the widening of the railway cutting. Those which remain are quaint, semi-detached villas in a grotesque miscellany of styles; the more sober ones are excellent. The big Gothic house at the end is by Pennethorne, who completed the villages after Nash's death. *Park Village West* is a loop road from Albany Street. It is later in date than its fellow, and here all the villas are detached. The only really notable one is Tower House, with its charming octagons and broad-caved roof.' From 1848 to 1852 W. P. Frith was a resident.



HOLY TRINITY, CLAPHAM COMMON

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

Holy Trinity, standing on the extreme north-east corner of the Common, is the parish church of Clapham. It was built in 1775, and quickly became identified with a local group of philanthropic Anglicans, called by Sydney Smith and ever since known as 'The Clapham Sect'. Outside the south wall a recent tablet—like the church, much damaged by enemy action—bids us 'praise God for the memory and example of all the faithful and departed who have worshipped in this Church, and especially for The Clapham Sect who in the latter part of the XVIIIth and early part of the XIXth centuries laboured so abundantly for the increase of National Righteousness and the Conversion of the Heathen and rested not until the curse of slavery was swept away from all parts of the British Dominions'. Ten names follow, among them Zachary (father of Thomas Babington) Macaulay and William Wilberforce.

Zachary Macaulay's house was No. 5, The Pavement, only a few steps away from his favourite place of worship. Young Macaulay never lost his fondness for the scenes of his childhood; and when, later, Thackeray drew a picture (in *The Newcomes*) of the strict and Godfearing society living round the Common, Macaulay complained (so Trevelyan tells us) that the novelist had overrated the prevalence of Dissent. The Clapham Sect may have taken allies where they found them; their own views were orthodox.

The architect, Kenton Couse, designed Richmond Bridge also, but not a great deal of his work seems to have survived. He was not a young man—it will surprise no one who looks at his church to learn that Wren was still alive when he was born. However, his reputation went through the usual ups and downs. The church, admired when it was built and now again pleasing to our eyes, had fallen into disfavour before a hundred years had passed. By 1886 J. W. Grover could even describe it as representative 'of an age when Church architecture had reached its lowest depths'.

Life soon teaches us that men decry the taste of their fathers and grandfathers, preferring their own. Life is hardly long enough for us to understand how a generation could denigrate a building such as that shown here, while bestowing lavish and complacent admiration on the Royal College of Music or Holborn Viaduct, 'the finest piece of street architecture in the City of London' (Ch. Dickens jun.). Such was the opinion of that time; and, in one sense, it was truer to tradition than ours. For us has been reserved inability to admire the work of our fathers and inability to admire our own. In our loneliness, we have to go a long way back.

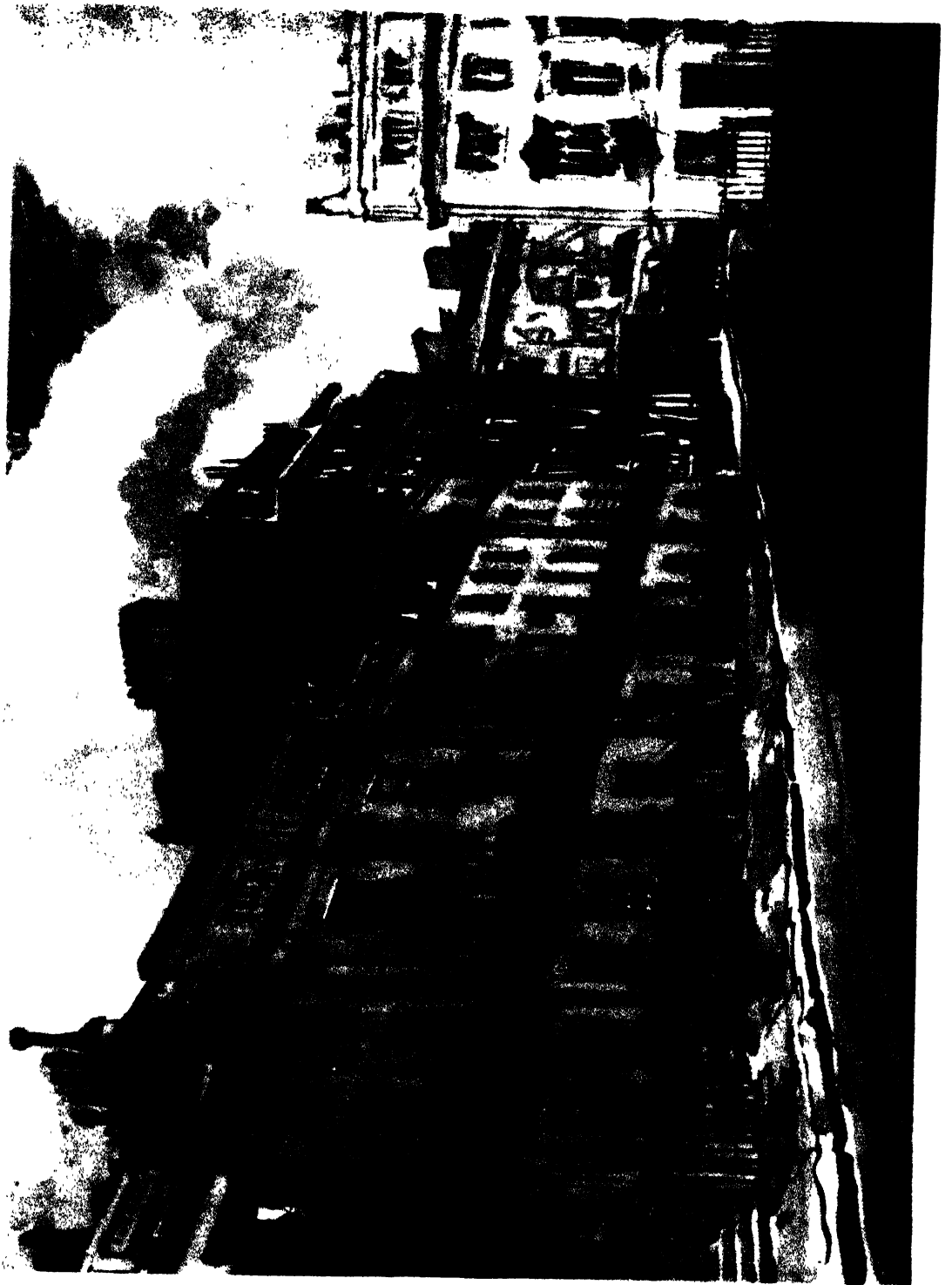
VICTORIA SQUARE, S.W. 1

Caroline M. Ediss

Belgravia, which extends from Knightsbridge to Ebury Street, from Lowndes Square to Grosvenor Place, was built between 1825 and 1845 on part of Ebury Farm, a marriage portion acquired by the Grosvenor family in the seventeenth century. The area covered, known as the Five Fields, had long been a dark and dangerous waste favoured by footpads.

The development was undertaken by Thomas Cubitt. He was an architect as well as a builder—most of Eaton Square is his—but he employed other architects, notably Disraeli's first cousin, George Basevi, who designed the four sides (not the corners) of Belgrave Square. The harmonious result produced by these different men is due to the lingering, still active influence of Nash; because of it Belgravia, though over a hundred years old, offers the latest example in London of a large residential area which can be considered, at the lowest, suitable and satisfying.

Victoria Square, like the railway station soon to arise, was named after the new, and neighbouring, Queen. It was built about 1838 or 1840, after Eaton Square and before Belgrave Square. Whichever of the architects designed it, he must be given credit for the ease with which he turned from the spacious mansions of ambassadors and peers to modest homes on a confined site. No other square so small occurs to the mind, no other instance of a square without a garden. It uses up the central space of an irregular block, and so combines most ingeniously economy and quiet. Historically, it has not achieved much distinction since the poet Thomas Campbell ('Ye Mariners of England') became the first tenant of No. 8. But it has never lacked admirers and, as has been indicated, it possesses characteristics which seem not unworthy of the planners' notice.



Edward Walker

Pimlico—a name said to have come, obscurely and long ago, from Hoxton, and still unrecognized by the metropolitan authorities—stands, like Belgravia, on the Five Fields rented and developed by Cubitt. The houses he built there, though generally smaller, are often large and commodious; the streets and squares are broad and spacious; he spent much money improving the riverside embankment; and he rechristened the whole district South Belgravia. But while North Belgravia attained, and retained, distinction, South Belgravia's lot has been, for reasons difficult to guess, less fortunate. One can walk through street after street of houses which look as if, with a little paint, they would be good enough for anybody; but obstinate failure has robbed them of the energy, and even the wish, to recover. Only occasionally a trim square or terrace shows how pleasant the rest must once have been.

The little houses depicted here look out across the Thames—a lonely group, making us wonder why Londoners are ceasing to live beside their river. From every angle these modest dwellings are full of graces, and the artist, before he made his happy choice, must have hesitated between various points of presentment and features of interest. Cubitt may have built or may have found them there. In age they may just be young enough to be his, in character they do not entirely conform to his pattern. No. 107 was Ambrose McEvoy's home; Rutland Barrington, the Savoyard, lived in one of the others.

On the outside of new buildings the name of Cubitt is familiar to all Londoners, but few have even heard of Thomas Cubitt (1788-1852), a very remarkable man who, with help from his brother, made the fortunes of the family. First a carpenter, then a master carpenter, he quickly blossomed into a speculative builder on an ever-growing scale, leasing or buying land on which he put up houses. On ground leased from the Duke of Bedford in 1824 he built Gordon and Tavistock Squares, Upper Woburn Place, and part of Euston Square. Observing that Society tended to move westwards, he leased the Five Fields in 1825 and then, after dealing with Pimlico, turned his attention to Clapham Park. By this time he was, of course, a man of great importance, and the Queen consulted him about alterations at Osborne and the eastern front of Buckingham Palace; but he was, in addition, a man with a bold and progressive turn of mind, and immense energy. He experimented successfully with smoke abatement, and did much for London's drainage. He helped to plan the Great Exhibition—indeed, there were few big enterprises of his day in which he played no part. He died a millionaire, and his will, said to be the longest on record, covered 386 chancery folios of 90 words each.



THE SHELTER, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1

Phyllis Dimond

Most of London's squares contain a shelter; and since the railings were removed and turned into engines of war, and the public has walked through the gardens instead of round, the canopied seats have been more sat upon than, perhaps, ever before.

Nobody knows much about them. An Ionic temple, facing north, stands in St. James's Square. The little facing-all-ways erection in Bedford Square is more typical; if it dates, as no doubt it does, from early Victorian days, it is some seventy or eighty years younger than the surrounding houses. In Berkeley Square an iron canopy, not unlike that shown on the opposite page and of approximately the same decade, projects from a rectangular stone centre, surmounted by an urn. This monumental effect was designed not as a tribute to the distinction of the residents but to disguise an engine house. A more recent variant, the two-storied building just behind the statue of Charles II in Soho Square, seems likewise intended to serve a dual purpose of some kind.

In Russell Square there was, until a bomb hit it, a tent-like construction ascribed to Humphry Repton, father of George Repton, Nash's 'tasteful pupil'. Humphry Repton was a famous landscape gardener, and he laid out the grounds when the square was built early in the nineteenth century. His summer-house, then, if it was his, formed a feature in an original design, and grew up with it, instead of being a later, haphazard addition. When the covered seats, already described, were placed in Berkeley Square, the famous plane trees were already over half a century old. Precious few drips can ever have damped, still fewer rays have scorched, that shelter.

Shelter from what? When, if ever, the study of the little buildings is undertaken, the historian will have to ask himself that question—and some others. What atrocity of climate, one wonders, what sudden susceptibility, what overmastering fatigue can have led late Georgians and early Victorians to instal these roofed resting-places in gardens so leafy, and so long enjoyed without them? We know that one or two of them were set, perhaps to hide the marks, on the sites of vanished statues; but for the most part we can only guess, or fail to guess, at the answer.



THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY, WAPPING WALL, E.1— STREET FRONT

W. Fairclough

Of the riverside districts of London, Southwark is the richest in old and historic taverns. Nevertheless, there are inns of widespread fame farther down stream, such as Charlie Brown's in the West India Dock Road, and the house, hard by Shadwell Basin, which forms the subject of this and the succeeding drawing.

For ancient licensed premises—it is one of their amiable weaknesses—claims are apt to be made that outrun the evidence. *The Prospect of Whitby* is said to be the *Six Jolly Fellowship Porters of Our Mutual Friend*; but Dickens's original was probably *The Two Brewers* in Linchouse, a long-vanished bar. It is also reputed to be six hundred years old, but what meets a customer's eye seems to be mostly of later, even far later, construction. Yet these doubts need not be paid undue attention. The inn is a picturesque dockland inn of considerable antiquity and character.



The Prospect of Whitley Wharfing
W. F. C. Clough
October 1901.

THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY, WAPPING WALL, E.1— THE BACK

W. Fairclough

The pleasantly informal bar, entered from the street, is low and rather dark, and loaded with the trophies brought laboriously back from bazaars across the world by generations of seafaring clients. Scimitars and daggers, topees and fezes, parrots and Italian wine bottles, flags and fans festoon the walls and encumber the shelves, a stuffed crocodile suspended from the ceiling presiding over all.

Such eccentricity of decoration can be matched elsewhere in the neighbourhood. The rarer attractions of *The Prospect of Whitby* lie at the back of the building, beyond the bar, where are two balconies on which refreshment is served. On the upper floor, tablecloths are provided, but the room below affords a rather freer view of the traffic of the river passing up and down against the background of Rotherhithe. A passage, running beside the house, ends in wooden steps leading to the muddy bank of the river and beached craft of all kinds.



The Prospect of Liberty
is fair along the path of Justice

2 LOWER TERRACE, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.³

Norman Janes

Here was the home of John Constable from 1820 until 1822. After his marriage in 1816 he lived near Russell Square, at No. 1 Keppel Street, but in 1820 the disturbances occasioned by the trial of Queen Caroline made it desirable he should move his wife and children out of London. By the end of August he had settled them comfortably at No. 2 Lower Terrace, keeping his drawing-rooms at Keppel Street for the display of his best pictures. His third child, Charles Golding, was born at Hampstead the following year.

At the time of his removal Constable was still at work on *The Haywain*. The new house contained no room large enough to accommodate the canvas and there was no other studio than the garden shed which, even when cleared of sand, coal, mops, and brooms, could only be used for smaller pictures. So *The Haywain* was finished in a room Constable had hired at a glazier's. It was exhibited at Somerset House in 1821 with three other pictures, *Hampstead Heath*, *A Shower*, and *Harrow*, all painted at Lower Terrace.

The lack of a sizeable painting-room prevented the painter from engaging upon a major work, but left him free to concentrate on sketches and studies. It was then that he made his most careful drawings of trees; he speaks in particular of 'a highly elegant group of trees (ashes, elms, and oaks) which will be of as much service to me as if I had bought the field and hedgerow which contain them'. From the summers of 1821 and 1822 date also Constable's remarkable studies of skies. There are more than fifty painted in oil on thick paper and each marked on the back with the time of day, the direction of the wind, and other memoranda. In 1822 he exhibited *Hampstead Heath*, *A View of the Terrace*, *Hampstead*, and *A Study of Trees from Nature*, all the fruits of his residence at Lower Terrace. And among other pictures upon which he was working at this time he mentions two kit-cat landscapes commissioned by a Mr. Ripley and another to which he gave the name *Green Highgate*.

Early in 1822 Constable began to show signs of restlessness at the restrictions imposed upon him by the house. 'I do not consider myself at work', he said, 'unless I am before a six-foot canvas.' In February George Farrington's house in Charlotte Street fell vacant. Constable and his wife inspected it, and he was much excited and impressed by its fine studio. Nevertheless he remained at Lower Terrace during the summer and moved to Charlotte Street only in October. Hampstead had inspired him with a lasting affection, he could not be away for long, and by 1827 he was installed in the house in Well Walk where he was to spend the rest of his life.



THE GARDENER'S LODGE, EDWARDES SQUARE, W.8

Phyllis Dimond

'At the back of Earl's Terrace was, and is, a curious, pretty little spot, called Edwardes Square, after the family name of Lord Kensington; and in this square Mrs. Inchbald must often have walked, for the inhabitants of the Terrace have keys. . . . What chiefly surprises the spectator, when he first sees the place, is the largeness, as well as the cultivated look of the square, compared with the smallness of the houses on two sides of it. The gardener's lodge, also, is made to look like a Grecian temple, really in good taste; and though the grass is not so thick and soft as it might be, nor the flowers as various, and pathways across the grass had better have been straight than winding (there being no inequality of ground to render the winding natural), yet, upon the whole, there is such an unexpected air of size, greenness, and even elegance in the place, especially when its abundant lilacs are in blossom, and ladies are seen on its benches reading, that the stroller, who happens to turn out of the road, and comes upon the fresh-looking, sequestered spot for the first time, is interested as well as surprised, and feels curious to know how a square of any kind, comparatively so large, and, at the same time, manifestly so cheap (for the houses, though neat and respectable, are too small to be dear) could have suggested itself to the costly English mind.

'Upon inquiry, he finds it to have been the work of a Frenchman. The story is, that the Frenchman built it at the time of the threatened invasion from France; and that he adapted the large square and the cheap little houses to the promenading tastes and poorly-furnished pockets of the ensigns and lieutenants of Napoleon's army; who, according to his speculation, would certainly have been on the look-out for some such place, and here would have found it. Here, thought he, shall be cheap lodging and *fête champêtre* combined; here, economy indoors, and Watteau without; here, repose after victory; promenades; *la belle passion*; perusal of newspapers on benches; an ordinary at the Holland Arms—a French Arcadia, in short, or a little Palais Royal, in an English suburb. So runs the tradition; we do not say how truly, though it could hardly have entered an English head to invent it. . . . It is said, in Kensington, that Coleridge once had lodgings in Edwardes Square. . . . A lady, who was a child at the time, is very proud of his having spoken to her, and given her a kiss.' (*The Old Court Suburb*, by Leigh Hunt, who lived at No. 32 Edwardes Square in the eighteen-forties.)

The Frenchman's name was Changier. He failed for £100,000 and returned to France, leaving the Square to his creditors.



FISH-STREET HILL, E.C.3

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Possibly designed by Robt. Hooke, the City Surveyor, the Monument (1671-7) is generally ascribed to Wren; yet, in spite of being one of the most prominent, it is apt to be one of the least regarded of his works. Its full effect has been much curtailed by subsequent building, but to the passer-by there are details worthy of attention, such as the lettering, of unusual beauty even for the age to which it belongs. The original inscription attributed the Great Fire to the machinations of Papists. James II had the words obliterated. William III restored them. They were finally removed in 1831, having in the meantime called forth Pope's lines

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

The bas-relief on the western side, by Caius Gabriel (father of Colley) Cibber, depicts the City of London, a languishing, dishevelled, and female figure seated amidst ruins. She is supported by bald-headed Time and another female figure who points to a cloud containing the goddesses, Peace and Plenty. A beehive (industry), a dragon, burning houses, and citizens aghast or compassionate are also featured. A second group, raised on a pavement of stone, consists of King Charles II bringing succour and the Duke of York registering encouragement. Science, Architecture, Liberty, Justice, and Fortitude accompany the Royal sympathizers, while Envy, gnawing a heart, belches flame.

So, not too inadequately, the official description may be summarized.

At the bottom of the Hill stands the church of St. Magnus the Martyr—acclaimed, for its superstructure at least, one of Wren's masterpieces. When it was built (1671-87) only the medieval London Bridge spanned the river. The steeple, very nearly as high as the Monument itself, was added in 1705; and countrymen, crossing the river, could look towards it and see the clock now hidden by high buildings. The clock is said to have been given by the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Duncombe, in 1709, his year of office; he gave it in recollection of an occasion when, as a young man, he missed an appointment through inability to discover the time.

Comparatively few of Wren's City Churches have come undamaged through the war, and St. Magnus the Martyr is not among them. It is, however, thought to be capable of restoration.



CHISWICK HOUSE, FROM THE LAKE

A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S.

The story of the present house begins in 1727 when the 3rd Earl of Burlington, after twelve full and happy years remodelling Burlington House, sought fresh inspiration for his architectural gifts in a descent on his property at Chiswick. With Kent's customary aid (he had rooms for life in the palace in Piccadilly) he pulled down much of the old house.

The new mansion followed the lines of Palladio's Villa Capra, near Vicenza; and to it the owner brought his pictures and his friends—Gay, Pope (described by Gay as unloading 'the boughs within his reach, The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach'), Handel, architects, painters, the Earl enjoyed the company of all artists. Here, too, in 1737, he brought the gateway standing near the east wing. It had been built by Inigo Jones in 1621, and was a present from Sir Hans Sloane, who was thinking of demolishing Beaufort House, Chelsea, where it had hitherto stood.

After the Earl's death the estate passed to his daughter Charlotte, wife of the 4th Duke of Devonshire; and so to the 5th Duke. His duchess, the first of his two duchesses, was Georgiana, daughter of Lord Spencer. Reynolds and Gainsborough painted her; Fox was her firm friend; she had a way of extracting the best from those she met. When, in 1788, she entrusted Wyatt with important changes in house and grounds, he added two wings and built her a bridge in the park, all in his happiest style. Lord Hervey had sneered at the house as 'too small to live in, too large to hang on a watch-chain'. That was something like fifty years ago; but, in the eighteenth century, charges of pokiness were apt to rankle.

Both Fox and Canning died there, and something of the old character of the place died about the same time. The 6th Duke had large ideas, the company grew ever more glittering. The rulers of Russia, Prussia, and Saxony were welcomed and re-welcomed until, in 1842, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert themselves were numbered among the visitors. Even when the property passed from the Cavendish family this chapter does not end. From 1866 to 1879 the Prince of Wales rented the house. The Dukes of Clarence and of York (George V) were sent there to recuperate from childish ailments, and dug their little gardens beside Jones's gateway.

That was the last glory. For twenty years Chiswick House was a private asylum. Then, in 1928, it was acquired for public enjoyment; and so, even if lawns where once Blucher shuffled have been scarred by the effort to keep other Germans out, it has good prospects of continuing to exert its urbane and civilizing influence.



CHISWICK HOUSE—THE CEDARS AND THE SPHINX

A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S.

The beautiful park, 66 acres in extent, surrounding Chiswick House was laid out by William Kent in 1730; developed some fifty years later by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; adapted to suit the zoological leanings of the 6th Duke; and since 1939 further modified, temporarily if not lastingly, by the lorries of the National Effort.

Avenues, glades, lake, bridge, cypresses, cedars, yews, vistas, temples, statues, urns, hermitages, and grotts—all are, or were, dutifully and delightfully included. Some of these features were later removed to Chatsworth. Others—even Walpole thought there were rather too many of them—have simply vanished.

The 6th Duke, last of the three Dukes of Devonshire to inhabit the house, kept a menagerie. Amid the Ionic temples and the classic statues, kangaroos, deer, elks, emus, 'and other pretty, sportive death-dealers' were to be met, or avoided. An Indian bull and his mate and goats of all colours and dimensions 'beautifully variegated' the lawn. Walter Scott, wandering through the grounds in 1828, encountered a female elephant and remarked on its size. The Duke's sister, Lady Granville, some of whose appreciative comments have already been quoted, declared that her brother had 'opened and aired' the place. He left her the property.

From beneath the boughs of the cedars of Lebanon which line the main road to the house, and beyond it, Kent's sphinxes gaze across a valley in which a stream has been dammed to form a lake. Elsewhere, three avenues of yew, 160 yards long, used to converge upon a group of buildings. Only one remains. It is known as Napoleon's Walk because, though it must have been planted before Bonaparte had been heard of or, perhaps, born, the trees hold an alcove in which a bust of the Emperor formerly reposed. Mr. Hartrick reported that, when engaged on his water-colour, he came across 'a small temple at the corner of a dung-heap, fenced in with small-meshed wire like a chicken house. Within a carefully spaced and studied recess stood a gilded bust, a good one, of the great Napoleon, in plaster beginning to peel—and round about it on the ground all the debris of a potting shed—pea stakes, brushwood and what not, together with a medley of forgotten wrappings.'



THE GARDEN, YORK HOUSE, TWICKENHAM

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

In 1660 James, Duke of York, married Anne Hyde, 'one of the highest feeders in England'. She was the daughter of the able, the famous, and above all the adroit Earl of Clarendon, a man whose career had long been so precariously balanced that he burst into invective on learning of the match, fearing disturbance of the delicate equilibrium. In the same year he acquired York House, by purchase or, as some say, by gift from his new son-in-law at the instigation of his brother, the King.

The Lord Chancellor grew much attached to the place and used it as his 'literary villa', Dunkirk House being his London residence and Cornbury his country seat. He could attend the King at Hampton Court, or join in discussions at Ham House (already coming into the political picture), and sleep in his own bed at night. His grandchildren, the future Queens, Mary and Anne, spent much of their infancy at York House.

At the time of the Great Fire, the furniture of Dunkirk House was moved for safety to Twickenham. When, a year later, Clarendon's swaying fortunes toppled at last, he again used York House for safety, though in a different way. While he fled to Calais, 'his coach', Pepys tells us, 'and people about it went to Twickenham and all people thought he had been there'.

Much later, in 1817, the estate passed into the possession of the Hon. Mrs. John Damer, the sculptress, the friend of Horace Walpole, and the inheritor of Strawberry Hill. She built a studio (later the conservatory) at the east end of the house and here, watched by her friend, Queen Caroline, 'she chipped away all summer', moving to Park Lane for the winter. Other tenants succeeded her, including the Comte de Paris, until York House in 1924 became what it is to-day, Twickenham Town Hall.

The pretty gardens, running down to the river, are open to the public. They are in two parts connected by a steep stone bridge spanning a sunken road. Just after crossing the bridge the sentimental visitor, clustered around with the ghosts of James II, Izaak Walton, Mrs. Siddons, Joanna Baillie, the Misses Berry and aforementioned familiars to the scene, is startled by the sudden appearance, rising tier upon tier, of what must be the largest group of aquatic statuary in the country. In his disarrayed mind the idea may well form that he is facing a too magnum opus of Mrs. Damer's, incapable of removal and delivery. Drawing incredulously nearer, he sees that it is of later manufacture, and from the excellent official handbook he may learn that, bought from an International exhibition some forty years ago, it was somehow installed and finally left, a generous farewell, by the last private tenant, Sir Ratan Tata.



MILL, PONDER'S END

Louisa Puller

A few yards from the up platform at Ponder's End Station stands an old lodge, amiably neo-Gothic and bright with flower-beds. It is, in its surroundings, unexpected, for Ponder's End is not one of the faded but genteel villages of Middlesex to which allusion has been made; unexpected, too, are the mill and the two eighteenth-century houses at the other end of the short drive.

The mill, which used to have a red tiled roof, is some 200 years old. It stands by an extension of the river Lea—along its banks, one in Middlesex and one in Essex, Izaak Walton loved to wander—and from the bridge which carries the Chingford road across the stream a view is obtainable of the buildings in their setting. The smaller house, on the right, has a good porch (c. 1780). The high, red structure at the back, which cranes its head into sight from all angles, was erected about twenty-five years ago.

Of the weatherboarded mills once common enough, not many remain now so near to London. Another good example is illustrated in the Surrey section of this volume.



SHEPPERTON

H. A. Freeth

Round the station have grown up the usual streets, shops, and villas of our age. Through surroundings which will seem to you, according to the colour of your views, symptomatic of anarchy or sturdy individualism you walk for 6 or 7 minutes, when the scene changes with some suddenness to open fields on the right and, bordering the road on the left, one of those long, brick walls overhung by trees, with which the nobility and gentry were wont to enclose a 'place' in the country. In a further 6 or 7 minutes' time the road reaches another Shepperton—an old inn, cottages and houses, a large church, a handsome rectory, clustered beside the river.

It is tempting to regard this group of buildings as exemplifying, in the words of the Introduction to the county, one of those villages still maintaining a 'persistent and independent, if often forgotten, existence'—tempting, and not untrue, but perhaps misleading. The new Shepperton, whatever its defects, has the character of a small country town, and not at all of a suburb.

As like as not, men with long, thin, waterproof cases will get out of the train with you and accompany you along the mile separating the station from the river. This reach of the Thames, prettily winding through meadows or past sloping lawns, has always been a favourite with fishermen. According to James Thorne, Mr. G. Marshall, of Brewer-street, London, here caught on 3 October, 1812, with a single gut and without a landing-net, a salmon weighing $21\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 'Salmon', he is forced to admit, 'are no longer caught here, but it is not unusual to take a trout from seven to ten or twelve pounds.' The process of deterioration which he observed in 1876 has not been checked, and anglers nowadays have sometimes to be content with fish of even smaller dimensions.



THE BUTTS, BRENTFORD

A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S.

Areas known as 'The Butts', whether in Brentford or elsewhere, were once archery ranges.

We have had a standing army for about 300 years only, and even since its formation we have had to supplement it with Trained Bands, Fencibles, Militia, Volunteers, Territorials, Home Guard, and other semi-professional bodies. The famous bowmen of England were largely comprised of city apprentices who, by their indentures, were forbidden to play cards, dice, or football, and had to practise the long bow at the butts each Sunday.

Part of the space is still kept under grass, with a few trees dotted about; but, according to Thomas Faulkner, archery at Brentford ended in the time of Charles II. Its cessation must have corresponded, roughly, with the creation of a professional army, but was caused by 'enclosures made near the spot' and the gradual increase of buildings. On one side of the square, outside the left edge of the drawing, there stands a hospital in which evidence of sixteenth-century construction is clearly discernible. But most of the houses now surrounding 'The Butts' date, like those shown here, from the eighteenth century, and have been converted into offices and flats.



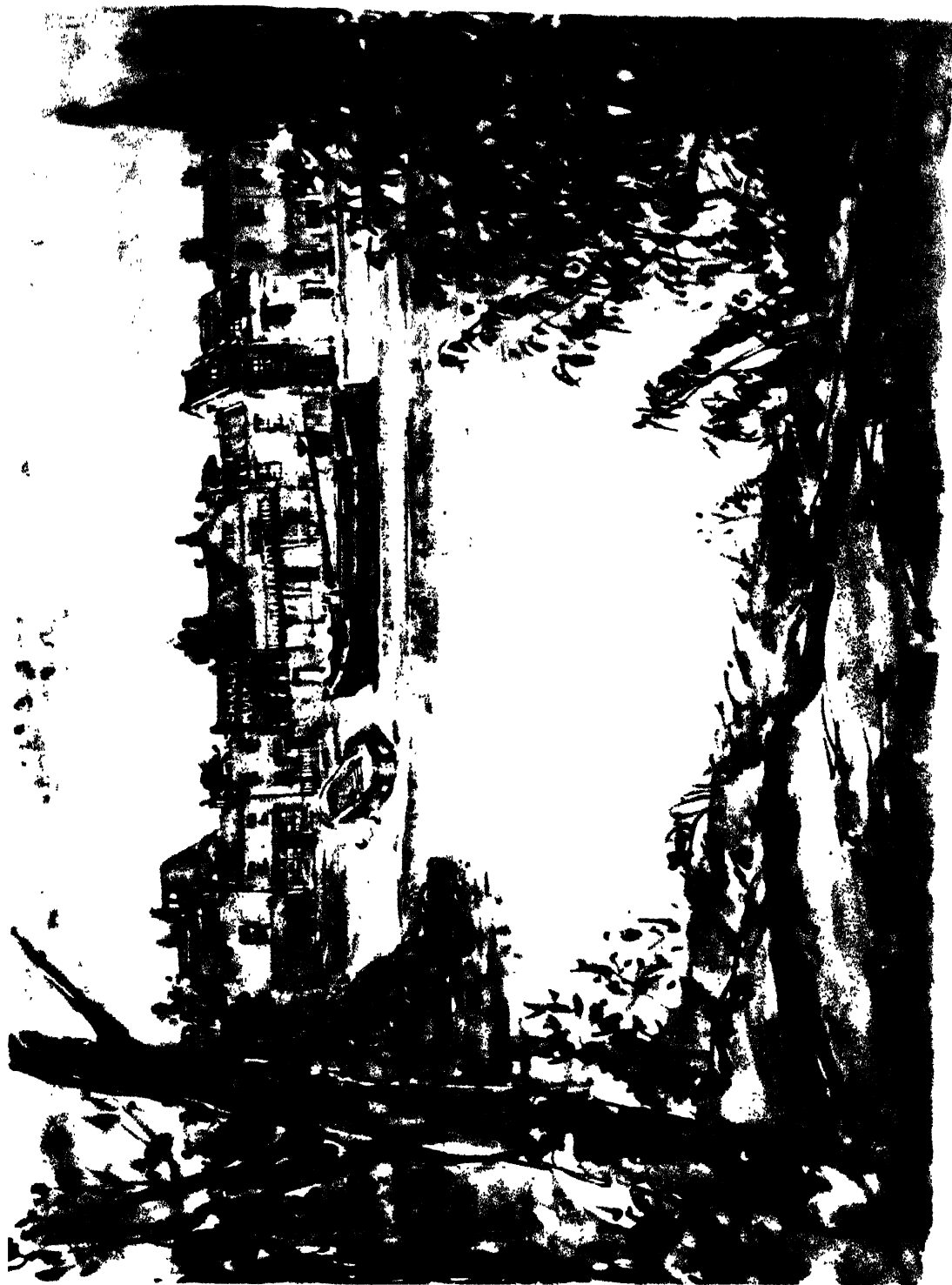
STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN

A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S.

It stands on the river just below Kew Bridge, and still affords a good idea of the appearance of an early-eighteenth-century village. It was anciently called Strand. Now it is Strand-on-the-Green, but only in name. The little common, a continuation of Turnham Green, went long ago.

The drawing shows, from the Surrey bank, the oldest houses in the place. Strictly speaking, it can no longer be described to-day as a quite contemporary record since, very soon after its completion, a bomb fell among these simple buildings. But charming houses remain, the best of them, perhaps, being the one formerly occupied by Zoffany. At the age of 57, after spending seven remunerative years on a visit to the Nabob of Oude, he returned to England and settled at Strand-on-the-Green for the rest of his life. His best work was done, though he continued to paint; and he bought or rented Strand Ait, the island on the left of the picture, and converted it into a pleasure ground where he entertained his friends. Of the gazebos and other attractions there erected, nothing survives.

Speculation persists, however, about his method of transporting himself and his friends, for at low tide the strip of water shrinks to a narrow trickle, bordered on both sides by wide, soft, and uninviting mudbanks. Parties which could begin and end at high tide only would not be appreciated. Wooden landing-stages on either side would almost have met in the middle, thus hindering other users of the channel. Moreover, in Zoffany's time the problem must have been even harder to solve than to-day, for the Thames was undoubtedly lower. In Roman times it was some 12 feet lower, and in 1846, long after the painter and his guests were dead, a man walked from bank to bank at Westminster. Perhaps the river was so low that the channel was dry in summer. Perhaps Zoffany, recollecting the Nabob, kept barges and rowers at recognized points of embarkation whence his guests, swept into midstream, approached the islet from the far side to a carpeted landing-stage. Perhaps relays of sturdy watermen floundered through the mud, guests in arms. One thing we know, Zoffany solved the problem. Hospitality was not the only impulse behind the picnics. Many a profitable commission for a portrait group was nailed down while waiting for the tide to rise, the barges to return, or the watermen to be whistled from the inn.



THE THAMES AT BRENTFORD

A. S. Hartrick, R.W.S.

At this point in the river (where there is a difference of 15 or 20 feet between high and low tide) Caesar overcame Cassivellaunus' efforts to hold the great barrier and forced a crossing of the Thames, 54 B.C. On the squared white block on the far (Middlesex) bank there stood, until removed to a place of safety, a bust of Julius Caesar; and an inscription at the end of Ferry Lane, where the ferry runs to Kew Gardens, gives fuller support to the claim. It has, nevertheless, been disputed, if not in Brentford. Some authorities believe that the crossing took place at Cowey Stakes, near Walton-on-Thames; while there have always been certain others unconvinced that Caesar ever crossed the Thames at all.



THE HARD, ISLEWORTH

Edward Walker

Isleworth, lying on a bend in the river north-west of Richmond, has the big house (Syon House), the smaller old houses, and the historical associations with which all Thames-side towns and villages are regularly provided. Sheridan was living here when Madame de Genlis paid him her famous visit, and since he has not yet figured in these pages it is tempting to pause at his door. But the water-front depicted here has its own story.

The Hard, or quay, has long been a good pull-in for bargemen; and for at least two centuries a 'London Apprentice' has stood handily by, like a patient bartender. As a barge centre Brentford is rather more important, for the Grand Union Canal and the river Brent swell its traffic, and it has also barge-building shops. But Isleworth has its ancillary water-ways, and crowding barges from Ipswich or Manchester provide plenty of work for the four large cranes of the harbour. In busy weeks over 700 tons of merchandise have been handled.

Canals and rivers are now chiefly used for commerce or pleasure, but once they were a normal route, alternative to, and often safer than, the roads. Gentlemen had their water-men, who fulfilled many of the functions of coachmen and chauffeurs.

Isleworth, or more precisely Rails Head Ferry, a short distance up-stream from the Hard, marked a stage in journeys by river. The hired men who pulled the boats, each man attached to the rope by a broad leather strap, used the Surrey bank from Putney or Barnes as far as this point. They returned to their base by means of the first convenient vessel going down-stream, and other men took over from them, using the Middlesex bank as far as Twickenham, where they were relieved by fresh hauliers using the Dysart path on the Surrey side, and so on. The stages were unequal and the switches were inconvenient, but the cause was the same in both cases—alternation of private and public ownership of the shores. Towards the end of the eighteenth century concerted efforts were made to recover or enforce the rights to the towpaths; feeling ran high, reaching the stage of riot and demonstration. But, as we can comfortably admit to-day, there is a lot of difference between a garden running down to the river and one ending ten yards short of it. Railings erected by day were always being pushed back or destroyed by night; nor were the gentry the only culprits, for the protesting towns were growing as they protested, and new wharves and cottages were for ever threatening new obstruction. But by 1799 the battle had been won, the Duke of Buccleuch at Petersham having alone, or almost alone, managed to retain a river frontage of his own.

The hauliers provided a day-and-night service. According to Crisp, a cry of 'Man to horse!' brought them tumbling out—presumably 'Man to hawser!', misheard or corrupted.



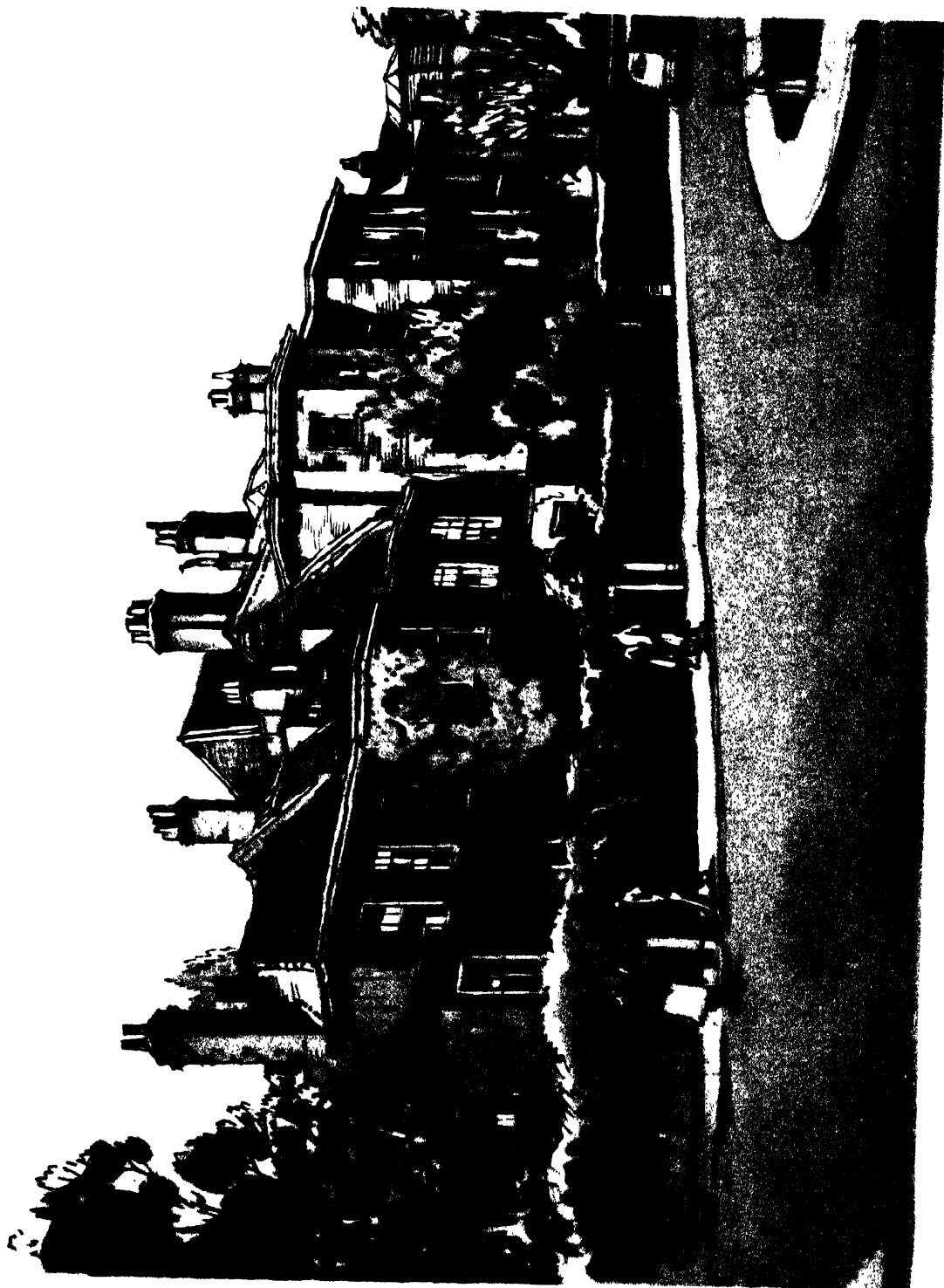
OLD COURT HOUSE, HAMPTON COURT GREEN

Norman Janes

Cardinal Wolsey, in 1515, bought for himself a riverside estate whereon he built Hampton Court. Furnishings and hangings, regardless of cost, were brought from the most famous workshops of Europe and scattered profusely through the great house. It held no fewer than 280 guest chambers. When Henry VIII saw it his congratulations were so cordial that the Minister, with his usual astuteness, begged to be allowed to present the property to his Royal Master; and Henry, with an alacrity no less usual on such occasions, granted the boon. He enlarged it, and even then it was not large enough for Elizabeth, who enlarged it again. From 1526 Hampton Court was a favourite royal residence for 200 years.

In this, the most westerly of the Royal Palaces in the London area, Edward VI was born. It stands on the Thames, and the river, winding its way for some thirty miles and passing scene after scene recorded in these pages—York House, Ham House, Richmond, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick, Pimlico, Millbank, Wapping—comes at length to Greenwich where, in the most easterly of the palaces, Edward VI's short life ended. Up and down stream, for centuries before Henry VIII, the magnificent barges of kings and nobles passed frequently and majestically; and when Stuarts had succeeded Tudors and Hanoverians Stuarts the great processions were still going on. Doubt now surrounds the story that Handel, having hired a barge and a small orchestra, followed George I and, with the strains of his Water Music Suite, charmed himself back into favour. But no doubt surrounds the barges. Until 1855 the Lord Mayor's Show used the river; in 1919 the Peace Pageant used it; and there is still provision for a Bargemaster in His Majesty's Household.

Much of Hampton Court has lost its Tudor character, and bears the shape given it by William III—that is to say by Wren, who for fifty years, no less, was surveyor of the royal works. In 1708 the old architect rented cheaply and largely rebuilt a decaying wooden house on the Green—Old Court House, the high building in the drawing—and here, or in his London home in St. James's Street, he spent the rest of his life. Fewer grew the visits to London, and fewer, till there was only one a year, when he would be borne to St. Paul's to sit for a while beneath his great dome. The last of these occasions was in February 1723. It was a bleak and bitter day, not fit for an old man in his ninety-first year. The cold struck him. By the 25th he was dead. High up on the house front a tablet, looming palely through obscuring creeper, presumably aims at keeping his memory green. For his true monument you have still, fortunately, only to look about you.



SURREY

Artists

WALTER BAYES, R.W.S.

G. W. HOOPER

A. C. BOWN

BARBARA JONES

W. FAIRCLOUGH

J. S. SANDERSON-WELLS

G. L. FROST

EDWARD WALKER

LIKE all counties contiguous to London, Surrey presents extreme contrasts and, to persons engaged on a partial record, opposing claims. There is the countryside, there are the suburbs, there is the metropolitan area; the Tillingbourne valley, Farnham, the Downs, Croydon, storied Richmond, and so towards the Surrey Commercial Docks.

Amid the alternatives, a choice had to be made, and its nature is indicated by stating that, of the 88 paintings made in the county, 63 recorded scenes in the Kingston-Petersham-Richmond-Kew area. Very many beautiful houses, small, medium and fairly large, have survived in this district; and it was thought that their future can best be secured by increasing the number of their friends and admirers.

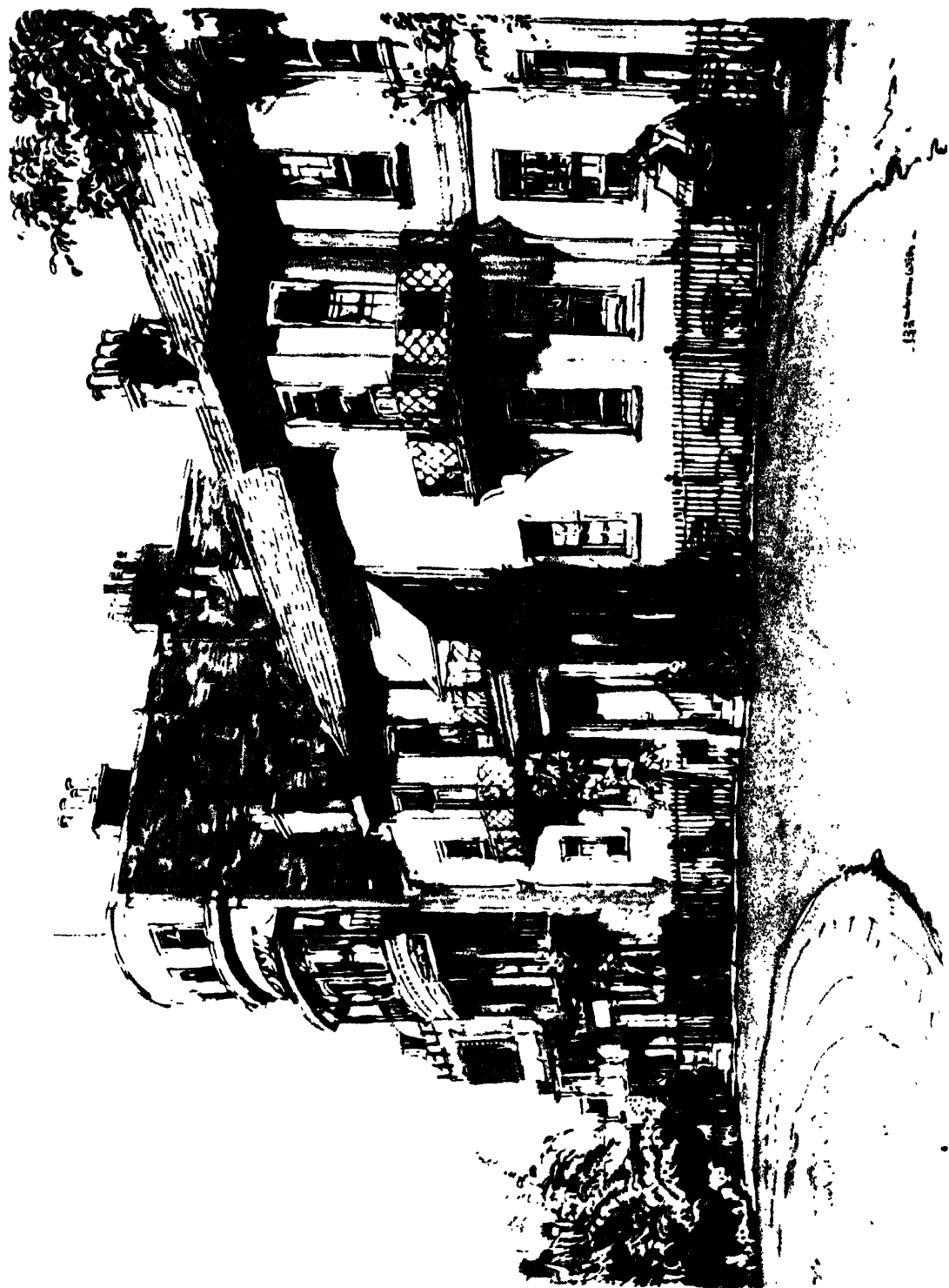
The adjoining villages of Petersham and Ham, south of Richmond, were recorded more fully than any other plot in England, though almost as close attention was paid to the town of Malmesbury, in Wiltshire. They were selected for this special treatment because they are unusually rich in seventeenth-century residences, and because their nearness to London makes survival, in their present state, as doubtful to-morrow as it is surprising to-day.

Of the other 25 drawings, 10 were done in, or very near to, Croydon. The incompatibility which is supposed to exist between interesting buildings and important railway junctions is in part, if only in part, a figment of popular imagination. Like Reading, Swindon, and similar places where long pacing of chill platforms and scrutiny of recurrent posters of sunbaked sands have jaundiced the sympathies, Croydon repays more attention than it commonly receives. Eight hundred years before divergent railway lines assembled at East Croydon, Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, is said to have had his Palace in Croydon; four hundred years later the Old Palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, still standing in the Old Palace Road, was built. In the sixteenth century another Archbishop, Elizabeth's Whitgift, founded the school which bears his name. In the seventeenth century Archbishop Laud took a tortoise from Croydon to his garden at Lambeth Palace, where it outlived its urgent master for a hundred years and still figures, a shell, among his relics. Englishmen in general do not think of Croydon as that sort of place, and so the town illustrates particularly well one of the objects of the Scheme under which these pictures were made.

J. S. Sanderson-Wells

There are scores, perhaps hundreds, of buildings in Richmond older, better, more historic than this. It has no wish for grandeur, it does not strive to be impressive, it appreciates dignity but not at the expense of comfort. Yet it emphasizes, even in its shortcomings, the incalculable importance to any sort of artist—musician, painter, writer, architect—of being born at the right time in the right country. Because the house is just old enough to belong to an age when almost any architect could still be trusted not to go very far wrong, it carries off with easy good manners its exacting position on the crest of Richmond Hill, where the Thames, turning sharply at the bottom of the cliff, gives the famous, tree-fringed view upstream to Twickenham.

Lady Morshead was living on the Hill in 1831; the house was then Morshead House and, since it must have been at that time comparatively new, it may well have been built for her or a member of her family. Now that it is a private hotel the old name, with a sense of continuity not uncommon in Richmond, has been kept.



RIVER FRONT, RICHMOND

W. Fairclough

During the latter part of the nineteenth century the rivers of Paris basked in good fortune. Manet, Sisley, Seurat, Berthe Morisot, and others could not, it seemed, paint them often enough. They returned to them, they rendered them, again and again, and in the end they had made a few miles of the Seine and the Marne partners in their immortality.

At about the same time Maupassant, for reasons that had nothing to do with optics, was peopling *les petits bois le long de la rivière* with young couples in May or with sighing *vieillards* in dripping November. Saint-Cloud, Asnières, Épinay, Argenteuil, Bezons, Chatou, Croissy, Bougival—he and his illustrators (Ch. Morel, René Lelong, Julian-Damazy, &c.) returned to them as unwearyingly as the Impressionists. By 1900 the Seine just west of Paris had a world market and was well known to hundreds of thousands of people who had never seen, and were never likely to see, its banks.

Nothing comparable happened to the Thames. Our gentle water-colourists have loved it; Monet painted Waterloo Bridge; Whistler (also coming from Paris) gave us a new and enduring vision of the Chelsea reaches; but no general assault took place, and there was no Maupassant. Of course, there are momentary glimpses of the river in countless novels, but it is hard to think of more than one determined attempt to do for the Thames what the Parisians had done so thoroughly for the Seine. The solitary champion, too, is scarcely the figure one was looking for. Nor is he to our present purpose; for it was at Kingston, three or four miles above Richmond, that J. and Harris first launched their craft unsteadily into midstream. Richmond never had the pleasure of seeing them wobble by, or heard Montmorency's shrill bark.

The river between Hampton Court and Richmond has for long been the favourite boating excursion for Londoners, and except for the railway bridge little has occurred to change the familiar scene here recorded—so full of happy memories for generation after generation of city workers, so strangely deficient in the indirect associations of fiction.



PETERSHAM HOUSE, PETERSHAM

W. Fairclough

The sequence of thirteen drawings which begins here removes the necessity of explaining why the villages of Petersham and Ham, so near to London, were recorded with unusual fullness. But the area itself calls for a word of comment. In both settlements there existed, from the first, two characteristics—highly aristocratic residents, and a strong spirit of parochialism. Any one might be forgiven for supposing that so ill-assorted a pair could not remain united; in practice, they are found to have lived long and happily side by side.

These houses, though within driving or hacking distance of London, were not 'country cottages', week-end resorts such as abound in the home counties to-day. People, even though they were 'the best people', lived here, moved from one house to another, intermarried, and exhibited all the symptoms of village society. The unravelling of their relationships, their tenancies, and their addresses is often a matter of extreme difficulty—the same bewildering difficulty as confronts a new resident in any old village, where the baker, the garage-keeper, the postman, and the carrier can trace their different surnames for hundreds of years, but cannot go back one generation without becoming closely related. For example, in the house here pictured, Lord Robert Manners lived in 1755. He was son of the 2nd Duke of Rutland. The next drawing but two shows Rutland Lodge, in which his mother, the Duchess of Rutland, had been living just before Lord Robert took Petersham House. Montrose House, which follows the drawing of Rutland Lodge, was called after a Duchess of Montrose who lived there; but the Duchess of Montrose who succeeded Lord Robert Manners at Petersham House was, of course, an earlier Duchess. Such details, given with all the reserve which a study of the locality induces, are typical of the houses in Petersham. They will not be entered upon again, but this single reference seems needed as an illustration of the prevailing conditions.

Petersham House is the second residence (Church House is the first) to arrest attention as one enters Petersham from the Richmond end. A brick house of 1680, with Georgian modifications, it has an interior (marble mantelpieces by Adam, white marble reliefs by Flaxman) to match its appearance.



FARM LODGES, PETERSHAM

W. Fairclough

As has been said, Petersham was a highly fashionable village in the eighteenth century—'the most aristocratic in the Kingdom'. Between 1750 and 1760 the principal houses and their occupants were as follows:

Petersham House: Lord Robert Manners.

Rutland Lodge: the Duchess of Rutland.

Petersham Lodge (demolished): the Earl of Harrington.

Douglas House: the Duke of Queensberry.

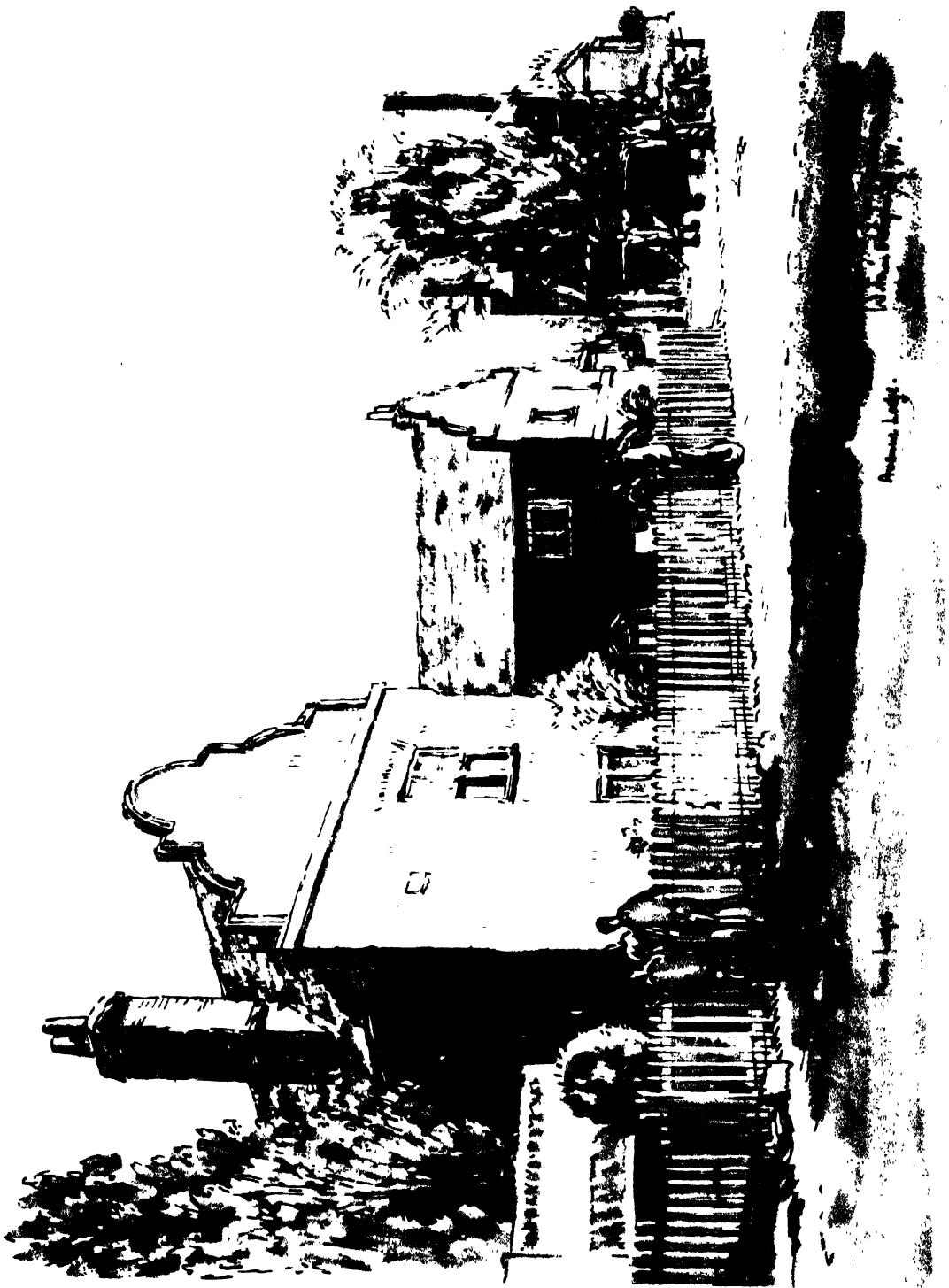
Bute House (demolished): Sir James Cockburn, Bt.

Even bigger wigs surrounded the village in estates too large for it to contain—Argylls at Sudbrook House, Dysarts at Ham House, Cardigans at Buccleuch House.

Lord Harrington's house was designed by that long eclipsed but now relighted architect, the Earl of Burlington, but the authors of most of the rest are undiscoverable.

The prim farm lodges on the opposite page are, though modest, characteristic of an age when wealth, learning, and taste were frequently found in combination. All along the road running from Petersham to Ham well-behaved cottages and shops are still plentiful, lending to such newer buildings as have arisen an air of awkwardness and uncertainty. Some three-quarters of a mile in length, the walk is exceptionally pleasant and instructive, even if the road traffic is at times at variance with the mood. A dip into the past will often bring reconciliation with one's surroundings. Eighty years ago the walk would have been quieter, no doubt; eighty years before that, one would have hesitated to take it at all. The suzerain of Strawberry Castle was enchanted. 'The highwaymen', he wrote, 'have cut off all communications between the nearest villages. It is as disastrous to go to Petersham as into Gibraltar. I comfort myself with the Gothicity of the times. Is it not delightful not to dare to stir out of one's castle but armed for battle?'

The peculiar mixture of grace and solidity which characterized the eighteenth century is exemplified in the care spent on the designing and building of cottages, as well as of barns and stables. Until well into the nineteenth century the tradition was upheld by Nash, as he showed in his village colony at Blaise (near Bristol), and was partly allowed to show in the two Park Villages, and would increasingly, as he grew older, have liked to show, if only George IV had let him alone.

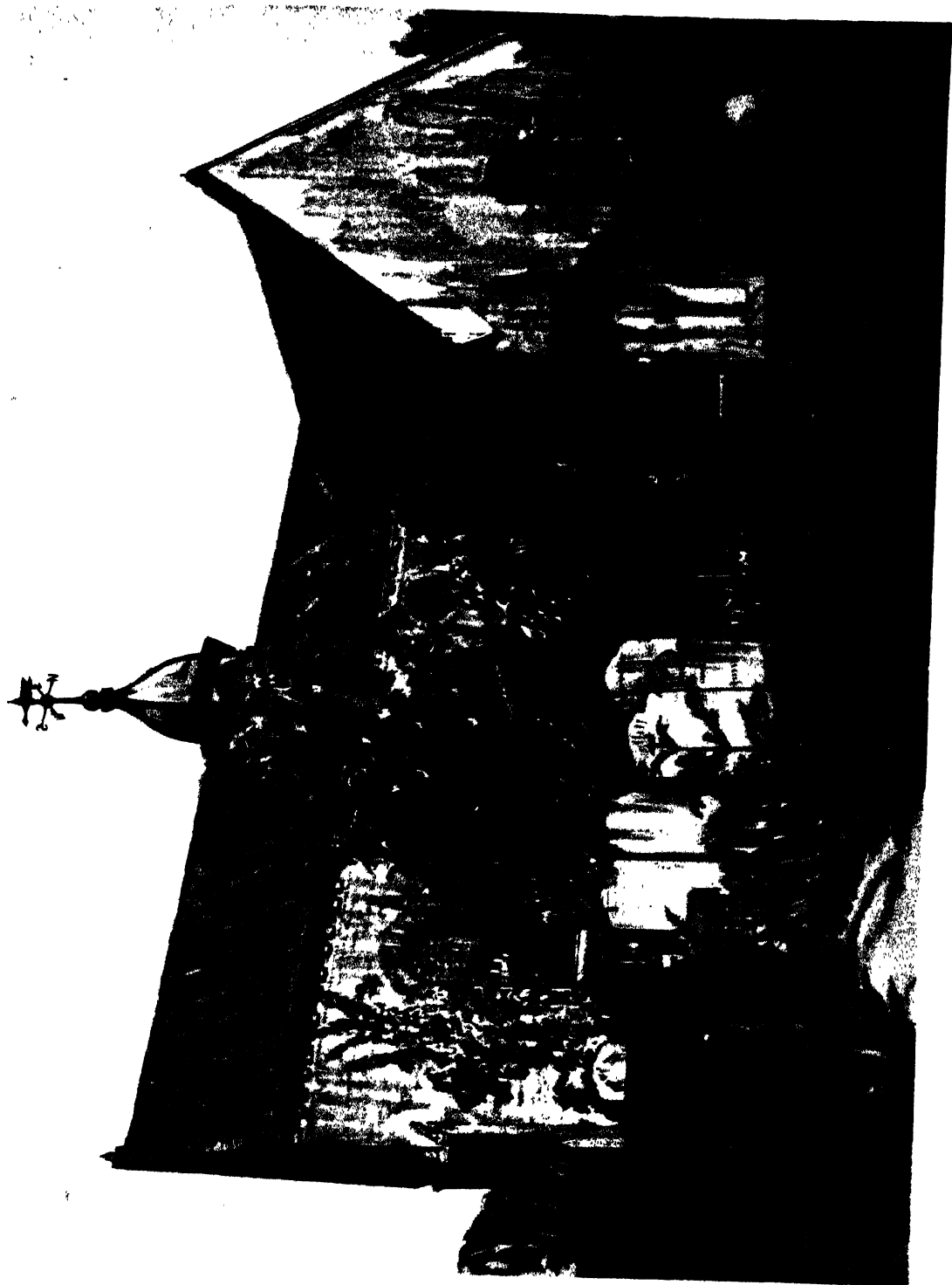


ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PETERSHAM

W. Fairclough

A lane beside the garden wall of Petersham House leads to the church, which was built in 1790. It is hard to speak of it without seeming exaggeration, for with its warm, red-brick exterior (the single-belled tower is partly of wood), its sunny churchyard, and the wonderful preservation of its interior, it is, as an example of its period, very near to perfection. It is so small that, entering by the west door, you find the minute chancel almost at your feet. High, enclosed pews, a full gallery, and clear glass windows form the setting of a number of striking monuments, the most important of them (as a creation) figuring George Cole and his wife, on the north side of the chancel; the most interesting (historically) being the tablets commemorating the Duchess of Lauderdale, Captain George Vancouver, R.N., the explorer, and that gifted but unlucky soldier, Lt.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Charles Stuart, who died in 1801 at the age of 47. He was a member of the Bute family, another power in the district. The tablets and tombstones abound with the names of Tollemaches, Montroses, Jenners, Stuarts, Douglasses, and Queensberrys; the more humble Mary and Agnes Berry, those two young ladies who brightened the declining years of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Damer, are also buried here, although they had earlier declared their intention of being laid to rest at Twickenham. Both died in 1852, being then 89 and 88 years of age.

As their dates show, many of the memorials are survivals of a previous building. There was a church here as early as 1505.



RUTLAND LODGE, PETERSHAM

W. Fairclough

Not the least of the charms of the houses of Petersham is their lack of resounding history. They all look as if they had been preserved because a Temple, a Churchill, a Newton, or at least an Ann Radcliffe, had made them monumental; they turn out, for the most part, to have been from first to last the abodes of people of good taste who liked a quiet life. For a long time the village was extremely aristocratic, but even at that era few, if any, of the residents quite reached the level of the memorial tablet on the front wall.

Rutland Lodge, a very good example, shares with Montrose House a perilous position at the narrow, right-angled bend of the main road. It has external features which made that great authority, the late Arthur T. Bolton, date it with Wren's additions to Hampton Court. Indoors, he found plaster-work which persuaded him that it was somewhat later. Sir Thomas Jenner, the first owner of Montrose House, built or leased Rutland Lodge and left it to his daughter Margaret. He died in January 1707; it is not possible to determine the date of the house more nearly, for he lived in Petersham thirty-three years.



MONTROSE HOUSE, PETERSHAM—THE FRONT

W. Fairclough

Sir Thomas Jenner, a highly political lawyer, and possibly an evacuee from the Great Fire, built the house in the reign of Charles II—certainly before 1671. He was made Recorder of the City of London, and King's Serjeant; and under James II he went on rising and became a Baron of the Exchequer and a Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1688, when his royal master fled, Jenner fled also, but with numerous others was caught at Faversham, in Kent, and committed to the Tower on a charge of 'subverting the protestant religion and the laws and liberties of the Kingdom'.

He was evidently considered a bad case, for at the general indemnity (Act of Grace) he was among those named as exceptions. Later, he faced a further charge of appropriating £3,000 raised from fines on dissenters. Eventually, all these prosecutions seem to have been dropped, and he was able to continue, a somewhat deflated figure, his ordinary practice at the Bar. Of his thirteen children, he raised no fewer than eleven—a high proportion for the times. He died in 1707, being by then the landlord of a good deal of property in the village. 'It may seem remarkable', says Mr. G. M. Trevelyan of the period 1680–1740, 'that the land-hunger among the wealthier members of the community should still have been so eager, now that so many other forms of investment were available, depriving land of the quasi-monopoly value which it had previously enjoyed as the most obvious use for capital. But for the purposes of social and political ambition, the attractions of landowning were greater than ever.'



MONTROSE HOUSE, PETERSHAM—THE BACK

W. Fairclough

Other tenants succeeded, the most notable being Admiral Sir Joshua Rowley and his son, Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, who lived here between 1770 and 1812. In 1838 the house was leased to the Dowager Duchess of Montrose. Later, in 1859, when the house was first christened, her name was bestowed on it; but Duchesses and Dowager Duchesses of Montrose abounded in the village for so long that any one of several neighbouring houses might, with equal appropriateness, have borne the name.

During her tenancy, and just before, complaints arose about that blind and right-angled turn made by the road at the point where Rutland Lodge and Montrose House face one another. A coach hit the wall. Other coaches had often done the same, but when this coach overturned, seriously injuring driver, passengers, and horses, the moment seems to have been ripe for protest. All the residents (at least, all the residents of the other houses), calling themselves Trustees of the Roads, met repeatedly; and at length the Hon. Algernon Tollemache of Ham House extracted a little piece of ground from the owner of Montrose House and softened the angle. It must have been a formidable bend, for it is still pretty sharp to-day.

Since Jenner's day the old Stuart building has been added to on three sides, east, west, and south. According to a privately printed monograph by the late Charles D. Warren, from which much information has been borrowed, the rounding of the wall after the coach accident resulted in the disappearance of an iron grille, through which Jenner's daughter, in Rutland Lodge, could look across the road into her father's garden. It also meant that the carriage entrance (see preceding view) had to be moved. The fine wrought-iron gates were saved by the present owner, not without difficulty, from the salvage heaps of the war.



DOUGLAS HOUSE, PETERSHAM

W. Fairclough

George Cole of the Middle Temple, who with his wife is so finely monumentalized in the church, was probably the first owner of Douglas House—though, like most houses, it had then no name. He died in 1624. References to the present house begin in 1703; it was probably then about twenty years old.

It had not long been built before becoming linked, in half a dozen ways, with other places and persons mentioned in this volume. In 1720 the 3rd Duke of Queensberry married Catherine Hyde—'Kitty, beautiful and young'—the daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and they seem to have lived for the most part either at Douglas House or at another of their residences in Buckinghamshire. She became the patroness of John Gay, then about thirty-five years of age. He left his other patron, Lord Burlington, at Chiswick House and went to live with the Queensberrys, either for the sake of the Duchess's beautiful eyes or because, as some said, her cook was better than Burlington's. There is a story that he wrote much of *The Beggar's Opera* in the garden at Petersham—but if so, it must have been during an earlier visit, for Swift had suggested the plot to him ten years before, and Burlington was hardly in residence at Chiswick when the piece was produced, in 1728. John Rich, later of Covent Garden, put it on at the Duke's Theatre in Portugal Street, where it had the remarkable run of sixty-one performances. 'It made Gay rich and Rich gay', but for Heidegger and Handel, at the King's, it was an unwelcome competitor.

Success did not start with the rise of the curtain, and there was a frigid half-hour. Then came 'O ponder well'. The air is only one in a charming miscellany, but it caught the fancy of that first-night audience, and Polly had to sing it again and again and again. Polly was Lavinia Fenton, just twenty years old—a girl who with her doubtful ancestry, deplorable upbringing, personal charm, and steadfastness of character closely resembled Polly. The young Duchess had driven up from Douglas House for her protégé's opening night; and she was there in her box, watching the audience change from indifference to rapture, watching Miss Fenton perform her miracle. That was in January. In July the lovely Lavinia was carried off by the Duke of Bolton who made her, as soon as he could but not for twenty-three years, his Duchess.

Later in the century Lady Frances Douglas owned and occupied the house. She was the daughter of the garrulous Lady Greenwich ('I saw that shrill *Morning Post*, Lady Greenwich, two hours ago, and she did not know a paragraph'), and she kept up the literary associations of the place by her friendship with Walter Scott.



SUDBROOK LODGE, HAM COMMON

W. Fairclough

No house can live for nearly 300 years without collecting a few rumours, however unsubstantiated. Nell Gwynne is said to have dwelt here and to have been succeeded—one of those difficult changes which houses suffer—by Judge Jeffreys. The 2nd Duke of Argyll (he lived at Sudbrook Park at one end of the Common, and was grandson of the Duchess of Lauderdale, who lived at the other) begat no son but had five daughters—‘the bawling Campbells’—for whom he built an annex. This may be that annex, but nothing is known for sure.

Far better authenticated than any of these tenants is Mary Anne Clarke. On 17 January 1809 the glorious but dreadful retreat to Corunna ended in the burial of Sir John Moore and the embarkation of what was left of his army. The British nation, after seventeen years of war, was feeling the strain; the public nerve did not break but it demonstrably quivered. Recriminations and execrations flew, and His Majesty's Opposition turned them to good account by producing, within three weeks, a major scandal. Frederick, Duke of York (his statue by Westmacott links his name with the column and steps in Carlton House Terrace) was the second son of George III. An indifferent soldier, he possessed administrative ability and had filled the post of Commander-in-Chief with some success for fourteen years when it was decided that the time had come to tell the people that the brother of the Regent was not a good man. A bibulous colonel named Wardle advanced evidence to show that Mrs. Clarke, aged thirty-three and a lately discarded mistress of the Duke's, had been selling Army commissions at a cut rate. Moore, Spain, the war were forgotten in a moment. All was excitement and gossip. While Wilberforce shuddered to see such a woman in the House, Creevey sniggered and whispered, with mingled alarm and pride, that his social stand-by, Lord Folkestone, had shared the Duke's tastes and good fortune. In the end the Commander-in-Chief, though acquitted of anything worse than indiscretion, retired for two years, the nation regained its nerve, and Mrs. Clarke, after much talk of £10,000 for H.R.H.'s letters and a promised but unpaid bribe from Wardle, withdrew to her home and later, on a count of libel, to prison. But Stanhope relates that when, thirty years afterwards, he was dining with Wellington and the Duke of York's name came up, the talk immediately turned to Mrs. Clarke.



Schools, Large - Home Comm. -
Jd. P. H. C. W. L.
Nov. 7, 1941.

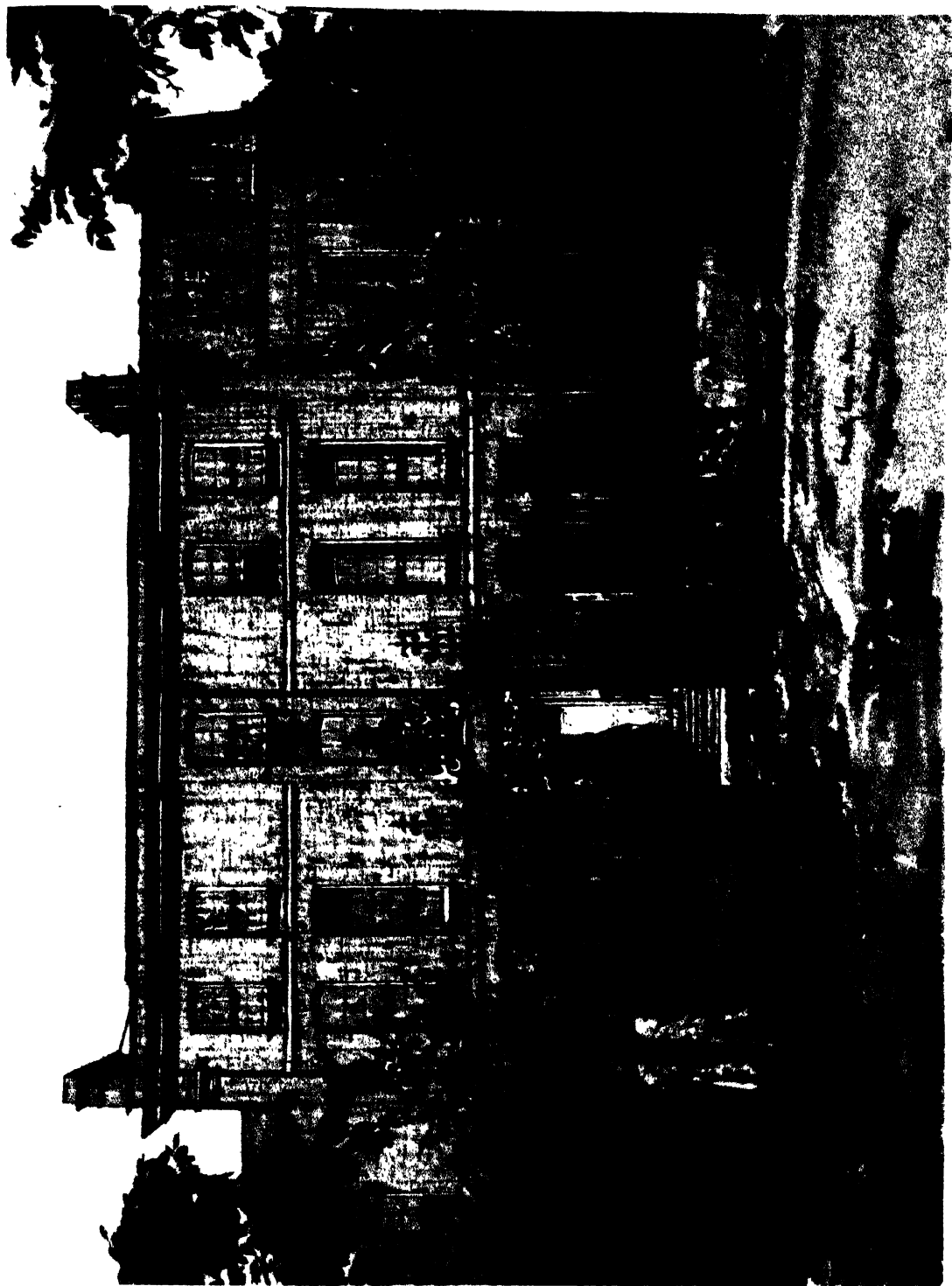
ORMELEY LODGE, HAM COMMON

W. Fairclough

Before crossing the western half of the common in the direction of Ham House, the visitor should not omit to turn to the left at Sudbrook Lodge and explore a little of the eastern half. Since the whole common is divided by the Richmond–Kingston road, it is natural to describe each part as a half; but the wilder and more beautiful eastern portion has been, for three hundred years, the smaller.

In Richmond Park, where now we may all wander at will and gaze rather nervously (as we try to recollect the dangerous months) at our deer, kings once hunted with their courtiers. Large as the park is, Charles I intended it to be much larger. His ambitions were limited by popular outcry and strong local representation, and he had to content himself with an estate surrounded by a brick wall ten miles long. A goodish slice of one side of Ham Common found itself within the wall.

On this side stands Ormeley Lodge—in the opinion of many people the most admirable of all the small or medium-sized residences in the neighbourhood. Except for some plaster-work above the front door, obscured by the grille, the external features may be studied in the drawing. Of its staircase indoors, as of many other notable staircases, fire-places, door-ways, vestibules, and rooms concealed within these houses of Petersham and Ham, this is not the place to speak, since the recording of them did not fall within the scope of the scheme. But they are of singular elegance, and with a little trouble the curious may learn about them in various accounts that have appeared from time to time—especially in an old bound volume of *Country Life* where, in the fateful months of October and November 1918, some scholarly articles were printed above the name of (the late) Arthur T. Bolton.



HAM COMMON

W. Fairclough

Ham Common, lying astride the Richmond–Kingston road, makes a link between the nine preceding and the three succeeding subjects. In its eastern half, connected with Richmond Park by Ham Gate, are Ormeley Lodge and Sudbrook Lodge. Mr. Fairclough's drawing shows the western half, bounded by the main road on the left and leading, on the right, through Ham Street to the river.

A little of the history of the neighbourhood emerges in the surrounding notes. On this page it is only necessary to say that a lovelier or more spacious common would be hard to find anywhere.

Walpole knew it, of course, and one of his loftier comments is concerned with it. When he was 74 years of age Mrs. Hobart, rather unwisely, asked him to a picnic there. He accepted the invitation and—but let him tell the story as he gave it to the Misses Berry in a letter from Strawberry Hill dated 14 June, 1791: 'I am now cowering over the fire. Mrs. Hobart had announced a rural breakfast at Sans Souci last Saturday; nothing being so pastoral as a fat grandmother in a row of houses on Ham Common. It rained early in the morning; she despatched post boys, for want of Cupids and Zephyrs, to stop the nymphs and shepherds who tend their flocks in Pall Mall and St. James' Street; but half of them missed the couriers and arrived.'

A few months later he became the 4th Earl of Orford, succeeding his nephew. He felt, he said, as if he were being called names in his old age. Sometimes he would sign himself 'Uncle of the late Earl of Orford'.

His allusion to 'the nymphs and shepherds who tend their flocks in Pall Mall' was not purely facetious. At the time of his letter, the country was full of refugee French aristocrats. For a while they were all the rage (Maria Edgeworth's stories and correspondence give many first-hand, and first-rate, accounts of them), and with rather heavy tact Mrs. Hobart, among whose guests was Madame du Barry, 'late Queen of France', did her best to make her party as Petit Trianon as possible, with rustic pipe and tabor, rustic *pâtisserie* and rustic *fruiterie*. She emerges; but the setting of her scene can only be guessed at, for Sans Souci has, like the *bergères*, turned to dust.



Man Comman
 U.S. Air Force
 Nov 1941.

Bridge walk

The little house

Small Cottage

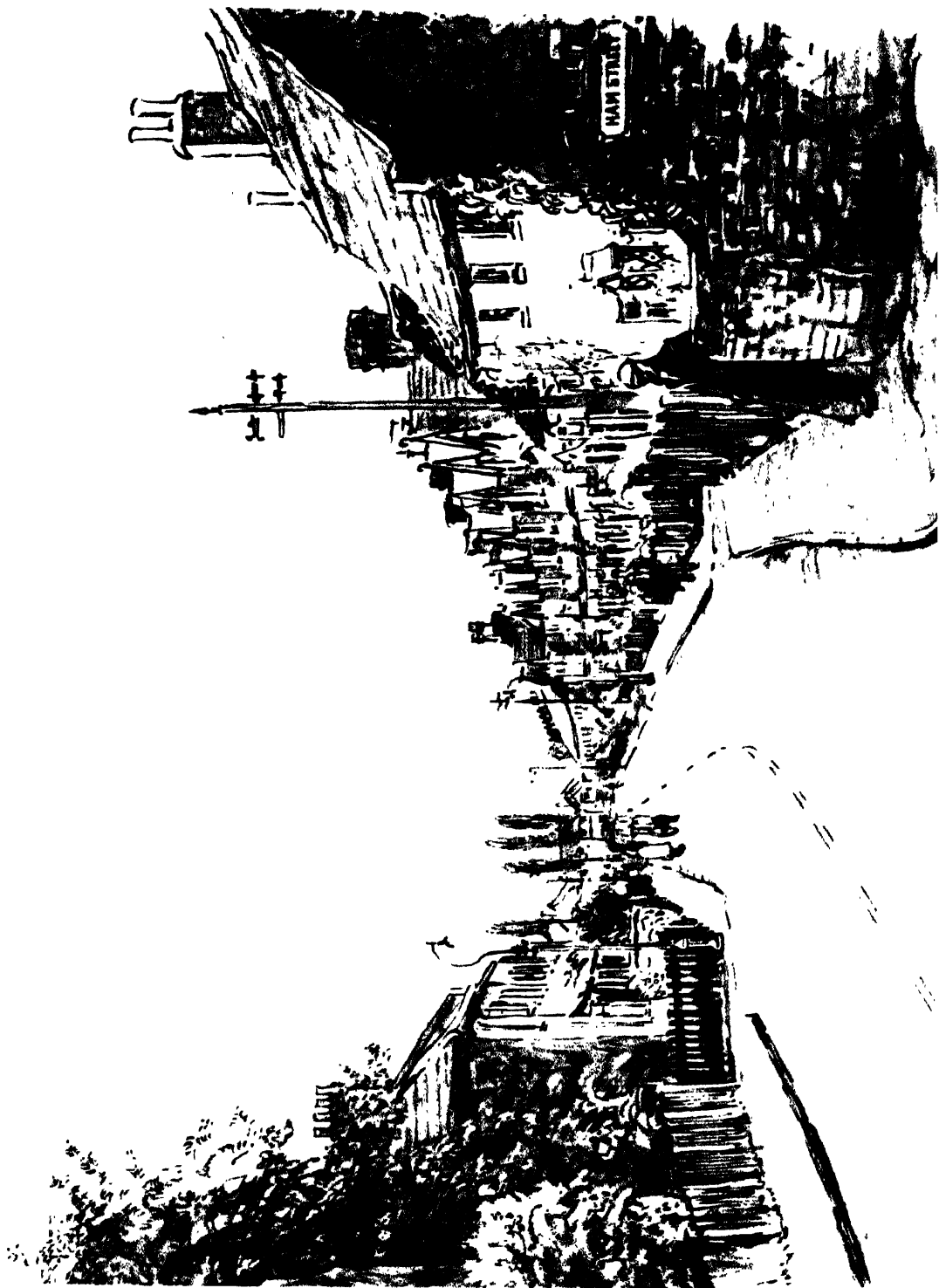
Small House

HAM STREET, HAM COMMON—THE BEGINNING (i)

J. S. Sanderson-Wells

Ham Street, which runs from Ham Common to the Thames, comprises contrasts so extreme, so characteristic, and so compact that Mr. Sanderson-Wells was asked to record it in a series of nine drawings. As the street is barely three-quarters of a mile long, he was able to produce an almost connected survey, supplemented later by six other views of the land immediately adjacent, including the avenue, a mile long, of arching elm-trees just north of the road, the private carriage-way from Petersham to Ham House. All this ground was known, once upon a time, as the famous Ham Walks, used and beloved by Swift, Gay, Pope, and the earlier James Thomson. The drawings reproduced here are from the first series, and this is the first of them.

Here, within sight and sound of omnibuses labelled Islington, King's Cross, and the Tottenham Court Road, is the beginning or eastern end of the street, with its name-plate, as will be seen, already in position. Ham Street declares itself so quickly to be little more than a rural lane that the conventional street-sign has an almost hilarious inappropriateness; yet the man who ordered it to be placed there may perhaps be excused if, as he stood where the artist stood looking south down the adjoining road at the familiar and infectious rash of buildings, he supposed that he was merely saving time. Ham Street must have seemed so sure to go. He could not know that a war, so destructive of beauty, was to preserve for a few years the private beauty of Ham Street.



HAM STREET, HAM COMMON—NEAR THE MIDDLE (ii)

J. S. Sanderson-Wells

If the reader will, in imagination, turn to the right out of the preceding drawing, he will find himself immediately in the sort of road which approaches a well-favoured village in any agricultural neighbourhood. A farmyard with a barn, hardly changed in appearance for 300 years; a country inn; a seventeenth-century manor-house surrounded by its walled garden; these, one by one, form the prelude to fields of maize, roots, and pasture. The red buses, headed for King's Cross, are still not far behind us, but Catharine of Braganza would find these lanes familiar if she could drive through them once again.

The cows shown here belong to the farmer, Mr. Secrett. They have been back to the farmyard for milking, and are returning to their meadow nearer the river to graze. Behind the wall on the right lie the stables—rebuilt 150 years ago with the material of the old stables—of Ham House.



HAM STREET, HAM COMMON—THE END (iii)

J. S. Sanderson-Wells

Looking across the Thames to Twickenham on the Middlesex bank, Ham House stands at the end of Ham Street. It was built in 1610 for Sir Thomas Vavasour—or, as some said, for Henry, Prince of Wales—but came early into possession of the Dysart family, by which it is still occupied.

In 1671 the Countess of Dysart married, as her second husband, Lauderdale; and the Cabal Ministry, of which he was the 'L', often met at Ham House in a room still known as the Cabal Room. He died in 1682. In 1688 William of Orange urged James II to move from Whitehall to Ham House, but the King, alleging that it was 'a very ill winter house, damp and unfurnished', chose Rochester instead. As he was able, a little later, to make good his escape thence to France, his decision was doubtless a wise one, but his aspersions on the furniture were undeserved. Ham House has always been famous for its furniture; much of it dates from Charles II and was presumably already in place. In fact, we have Evelyn's word for it. He went there in 1678 and found it 'furnish'd like a greate Prince's'.

During the eighteenth century there are recurrent references to neglect and even parsimony. When, in 1770, Horace Walpole's niece Charlotte became Countess of Dysart, he went to see her, and turned (as she must have known he would) a critical eye on the arrangements. 'It is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates . . . the old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. You are locked out and locked in, and after journeyings all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through a stable yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall.' If the reader bears in mind that Walpole despised the new Earl and had detested his father, he may conclude that the house was not the real target of this criticism. Still, the visit was clearly not a success, and it must have been as great a relief to the young countess as to her funny old uncle when she could conduct him to the ferry and wave him across the river. Once on the other side, he had not far to go. From Strawberry Hill he could look back at the tops of the chimneys and trees of Ham House and congratulate himself on the superior charms of his own home—if anyone, if even he, could think of Strawberry Hill as home.



NEWARK MILL, RIPLEY

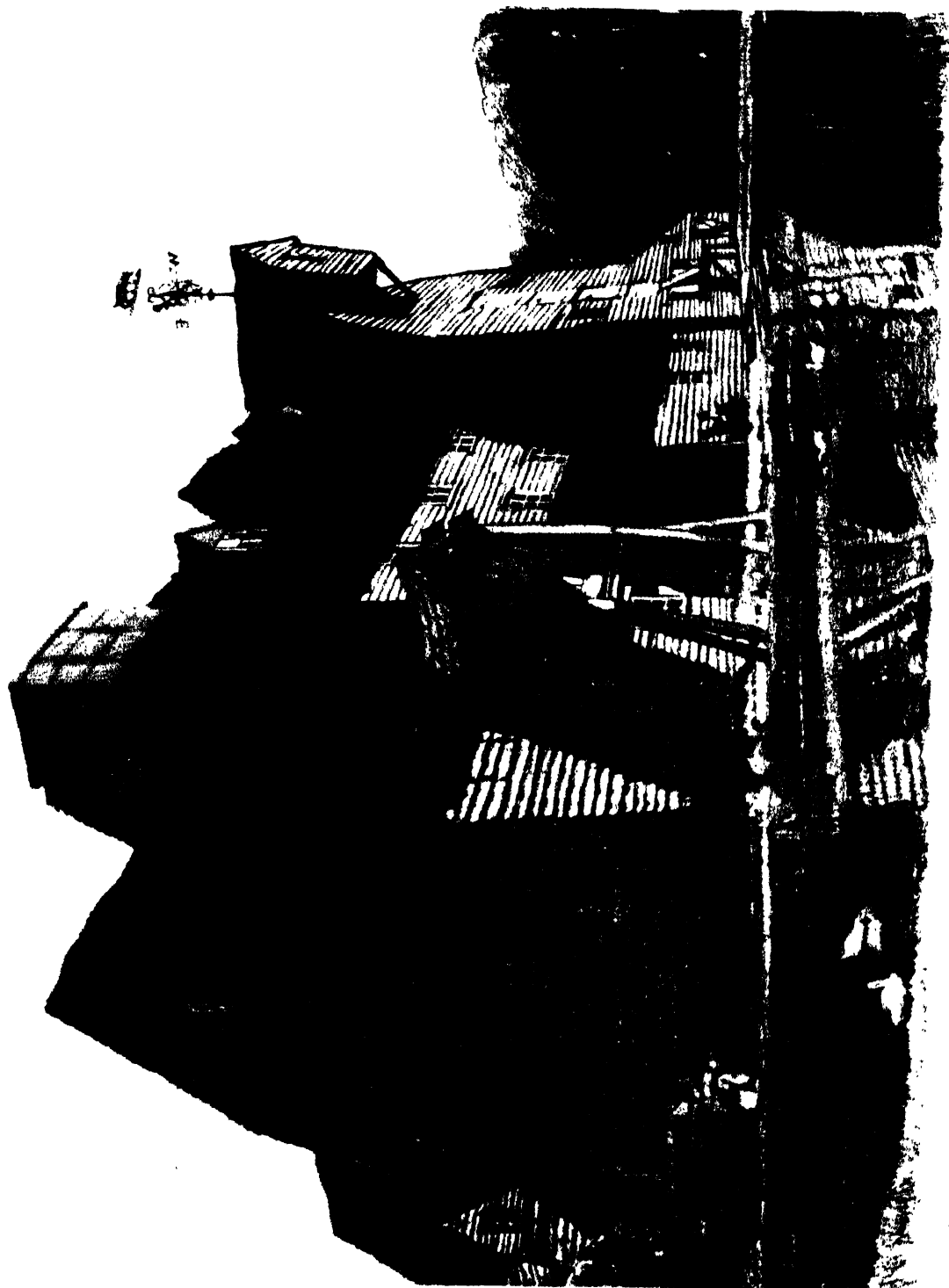
Edward Walker

Newark Priory was founded in the thirteenth century by the Austin (i.e. the Augustin) Canons. Within a hundred yards of the ruins, on the river Wey, one of the seven surrounding rivers or streams, stands the mill—the last descendant of mills which, for 700 years, have occupied the spot.

Externally, the present mill is not more than two centuries old; but with its tiled, mansard-type roof and weatherboarded walls it is an unusually large and picturesque specimen of its kind, and would be considered so in any district. In fact, it is barely more than twenty miles from Waterloo Station.

Another of these weatherboarded mills—slightly less imposing, but much nearer still to London—survives at Ponder's End in Middlesex, and is illustrated among the drawings of that county.

Though the best, Newark Mill is not the only old mill beside the Priory. The title given to it here is the one in most general use, but visitors who find it necessary to ask the way should be prepared to call it the Priory mill, the mill at Ripley, the mill at Send, or even the mill at Pyrford.



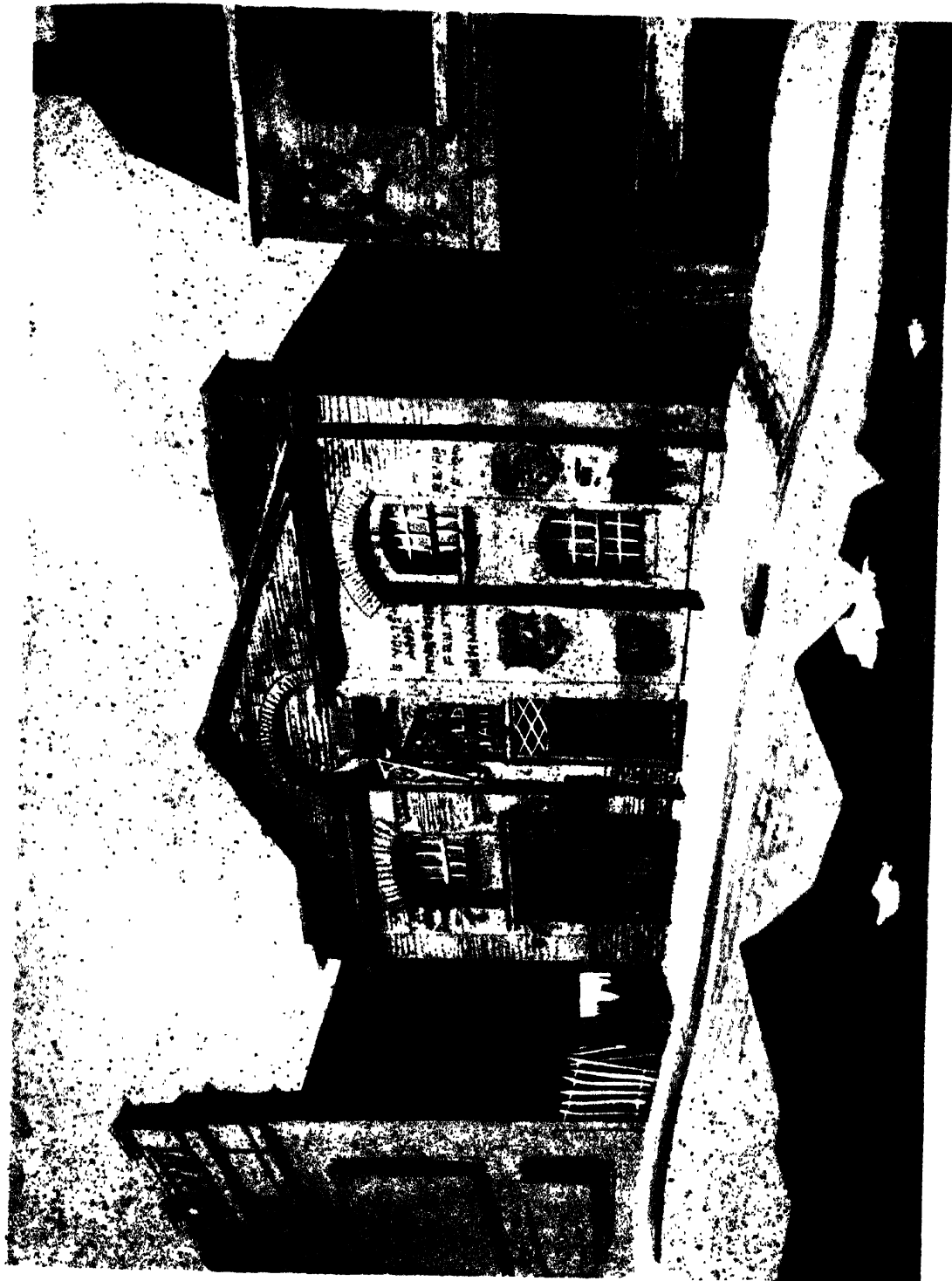
THE OLD JAIL, CROYDON

Barbara Jones

Croydon's Old Jail dates from 1803. To the designs of an architect unknown or undiscoverable, it was built not merely at public expense but by public subscription. A local legend to the effect that it was stormed and held during the No Popery riots in 1780 seems, in view of the dates, unfounded; but disorder and the old cry revived at the time of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, 1829, and there may then have been an 'incident' to justify the story.

The cells were used till 1861, when still older ones under the (since demolished) Town Hall were strengthened and taken back into use. The jail, its occupation gone, was adapted as a corn-merchant's shop, and then a greengrocer's.

Later still it was used as a show-ground or fun fair, in opposition to The Three Tuns Inn next door. For their penny, patrons had the advantage of visiting the cells as well as enjoying the waxworks and freaks; but a resident of Croydon who remembers going there in the late eighties remembers also that it was a very poor penn'orth. In 1891 the building became a baker's shop. It is now, for the second time in its crowded and versatile career, a greengrocer's.



WRENCOTE, HIGH STREET, CROYDON

Barbara Jones

Enemy action, especially in the form of V.I or the flying bomb, wrought immense damage in Croydon, but Wrencote, the best of its old houses, remains—so far. As its name implies, it has been attributed to Wren, but there is no supporting evidence. In the roof are some very ancient timbers, suggesting that the earlier house on the site—it bore the name of 'Combe alias Mortimers'—was either partly rebuilt to make Wrencote, or that some of the materials of the old house were used in the construction of the new one. Diligent search has disclosed that Wrencote was built in 1686 and that Cowper's friends, the widowed Mrs. William Unwin and her family, are said to have stayed there. For the rest, the appearance of the house is its own sufficient excuse.

Except for surviving the war, Wrencote's luck is out. Planners have long sought to destroy it, and boys, always fond of kicking buildings when they are down, have thrown stones through its windows. A sympathetic trespasser found its seventeenth-century front door in the basement.



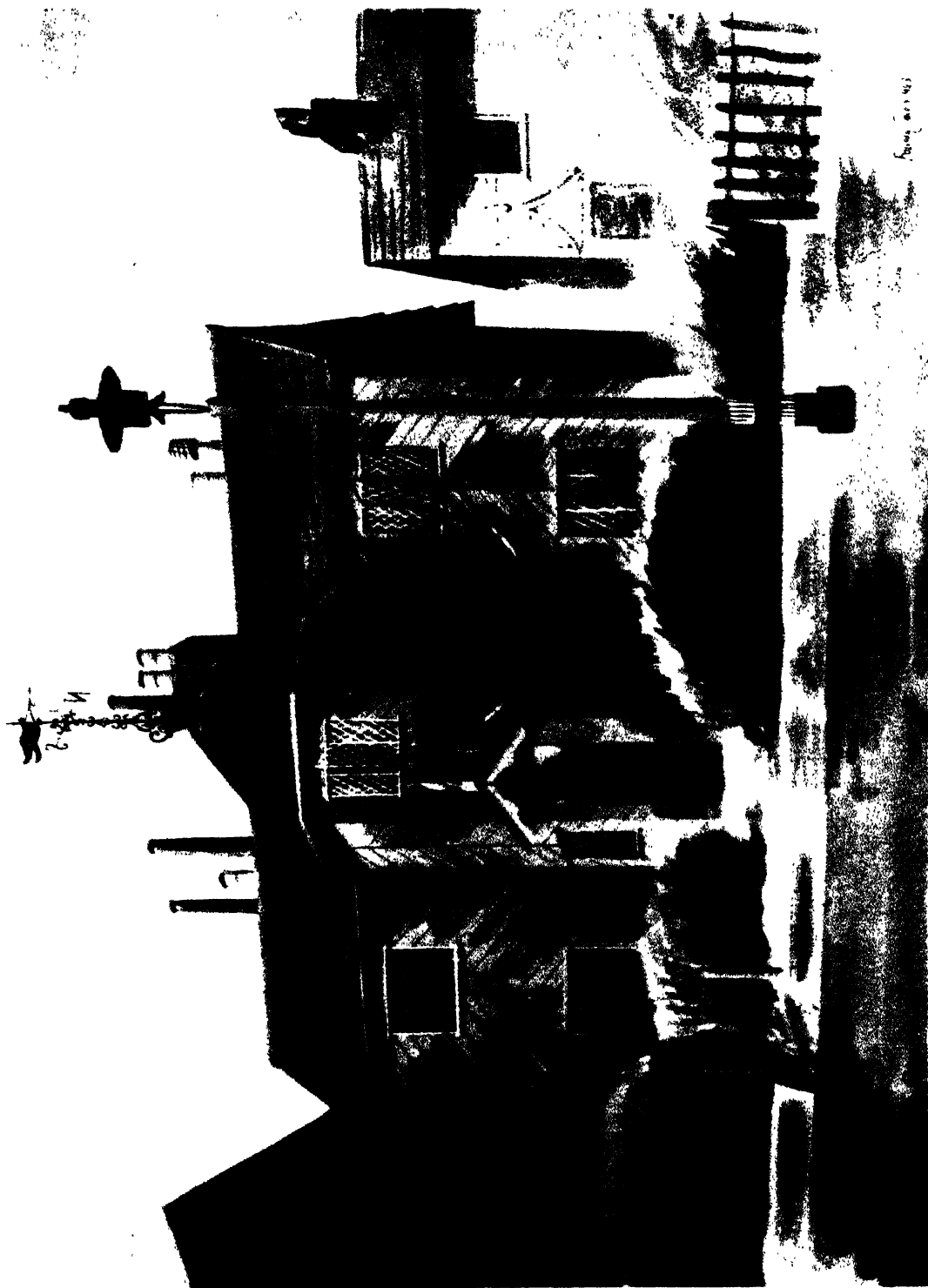
WOODEN HOUSE, WRYTHE GREEN

Barbara Jones

In a number of districts—of which the area round Carshalton in Surrey is one—old wooden houses are still to be found. The example shown here began life as a toll-house about a mile and a half away, on the Morden-Sutton cross-roads at Rose Hill. After the drawing was made it suffered bomb-damage, but survived. The date of the removal and the reason for it are both unknown.

The weather-vane, announcing 1755, must have come from another building, for the toll-house was first erected in 1758. These wooden houses are interesting not only for the method of construction but for the date also. When this one was made, Kent, Burlington, and Gibbs had only just ceased to breathe, and men like Chambers, James Paine, Taylor, Keene, Essex, Stuart, the older Dance, Wood the younger, Flitcroft, and Carr were practising, and with a host of smaller men—usually good, sometimes less good, hardly ever indifferent and never bad—were filling the country with beautiful houses. When even the unknown men are reaching a high standard a profession is at its healthiest. Why, at such a moment, should anyone order a house of wood? The builder left to himself could safely have been trusted, if the job seemed too insignificant for an architect.

Although the brick tax was not instituted until 1784, the answer to the question is, nevertheless, probably 'cheapness'. Wood has always been an effective and inexpensive building material, as farmers and millers recognized long ago. Except for a period during and just after the war of 1914-18, it has continued to be considerably cheaper than brick down till to-day, or at least until 1939. Its durable quality is exemplified in the pictures of old mills scattered through the volume.



BUTCHER'S SHOP, REIGATE

A. C. Bown

Though rapidly disappearing, old shops like the one shown here are still fairly plentiful; and time and trouble spent in tracing their history are usually repaid.

The building which houses this shop was one of the Pilgrims' inns, probably the best and possibly the only hotel in Reigate. It was known as 'The Red Lyon', and it occupied a convenient position on the main road leading south. When, later, the craze for speed led to the introduction of new modes of conveyance—noisy, snorting, and puffing—'The Red Lyon' moved with the times and became a busy coaching inn. But in 1763 misfortune suddenly overtook the management. In that year a new main road to the south was constructed, which passed (it still passes) through Reigate a little to the east of the old road. The story is that the Sovereign, if he wished to travel more than fifty miles from the capital, had to seek Parliament's permission; and that Brighton, which was by the old road just beyond, was brought by the new road just within, the fifty-mile limit.

Whatever the truth of the matter, 'The Red Lyon' ceased to be on the main road and its custom declined. In 1775 the premises were converted into a butcher's shop and have been so used, without interruption, until to-day. Inside there is still considerable evidence of the old coaching days; the front is a typical late-eighteenth-century shop front. The pillars, painted to represent marble, are of wood.



GUILDFORD, THE TOWN HALL

G. W. Hooper

The High Street of Guildford has been scarred by the war, but is still one of the handsomest in England. As early as 1588 a Town Hall existed, and part of it may be contained in the present building, which was erected on the same site in 1683.

A feature of the Hall is the heavy, projecting balcony, with the great brackets of black oak, grotesquely carved, which support it. An even better-known feature is the clock, the story of which is told to every tourist. When the present Hall was in course of erection by public subscription, a travelling clockmaker named John Aylward sought permission to set up business in the town. He was refused. Finding accommodation in the neighbourhood, he made the clock, and offered it as a gift to the townspeople. It was accepted, and the ban revoked; but whether a precedent was established or a practice followed the tourist is not told.

Lowell Hall, Springfield
Nov. 11, 1886



THE CLAYTON TOMB, BLETCHINGLEY CHURCH

G. W. Hooper

Three exhibitions of water-colours from the Recording Britain Collection were held at the National Gallery, the last of them being opened to the public on 21 August 1943. The following letter appeared in *The Times* of 24 August:

Sir,—Twenty years ago the current guide-books were deriding the Clayton monument at Bletchingley; to-day we find Mr. Hooper's drawing of it chosen to illustrate in your columns the latest exhibition of the Record of Britain initiated by the Pilgrim Trust. In view of its superb decorative quality your readers may be glad to hear that it is signed by the sculptor Richard Crutcher, Master of the Masons' Company in 1713. It was erected by Sir Robert Clayton to his wife, who died in 1705, not without thought of their only child, dead in 1665, who lies between them in his baby finery, as he lies alone, a Chrisom babe, at Ickenham. It would seem that Crutcher had before him either a death-mask or a cast of that other little figure, since the closed eyes and set mouth of the dead baby are exactly reproduced under the lace cap at Bletchingley. Crutcher is the author of two other noble monuments, at West Peckham, Kent, and Aldenham, Herts, and in all three he expresses, as no other sculptor of the period does, the lifelong devotion of husband and wife; all are different in composition, yet in each case the figures have no eyes but for each other. The carving is always admirable, but the Bletchingley tomb is on a greater scale, and worthy of that great philanthropist Sir Robert Clayton, second founder of St. Thomas's Hospital who, as his epitaph, later added to the monument, tells us, 'lived in the most perfect charity with all good men, however divided among themselves in opinions', no small feat in that age of bitterness.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

KATHARINE A. ESDAILE.

Since it would be as hard to improve on Mrs. Esdaile's note as to keep out of debt to it, it has been quoted in full. All that need be added is that Sir Robert, the son of a small Northamptonshire farmer, was a strong Parliamentary and represented various constituencies on eleven occasions; became Lord Mayor of London in 1679; lent, out of his own pocket, £30,000 to William III to pay off the Army in 1697; and lived, as has been intimated, to see his monument in position. There is a second statue of him, commissioned for St. Thomas's Hospital in 1701. By Grinling Gibbons, it is inferior to Crutcher's.



GODALMING, THE TOWN HALL

G. W. Hooper

With its small clock tower and copper cupola, polygonal end on open arches, and general irregularity, Godalming's Town Hall has many admirers. It has needed them, for there has been recurrent local agitation for its removal. It occupies an island site. Such buildings have their traffic uses at times, as well as their inconveniences. Municipal buildings having now been erected elsewhere in the town, the old building has fewer callers to add to the congestion.

It was built in 1814, when the town's old staple industry was already far decayed. This was the manufacture of cloth. Another old and local industry, tanning, has proved more enduring, and with fresh activities has maintained the market.



BERKSHIRE

Artists

BERNARD ADAMS

A. F. T. ATKINS

WALTER BAYES, R.W.S.

H. E. DU PLESSIS

W. FAIRCLOUGH

THOMAS HENNEL, R.W.S.

H. D. HUSSEY

BARBARA JONES

JOHN PIPER

LOUISA PULLER

WHEN Cobbett was riding about the country, a hundred and twenty years ago or more, he was loud in disparagement of the soil of Berkshire. The county is now predominantly and profitably agricultural; yet to say that 'things have changed' is not sufficient or, at all points, true. Soil cannot be radically transformed; and a man could still, with a little manœuvring, ride through Berkshire and emerge with an estimate not unlike Cobbett's.

Even for England the county is full of variety. It is the reverse of compact; it sprawls from just outside Greater London on the east to Gloucestershire on the west, and it juts up north of the city of Oxford, a considerable part of which falls within its boundary. Its wavering border marches with no fewer than six others. But in compensation for looking so untidy on the map, Berkshire can offer a wide range of scene—the close and bosky, the bare and windswept, the riparian and lush, all adjoining and occasionally overlapping. One end of the county hardly seems to belong to the other, a state of affairs which makes for interest and freshness but not for character and cohesion and not, therefore, for easy recording. For the same reason, perhaps, Berkshire has not been fortunate, compared with some other counties, in its compilers of topographical histories. They are apt to be parochial, almost partisan, rather than comprehensive, and to follow one another.

For instance Reading, though itself well documented, is consistently shunned by writers on the county. Authors, who should not be dabbling in topography at all unless they have eyes of their own, accept the popular verdict and hurry their readers away to Hungerford, Abingdon, or White Horse Hill. Yet Reading, though the centre obtrudes some arresting and distressing blocks, is full of pleasant things, plain to see in London Street, London Road, and Castle Hill, and not hard to find in many a side-street and passage. Even where the shops are ugliest there are rows of graceful upper stories beneath which, in place of the pots and pans and cabbages, dignified front doors must once have stood. And how many, of all the writers on Windsor, ever get beyond the Castle? Provincial cities and towns are the country in little, full of history which, like the Cheshire Cat, smiles as it vanishes.

THE AVENUE, BUCKLEBURY

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

'Bucklebury Oaks', stretching for a mile east from the Blade Bone Inn, consist of four rows of trees. Those next to the road are estimated to be between 250 and 350 years old. Close behind them, farther from the road, there is on each side another row of smaller oaks, under 150 years of age.

Many accounts of the famous avenue are in circulation. The least exhilarating, perhaps, maintains that the larger trees mark the spontaneous enthusiasm of the villagers at the accession of Queen Anne, an emotional pitch again reached, and afforded similar relief, at the accession of Queen Victoria. At the other extreme is the story, well calculated to appeal to an island race and, in fact, generally favoured in the parish, that the trees commemorate the crowning victories of Drake and Nelson, the Armada and Trafalgar, 1588 and 1805. The successful continental campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington are also well supported candidates. Most of the other versions of the story offer the occasions already quoted, but in varying combinations.

There are good grounds for linking the younger oaks with Waterloo. The origin of the older rows is far more problematical. The admired Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, lived down the hill at Bucklebury. He intrigued against Queen Anne and was detested by her; and, in the absence of conflicting evidence, he seems to provide in himself a reason for doubting if there was any unnecessary display of loyalty in the village during her reign. But Elizabeth had stayed nearby at Newbury, whence the road to Englefield is this very road. For a long time it was called Queen Elizabeth's Avenue; and the date would suit the more probable estimate of the age of the trees. On the whole, then, to her reign if not precisely to her great naval victory the big oaks may be thought to belong.

Amid so many doubts, alternatives, and hesitations, one thing is sure. The surrounding desolation of felled woods and asphalted common-land is of recent origin and marks yet another triumphal progress—that of the United Nations.



Guernsey

CHURCH STREET, WINDSOR—WEST SIDE

W. Fairclough

Church Street runs southward from the Castle (Henry VIII gateway) to the back of the Town Hall which, when Wren built it in 1686, resulted in the famous tiff between the architect and the Councillors.

It is one of the shortest and oldest streets in Windsor. The west side consists of five houses—two small ones of considerable antiquity and, shown here, two larger and slightly younger ones, and a modern public-house in the middle.

Neither architecturally nor historically do the buildings achieve importance, yet they have their claim to attention. Like refugees, clamorous and impeding, little streets love to squat round castles and cathedrals. All through the centuries, all through Europe, the process has gone on, with results usually lamentable but sometimes warm, friendly, and picturesque. In England the investment of great buildings is markedly complete. Church Street is a typical and pretty example of how it was done in the seventeenth century.



CHURCH STREET, WINDSOR—EAST SIDE

W. Fairclough

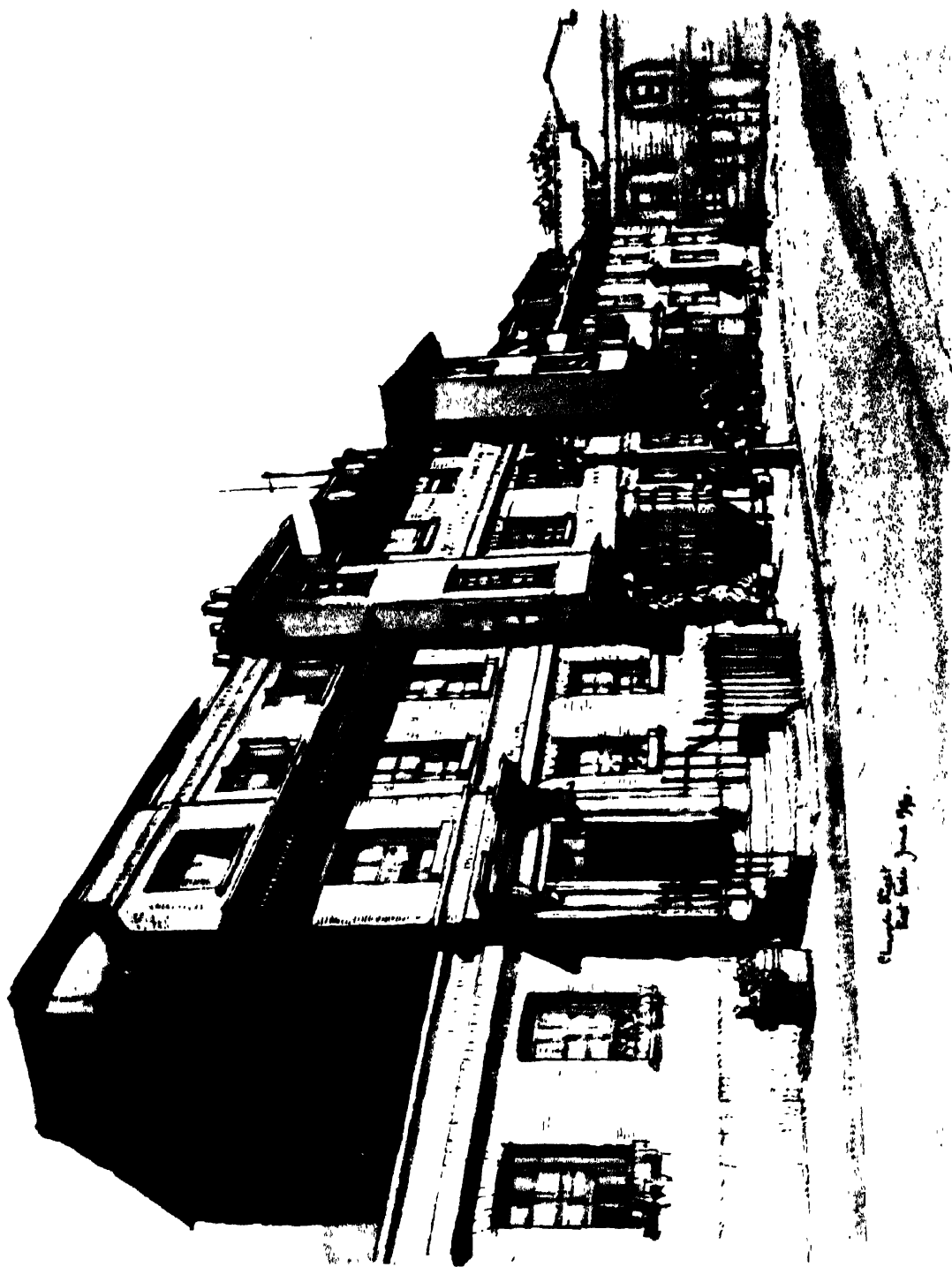
On this side of the street there are even fewer houses than on the other. The nearest of them, Drury House, makes a competitive beginning with a claim, on a sort of signboard, that it was built in 1645. The next house, with the bow windows on street level, takes up the challenge on a shield bearing the date 1640. The house beyond that, preferring the indirect approach and the psychological efficacy of massed 'E's, calls itself simply 'Ye Olde Kinge's Heade'.

The house in the middle, with the bow windows, is now a restaurant. So many restaurants are built in old-world style that even the genuine ones are apt to look bogus. This house, or a great deal of it, is genuine enough; nevertheless, it offers certain lessons in the dangers of optimism. On first perusal, the tablet on the wall seems to claim Nell Gwynne as the tenant in 1640, so that we are faced by two alternatives, both of them repugnant—either to doubt the tablet, or to suppose that the orange-girl led the Monarch to think her at least fifteen years younger than in fact she was. On reperusal, the notice shows signs of compromising—house 1640, Mrs. Gwynne a resident at some unspecified period.

But if, our mind now at rest, we venture within, a new difficulty confronts us; for, framed on the wall, an article from a popular illustrated paper informs us that Charles built the house for his mistress and, to disencumber her of tedious formalities at the guard-house, added a secret passage to the castle.

There is Nell Gwynne, born 1650. There is Charles II, ascended the throne 1660. There is the tablet, 1640. Above all, there is something wrong somewhere. Nell's undoubted home was Burford House, now the married quarters of the Royal Mews.

From these uncertainties the tourist may well seek relief within the solid walls of the castle; but in his present mood he will wonder, on reaching the equestrian statue of Charles II, what reliance can now be placed on the story that Nell, denied a classical training, had to ask the King to translate Rustat's sonorous dedication beginning *Carolo Secundo Regum Optimo*.



PARK STREET, WINDSOR

W. Fairclough

If containing no buildings of special interest, the street yet has its history. It was once called Pound Street, because the Pound was in it; and though now a semi-blind alley, it was once the main road to London. The park gateway at the end, giving on to the Long Walk, seems never to have been granted the common civility of a name; yet it is a mark of great changes in this part of the town and in the Castle amenities.

The Long Walk, where many fine old trees reached superannuation age during the war, was begun just before Charles II's death, and brought to limited fulfilment by William III. It did not reach the Castle, but stopped at the foot of the final ascent, coming to a pointless end in the back gardens of those Pound Street houses which bordered the main road on its way to the Home Park. This arrangement persisted for nearly 150 years, when George IV imposed the logical conclusion by snipping off the southern end of the street and leading the Long Walk up the slope to the Castle. Though Soane, Smirke, Burton, and old John Nash were available, Wyatville was selected to carry out the many important changes made, from 1824, inside and outside the Castle walls.

Whatever it was like as Pound Street, or earlier as Moor Street, Park Street has now a most dignified air. By no means all of it, however, is as old as it looks. There are two Queen Anne brick houses with stone trimmings on the left; there are goodish Regency houses on the other side, at the town end; and at the far end, beside the Park lodge, there is a charming house which has had two erroneous attributions, having at one time been called Ann Foord's House, and at another been identified (in Austin Dobson's definitive edition of Fanny Burney's *Diary*) as the house assigned by George III to Mrs. Delaney. She lived in St. Albans Street.

But a good many of the houses are pseudo or 'to match'. The title of Ann Foord's House has now been appropriated by the highest of the houses seen in the centre of the drawing, though Mistress Ford can never have occupied the building, any more than Mrs. Page can have been a tenant of the bun shop bearing her name in the High Street. It says much for Shakespeare, and for the impressionability of our school age, that we may find ourselves noting these anachronisms before recalling that the merry wives are characters in a play. According to Tighe and Davis's *Annals* there was a Mrs. Ford at Windsor during what lawyers call 'all material times', but even though the happy Bard was under no compulsion to swear that 'all the persons in this play are imaginary and have no connection with people in real life', there is nothing to show that he had heard of her—or she, perhaps, of him.



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE

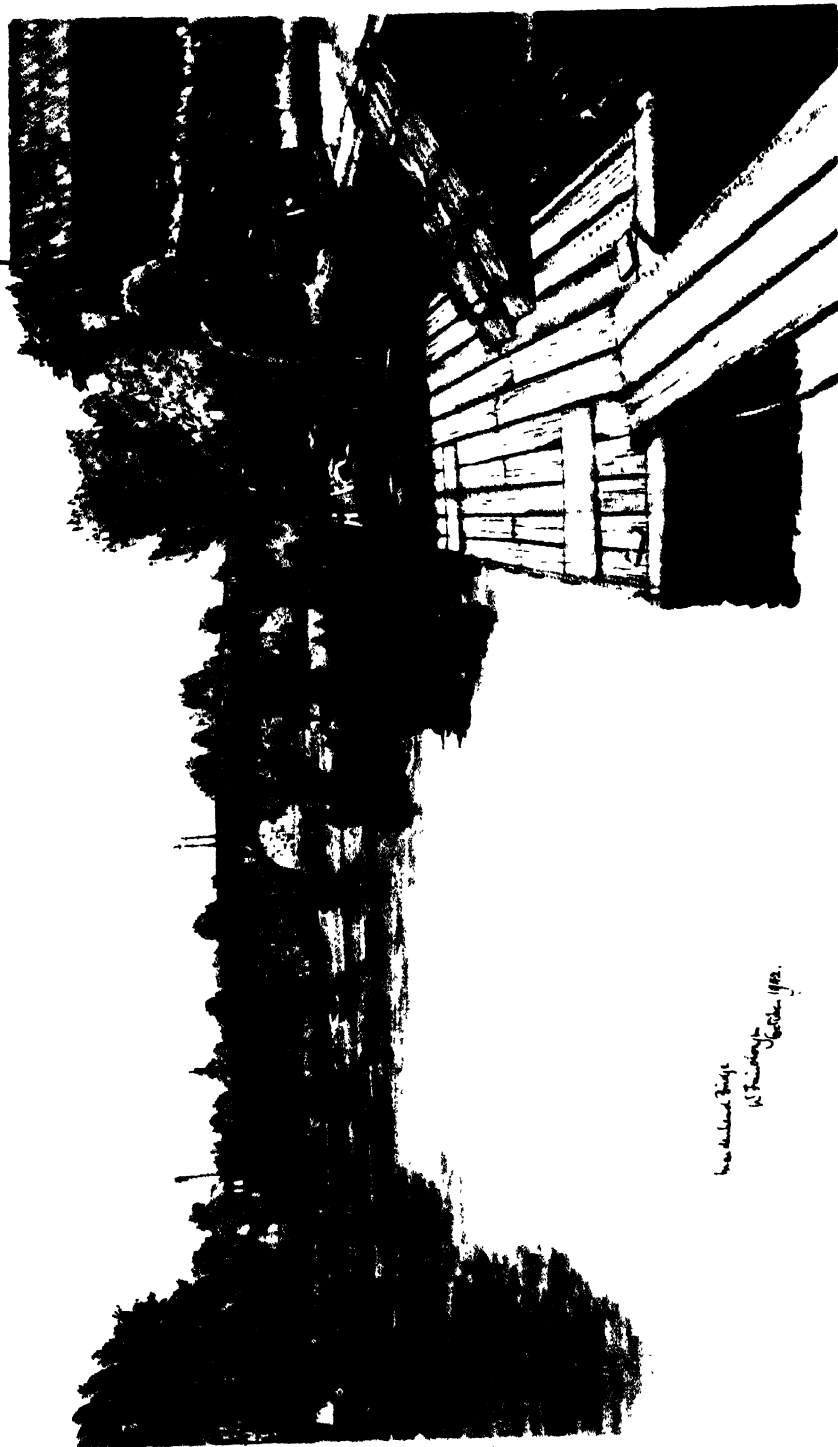
W. Fairclough

Maidenhead Bridge was reported to be in an unsatisfactory state as early as 1297. The present stone bridge, replacing an old wooden one, was opened to traffic in 1777, and thus belongs to a good and active period in bridge construction over the Thames. At Lechlade, Radcot, Eynsham, Godstow, Dorchester, Wallingford, Henley, Richmond, and elsewhere stone bridges began to span the river. Maidenhead's is one of the earliest and one of the best of them.

Although the Thames has always been described as navigable, its many obstructions to traffic were not removed until comparatively recent times. Under an Act of Parliament of 1771 the Thames Commissioners built a series of locks above Maidenhead; and between 1810 and 1815 the Corporation of London continued the work as far down as Teddington. There are now nearly 70 bridges between Cricklade and Staines, and nearly 50 locks and weirs above Teddington. The navigability of the Thames, except in a very limited sense, is less than 200 years old.

The bridge was built by John Townsend of Oxford to the design of Sir Robert Taylor, founder of the Taylorian Institute in that city. The original estimate was for £25,000 and 'a very grand free Stone Bridge of 13 arches in imitation of Westminster Bridge, which will have a striking effect'; in the end Maidenhead got seven stone and six brick arches for £19,000. Although connecting the Buckinghamshire (Taplow) and Berkshire (Maidenhead) banks, both bridge and approaches are in Berkshire's charge.

Robert Taylor (1714-88) began as a sculptor, and did not turn to architecture till he was 40. In spite of a late start and strong competition he was strikingly successful, and at a time of such prosperity that major campaigns in America and India could hardly shake it, when the new families were building their mansions and the old families were rebuilding theirs, he and James Paine the Elder are said to have shared all the big jobs between them. In due course the brothers Adam interrupted this happy state of affairs, but not before both men had piled up a formidable list of structures. He made provision in his will for the Taylorian Institute, but it was not built till some time after his death, and was not designed by him.



Log Cabin
at Fairbury
Oct. 1912.

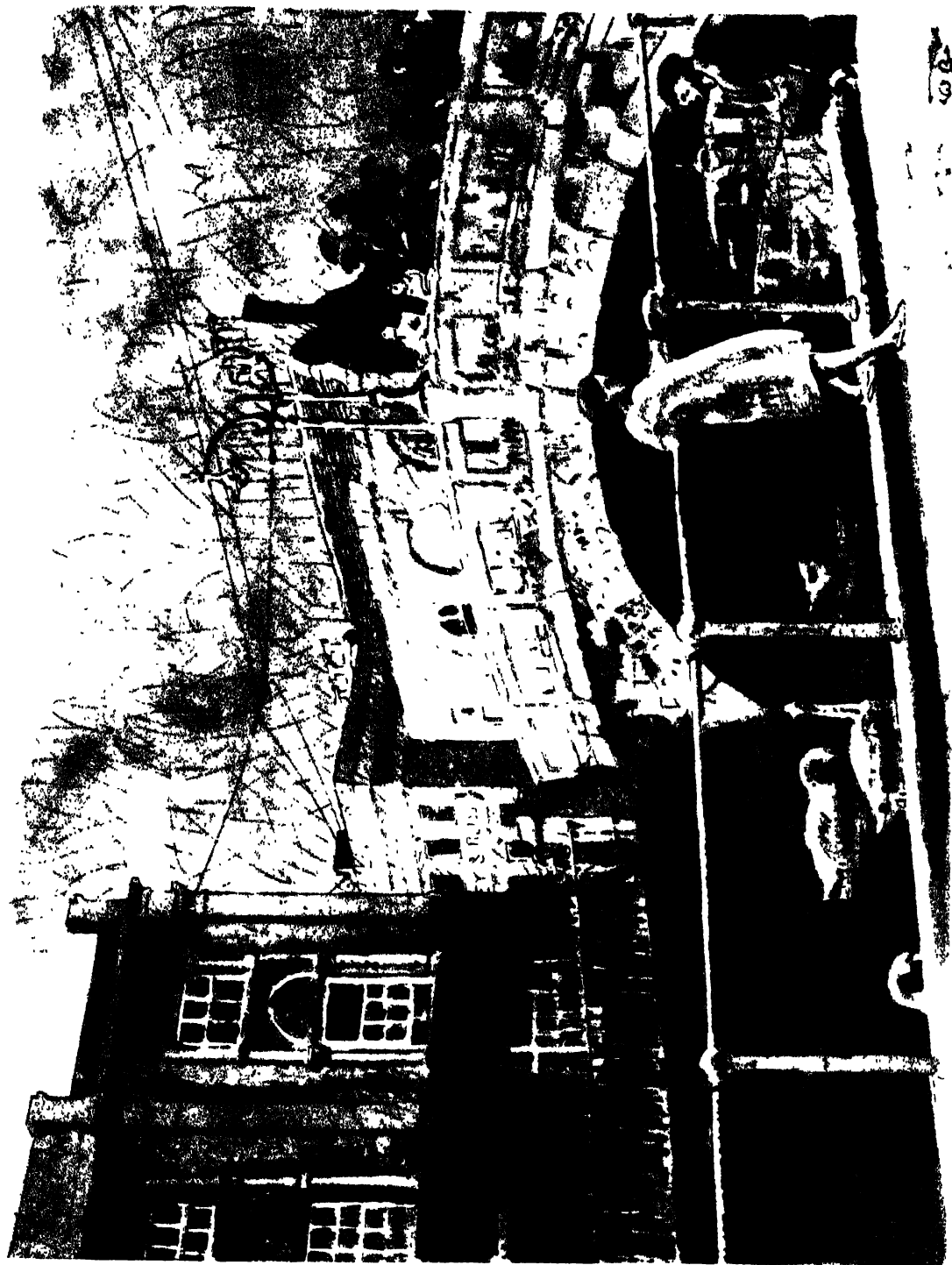
THE HIGH BRIDGE, READING

Walter Bayes, R.W.S.

Duke Street and London Street, divided by the Kennet, are joined by the High Bridge. During the eighteenth century great attention was paid to communications—improvement of road surfaces, deepening of rivers, building of bridges, introduction of locks, extension of canals—and it is to this period that the bridge belongs. It was built in 1788. According to John Man's *History of Reading* (1816) the 'Corporation took down the old wooden bridge which had been erected over the Kennet, in Duke Street, and built the present elegant stone one on the same spot, at a considerable expence. Great as these burthens were, they were enabled to execute them without incurring any additional debts, by a scrupulous attention to economy, and curtailing the expences of their annual festivals.'

The architect of the bridge, and later of the gaol (Wilde's gaol) was R. F. Brettingham, not long returned from the usual studies in Italy, and destined to make a name for himself. While the wooden bridge was in course of demolition the workmen uncovered an older pier, indicating a bridge of much narrower span. Either the river must once have consisted at this point of a number of trickles, one of which was wide enough to require a bridge, or else the volume of water in the Kennet had grown in the interval. (In the note on *Strand-on-the-Green*, allusion is made to the increase in the flow of the Thames.)

For the steep little bridge 'High' seems descriptive enough. But the name is far older than this stone construction; it is a corruption of the Saxon word *hythe*, a wharf.



ALBION PLACE, READING

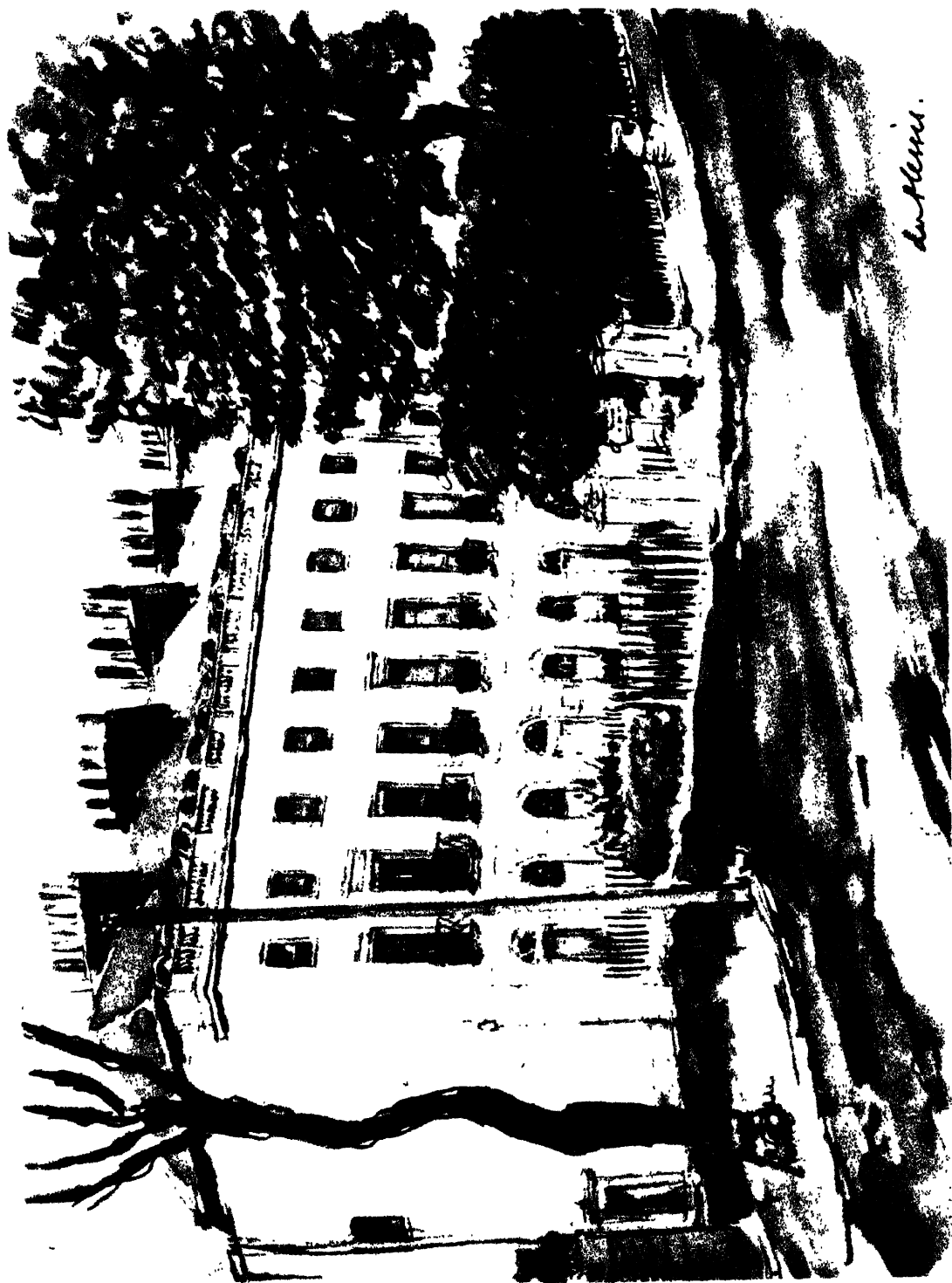
H. E. du Plessis

Begun in 1825, Albion Place was ten years in construction. The architect, as far as is known, was John Billing, and his houses can be compared with those, of the same age almost to the day, recorded in the drawing of Grosvenor Road, London. They must have been the first, or nearly the first, buildings in the planned development of the London Road. The early history of this thoroughfare can be traced with some precision; and for this reason, and because it is in no way remarkable, it may be used to illustrate the growth of a town.

In 1797 Dr. Mitford bought a lottery ticket for his daughter, Mary Russell, then ten years old. It won her £20,000, and the doctor immediately built himself a very pretty house, which may be admired at a few steps' distance from Albion Place. It was described as being 'near Reading'. On a map dated 1813 a few buildings are shown at this point, being doubtless Dr. Mitford's and the houses (now part of the University) which face it. Beyond them, to the east, the road was bordered by fields running up to small farm-houses standing three or four hundred yards back. The road itself was called New Street.

Dr. Mitford was not a prudent or a considerate or an unselfish man, and by the time Albion Place was started he had had to leave his charming house and move to a cottage at Three Mile Cross, farther out; and his daughter, who should have had £20,000 in the bank, was writing to make money.

In 1837, just after Albion Place was finished, the central block of the handsome County Hospital across the way was built to the designs of a local architect, Henry Briant, on land described as being 'at the eastern extremity of the town'. Dr. Mitford's house, a little to the west, was now in Reading, and New Street was now the London Road and beginning to blossom into a residential area. To Miss Mitford, jolted into Reading on various errands and revisiting the scenes of her childhood, it must have seemed desecration. In Reading as it is to-day, London Road is a source of pleasure rather than regret.



La Hena.

HOP CASTLE, CHIEVELEY

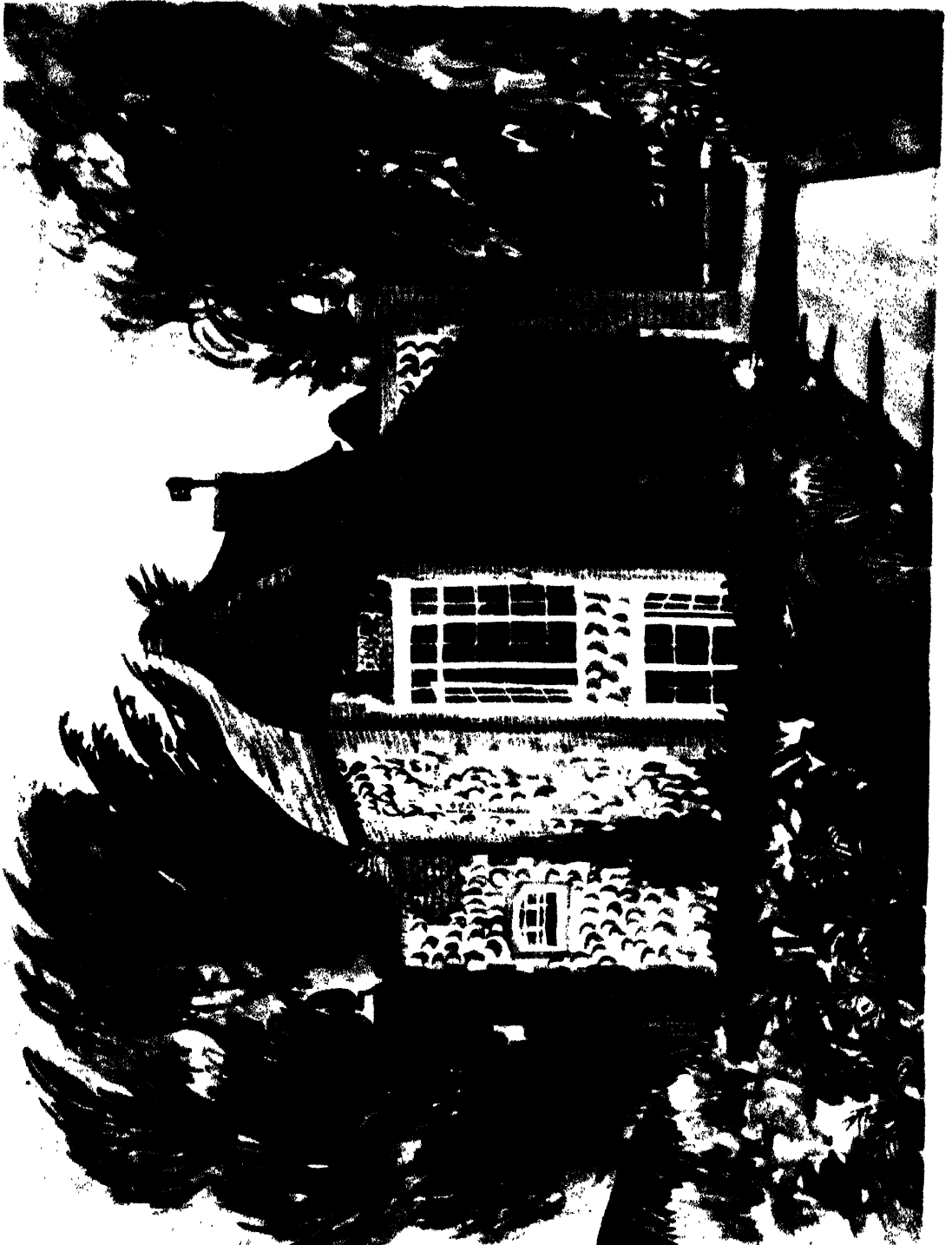
Barbara Jones

Occupying a remote and isolated site amid fields, and deficient in the normal avenues of approach—as one might say, a road—Hop Castle fulfils, more nearly than any other old building in this volume, the requirements of popular fiction.

There is nothing to show that the title of castle has any connexion with an early camp. Local rumour links it with King John, and certainly he was fond of hunting in the wooded country round Newbury. Local rumour has much else to say, e.g. that there is a tunnel, secret and undiscovered, from the house to the Blue Boar Inn at North Heath, on the Newbury–Wantage road; and that a King of England (John?) kept a Queen of England (Isabel?) in the coal cellar. There is no evidence to support these stories, or to invalidate them. The whole place is a prodigy of blankness. Comparing very unfavourably with the local gossips, the historians and topographers of the county—studious or colourful, reticent or shrill—approach and retreat from Hop Castle in craven silence.

Nevertheless, the house is strangely arranged, and may well have been built as a hunting lodge, even if some hundreds of years too late for King John. The top floor consists of a central, eight-sided room, with four small rooms adjacent—in the opinion of the present occupant a dining apartment with bedrooms. On the lower floor, where the walls are unplastered, a large kitchen, a good wine-cellar, a long, narrow room (now divided in two) running the length of the house, and a larder-like space are all suggestive of servants' quarters.

The entrance passage and staircase are in the grotto style, both walls and ceiling being patterned with pebbles and shells. The house itself is of brick faced with uncut flints; the roof is tiled.



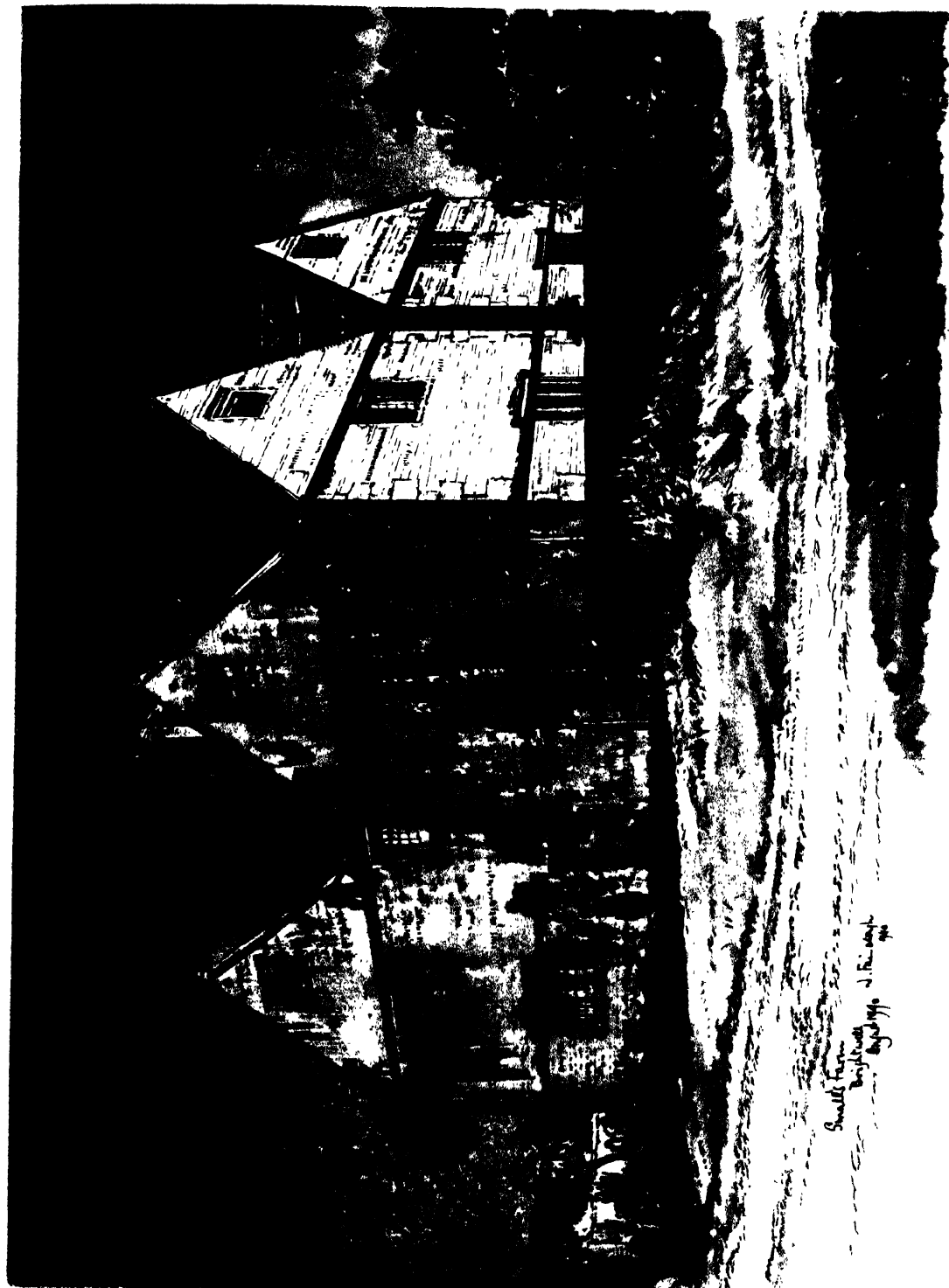
SMALL'S FARM, BRIGHTWELL

W. Fairclough

Of this house, built in the time of Queen Elizabeth and (except for damage caused by fire in the roof) unaltered in appearance by any later modifications, the history is neither full nor sure. It was built by Mr. Small, a burgess of Wallingford, two miles away. In nearly four centuries no subsequent occupant has ousted his name as owner of the farm.

A local archaeologist, writing in the parish magazine, observes that 'there is a tradition that the Bishop of Winchester used the place as a summer residence. This, however, does not seem probable. Up to a few years ago the building was never completed, no boards being laid on some of the floors of the upper rooms.' In spite of its incompleteness, it had not stood empty. In 1930, for instance, a farmer lived in the front part and a very old woman and her invalid daughter at the back. Then a purchaser was found who, at last, completed the top story, only to see a disastrous fire undo his work and restore the house, more or less, to the condition it had always known. It is still inhabited.

The Bishop of Winchester, whether or not he used the place, had some jurisdiction in the neighbourhood, and his arms may still be seen on the rectory.



ST. GEORGE'S, HATFORD

W. Fairclough

Hatford Old Church, near Faringdon, belongs substantially to the twelfth century. It is very small; it has an enclosed churchyard tucked away behind the north wall; and it contains one good monument, a recumbent figure in stone known by the villagers as Chaucer. It is true that the poet's son, Thomas, was lord of the manor in 1436, but the tomb is probably another's.

Churches as old, and with a far fuller history, are easy enough to find in England. It is the peculiar fate of this medieval building that in the year 1876 the Middle Ages, or something like them, returned and smote it. The church, though in regular use, was showing signs of age—a dangerous thing to do in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century. Repair was practicable enough. But with the eager support of the rector, and in the teeth of strong opposition from neighbouring clergy, the patron of the living (also a clergyman) decided against it. Instead, he paid for the erection of a brand new church; had the nave of the old church unroofed and partly recovered by a stone canopy; made arrangements for the siting of his own red granite tomb beneath the canopy; and left a sum of money for the perpetual preservation of the church in its semi-demolished state and for the upkeep of his sepulchre.



TITHE BARN, GREAT COXWELL

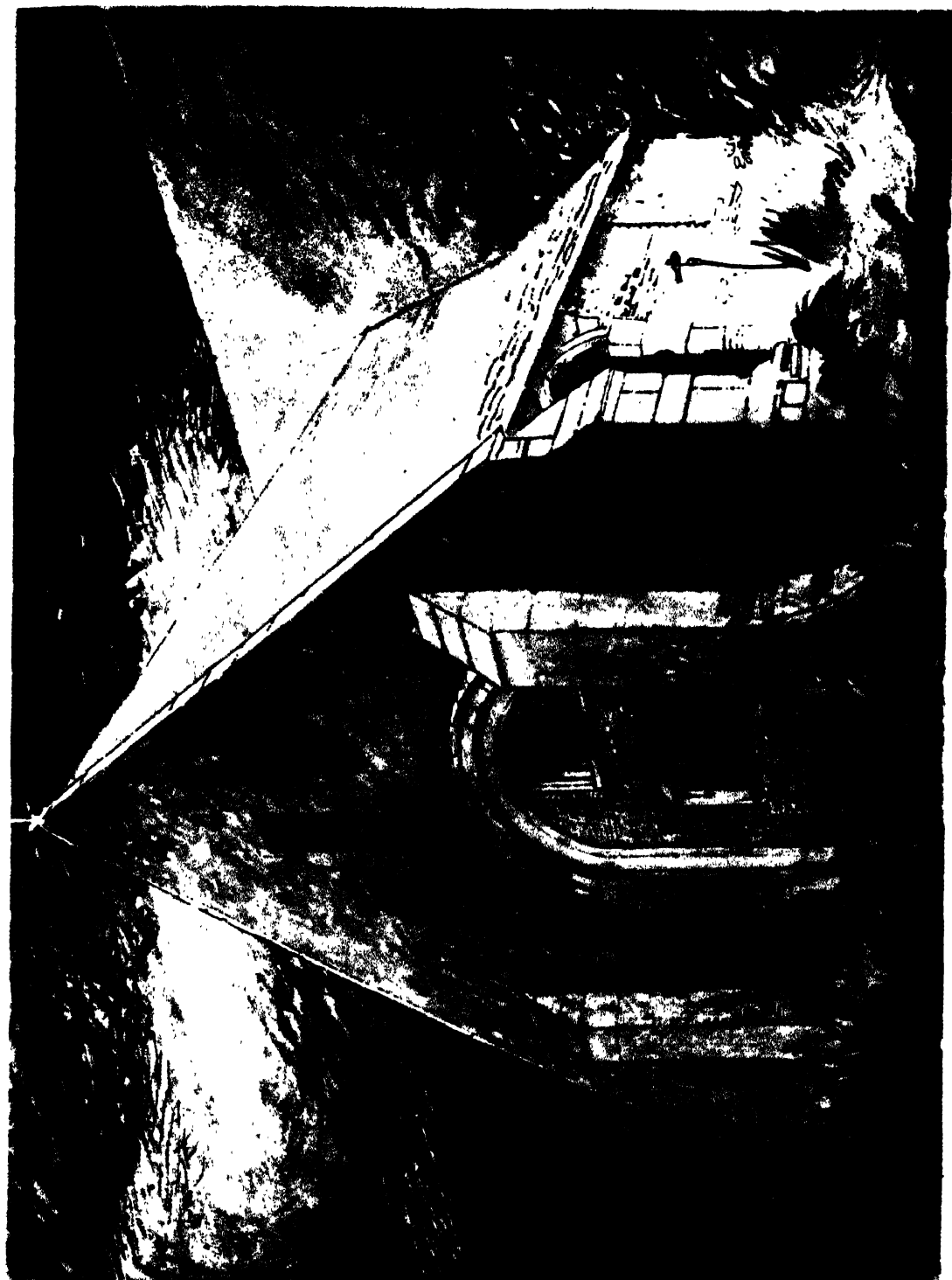
John Piper

In all England there are few, if any, more famous barns than this. It has served as a barn unceasingly for something like seven hundred years, and still looks good for nearly as long again.

The manor of Great Coxwell, very close to the junction of Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Wiltshire, was granted by King John in 1204 to the Cistercians of Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire, a new foundation. The Cistercians were famous agriculturists, and on their farm at Great Coxwell, which they owned until the dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century, the Grey Monks, using Cotswold stone and slates from Witney, built the tithe barn to a pattern they understood—of the ‘decorated’ period, cruciform in shape, with a nave and two aisles. Its interior measurements are 152½ feet in length, 38½ feet in breadth, and 51 feet in height.

As one’s eyes search the furthest recesses of the roof where the great supporting beams, as is the way of oak, have served in death for more years than ever they took in growing, the effect has the solemn splendour of a cathedral; but for all its loftiness and mystery, and for all the narrowness of its windows—they are mere slits—the old barn is not dark, as old barns go. In the 4-foot walls are numerous square openings. These, according to the *Journal* of the county archaeologists, were left for ventilation or for pigeons; but it is hard to believe that the monks were surprised to find that they admitted light also.

The west gable, sheltering cattle stalls beneath a loft, shows nineteenth-century brickwork in the original door-way. The rest of the building is, to all intents and purposes, as the Cistercians made it. The adjoining farm-house is much later, and dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By then the property had been wrenched from the Order and was in the possession of a family of laymen, named Morys.



BUCKLAND HOUSE, NEAR FARINGDON

John Piper

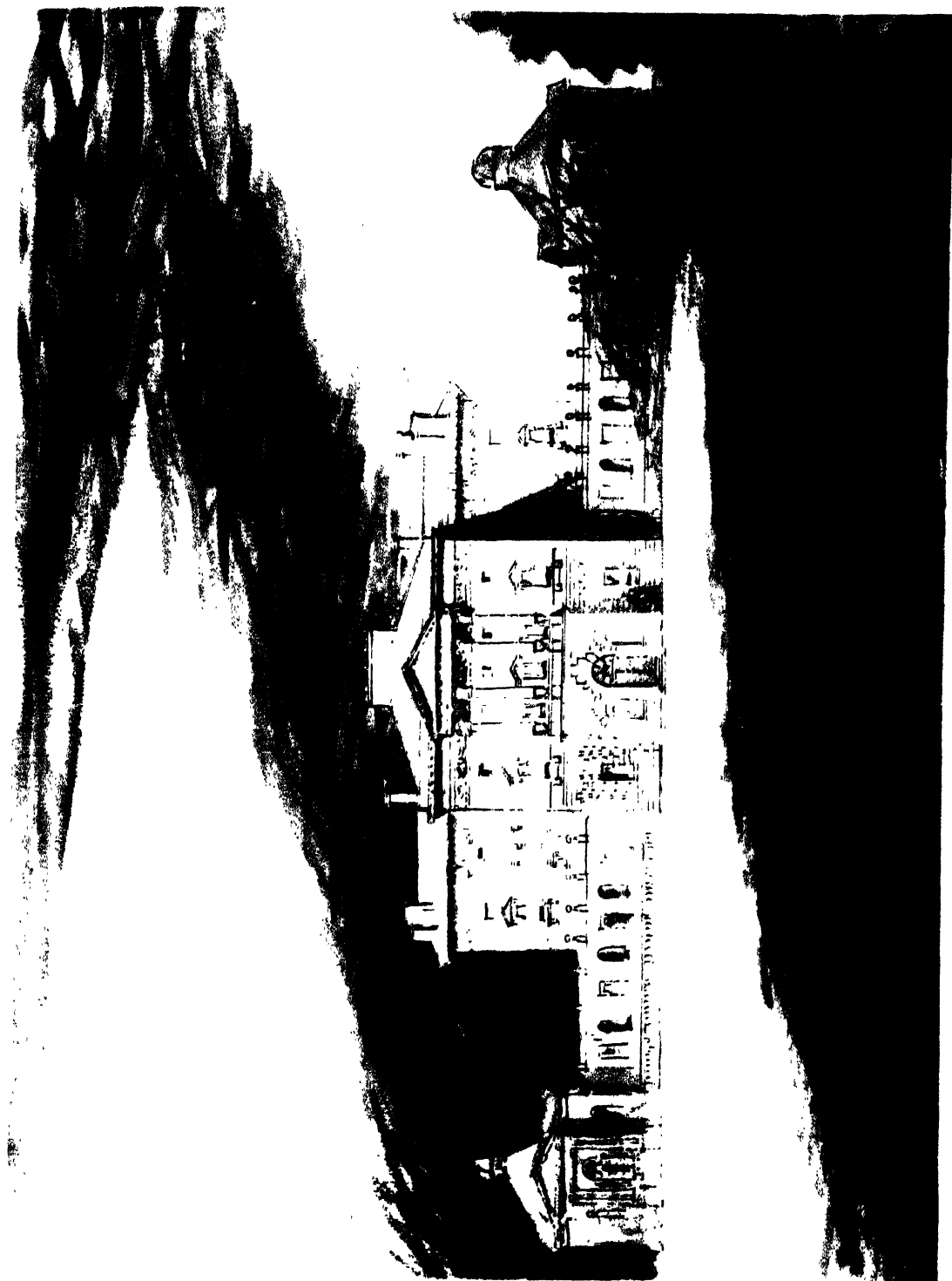
Like Hatford, Buckland at one time belonged to Chaucer's son, Thomas; but the present house was built in 1757 for Sir Robert Throckmorton by John Wood of Bath the younger. The unusual design and the need for its eventual modification are connected with the architect's career.

What is meant to-day by 'Bath' may be said, approximately, to date from the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century and to be the work of four men. There was the Cornish innkeeper's son, Ralph Allen, who became the close friend of Chatham, Pope, and Fielding. He had already risen some way in the world when he noticed that letters from one provincial city to another, even from Bath to Worcester, went through London and suffered much delay. He inaugurated, and then farmed out, a cross-country postal service which brought him in half a million. Another of his ventures was the oolite quarry at Combe Down, a few miles from Bath. He provided the solid, shrewd, and sympathetic backing for the development of the city, and his quarry provided the beautiful Bath stone employed by his architects, John Wood and his son of the same name. Lastly there was Beau Nash, to concern himself with the style and tone of the spa's relaxations.

Few English architects have been allowed to show their powers of planning—Inigo Jones at Covent Garden; Wren; the Adams; Nash; Burton; Cubitt and his team; there are not many others—but the Woods were given, and triumphantly grasped, a chance such as has seldom come to members of their profession. Like the Adams and like Cubitt, they were speculative contractors as well as architects.

In such circumstances, the younger Wood had not grown up without a taint of showmanship. Buckland House, as he built it, must have been far more handsome than convenient. The centre of the main block, with its four Corinthian pillars, was much as it is to-day; so were the long, outflung arms; but the two recessed wings did not exist, with the result that all the magnificent reception rooms of the ground floor and the pavilions were accompanied by only fifteen bedrooms, including the domestics'. In or about 1910 the house was skilfully enlarged to its present shape by Romaine Walker.

Old Sir Robert, who lived to be 89, was succeeded by his grandson in 1791. The new Sir John and Lady were Cowper's friends, 'Mr. and Mrs. Frog'.



THE TUNNEL, BUCKLAND HOUSE

John Piper

In addition to an ice store, Wood provided a brick dovecot with Gothic details, the arch or tunnel seen here, and a rustic cottage; but considering that Buckland House was erected at a moment when the landscape gardeners and Gothic revivalists were getting into their stride, the grounds are adorned with fewer sham antiquities than might have been expected.

The tunnel and the ice house may be compared with the gateway to the river at Fawley Court, in the Buckinghamshire section.

Even the most casual reader of this volume must have been struck by the frequency of the appearances, in pictures and text, of the eighteenth century. No predilection for it existed in the minds of the artists or the organizers of the scheme. The century is inescapable; it hangs, like a close net, between us and the darkened centuries behind it; and there is no reason to suppose that its influence on the succeeding volumes will be less. England, all that time, was being crammed with buildings, splendid in quality and countless in number; and, as if they were not enough, their supplementary and often unnecessary extras, their pavilions and temples, their dairies and gateways, were carefully designed and sited and solidly executed. During the years when, though Wren was dead and Nash had not completed his chief works, this blossoming was most profuse, time, money, material, and labour seem to have been unlimited and to have been spent accordingly. The housing problem consisted in knowing where to stop, not where to begin. We may well marvel; for during these seventy-five years England fought eleven wars, in the course of which Canada was acquired, the conquest of India begun, the American colonies lost, and Bonaparte, by a supreme effort, eliminated. Fought with ever changing foes and allies all over the world, the campaigns overlapped. The uneasy snatches of neutrality added up to barely twenty years in all and were often disregarded, especially in India where more than one important battle was waged with the French while France and England were nominally at peace. Most of the eleven wars were, in fact, major wars; but none was total, in the perhaps relative meaning attached to that word to-day.



THE ICE-STORE, BUCKLAND HOUSE

John Piper

Nowadays fortunate people obtain refrigeration by pressing a switch. Formerly the problem demanded much labour and ingenuity; and these, as usual, our ancestors provided. By the seventeenth century in England, and perhaps earlier in southern countries, ice or compressed snow could be kept from one winter to another. In October 1660 a snow and ice house was built in St. James's Park 'as the mode is in some parts of France and Italy and other hot countries'. Summer drinks were placed in it and, presumably, sold at an adjoining stall.

Ice houses were either sunk in pits or surrounded by mounds of raised earth; the walls were double and packed with straw (preferably barley), to insulate the interior from the warmth of the atmosphere. Outside, ivy was encouraged for the same purpose, and trees were planted 'near enough to shade but not to drip'. Within, the double floor was lined with a wattle or grating provided with a drain (carefully trapped to exclude earth-warmed air) for melted slush. Packed snow was laid on the grating, with an occasional insulating layer of straw, until the house was full, when the doorway was stuffed with straw.

Later, and elsewhere, other means were used. In his *Cottage Economy* Cobbett gives some details of an ice house, which he saw in Virginia, constructed on a radically different principle. Even when allowance has been made for his loud and admonitory tones, the American method seems to have been wonderfully cheap and efficacious. Some thirty years afterwards, in 1860, his views were prevailing, and ice houses on the Virginian model sprang up round fishing-harbours like Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

By this time ice was being imported from Norway in specially constructed ships. As the supply grew, so did the storage problem. We read of an old boiler-house in Pimlico being fitted to receive block ice in 1848, and there is said to have been a plan to store it in the hollowed banks of the canal in Regent's Park. An excellent, full account of the problems and processes here mentioned will be found in the *Architectural Publication Society's Dictionary*.

Wood's ice-store, though far less ornate than some of the French and Italian models, shows a rusticated portico and, behind it, a thatched roof. Laborious banging of snow was seldom necessary at Buckland, for the adjacent lake proved a most faithful freezer. Some years ago the late Sir Lawrence Weaver, writing in *Country Life*, declared that the supply of ice at Buckland had failed only once between 1885 and 1915.



BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Artists

STANLEY ANDERSON, R.A.

S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.

H. E. DU PLESSIS

W. FAIRCLOUGH

JEAN INGLIS

JOHN PIPER

W. P. ROBINS

ELLIOTT SEABROOKE

A STRONG case can be made out for describing this as being, and as having been for centuries, the most favoured of Home Counties—if it is one. True, it lacks a fine river, for the Thames never crosses, though it forms, its narrow southern frontier; but to this same defect may be ascribed the absence of any industrial city. Slough begins to look as if it coveted that vacant role, but it has still some way to go before it can qualify.

Other counties may possess larger palaces, but none can show a pleasanter array of gentlemen's estates surrounding houses of the most admired periods. The scenery is varied and rich, the churches exceptionally good, the villages harmonious and decent. Small wonder that a paradise so accessible to London should have been favoured by succeeding generations. Great wonder that the professional men and the City gentlemen have not long ago killed the thing they love. So far, Buckinghamshire has managed to assimilate them better than seemed possible, but the strain is beginning to tell. In a world growing smaller, in a society growing flatter, the reputation of Buckinghamshire looks like being a dangerous, even a fatal, asset.

There was thus good reason for the recording of the county, but even had no reason existed the recording would have been hard to evade. Every artist, or every other artist, seemed to have set his heart on working in Buckinghamshire; one out of every three or four seemed to live there. Their eager step and smiling faces grew to be recognizable as heralding the announcement of a wonderful new 'subject' near Marlow, Aylesbury, or Newport Pagnell. From commissions in neighbouring counties they were liable to trespass, without meaning to, into Buckinghamshire. They had friends there, with spare beds no one else ever wanted; or they knew of country inns, simply splendid and never full. Buckinghamshire, like a young cuckoo, could easily have kicked several counties out of the collection.

Yet neither popular country nor literary country, though dear to Cowper and Gray, necessarily appeals to a painter. Buckinghamshire has always had a magic of its own and known the secret of being all things to all men. Antiquarian, golfer, artist, naturalist, idler, or recluse—no one need look far without finding what he wants there.

ST. MARY-THE-VIRGIN, HAMBLEMEN

W. Fairclough

A good village should surround an open space, to serve as its heart. Hambleton meets this requirement. It has the further virtue of compactness, its three or four fine houses, in their parks large or small, standing in close guardianship around it.

The church, though much restored, is rich in monuments, the best (as well as the best known) being the group of statuary installed in 1633 to the memory of Sir Cope d'Oyley, Martha his wife, and the ten children with which their twenty-two years of harmony were rewarded. John, James, Robert, Charles, Frances, Martha, Mary, Dorothea, Elizabeth, and Joanna kneel behind their kneeling parents. Each holds a skull.

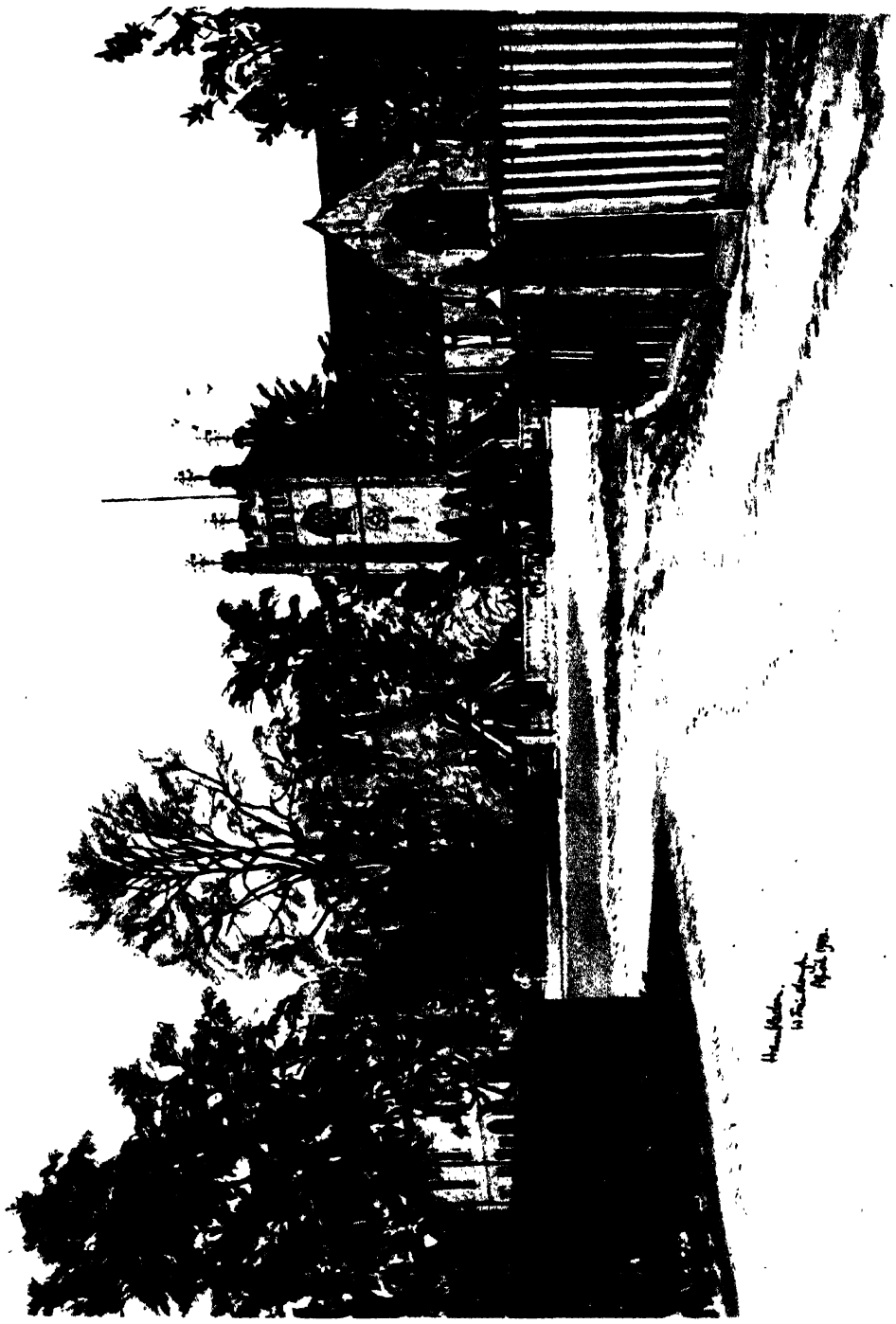
Lady d'Oyley was sister of the poet Francis Quarles, who, though himself the father of eighteen children, did not disdain to compose epitaphs for his sister and brother-in-law. The last few lines, being considered 'amusing', are often given in guide-books and local histories, but the beauty and feeling of the verses cannot be appreciated without full quotation.

Ask not me who's buried here.	Would'st thou, reader, draw to life
Goe, ask ye Commons, ask ye Sheire,	The perfect copy of a wife,
Goe, ask ye Church. They'll tell thee who,	Read on; and then redeeme from Shame
As well as blubberd eyes can doe;	That last, that honourable name.
Goe, ask ye Heralds. Ask ye poore;	This dust was once in Spirit a Jacl,
Thine eares shall heare enough to ask no more.	Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail,
Then, if thine eye bedewe this sacred urne,	In works a Dorcas, to ye Church a Hannah,
Each drop a pearle will turne	And to her Spouse, Susanna.
T' adorne his Tombe; or, if thou canst not	Prudently simple, providently wary,
vent,	To th' world a Martha, and to Heav'n a
Thou bring'st more marble to his Monument.	Mary.

At the Restoration, Quarles's gentle poems fell into a neglect from which they have never properly recovered, although he was allotted a short entry in that inverted *Who's Who*, Pope's *Dunciad* :—

. . . where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.

The reference is to *The Divine Emblems*, Quarles's most successful work, in which engravings and short poems face one another. Pope has been accused of never having read the book. Be that as it may, he was quick to concede, with a generosity readers of this volume will do well to emulate, that when illustrations reach a satisfactory standard, commentators may spare themselves undue exertion.



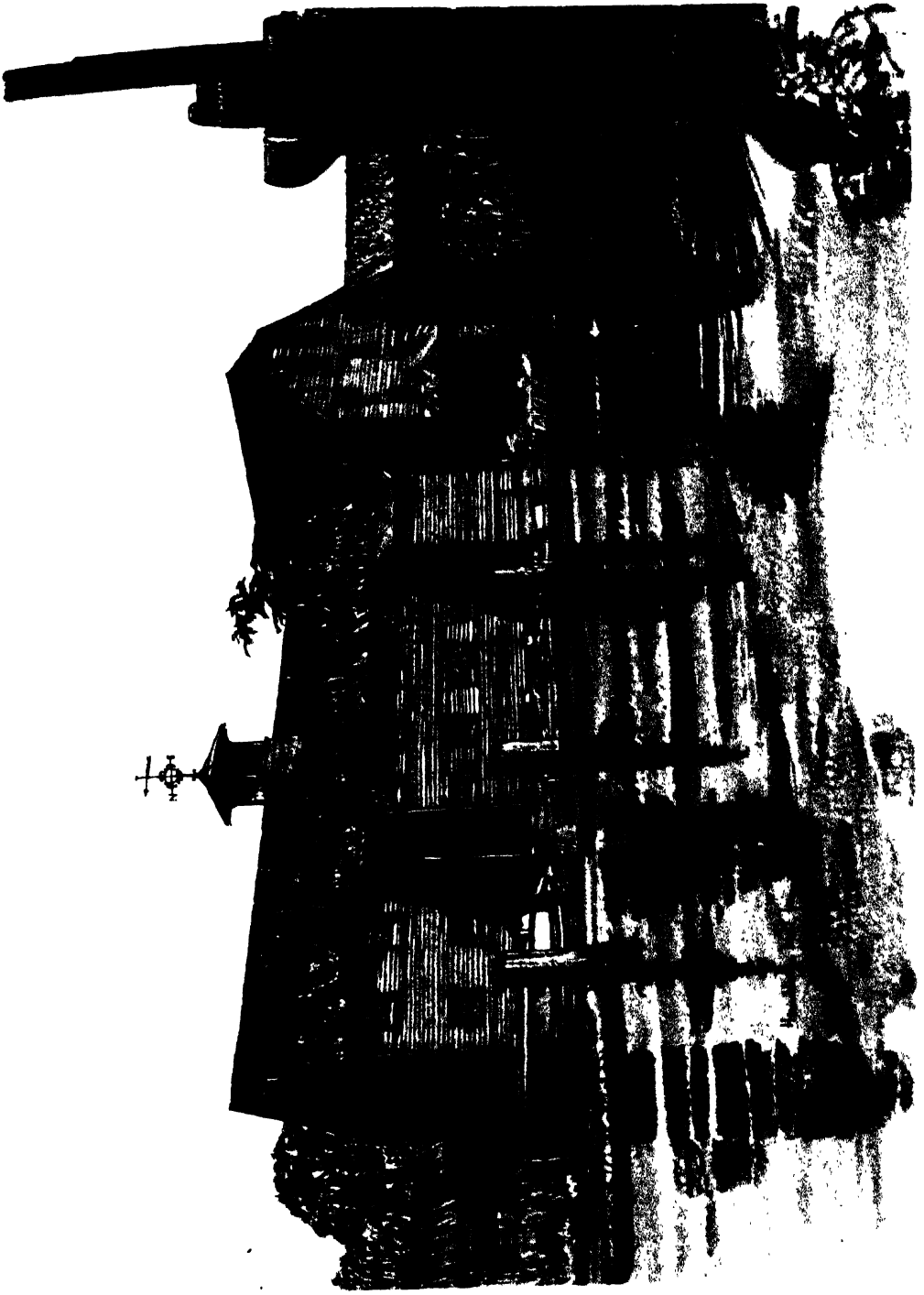
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THE MILL, HAMBLEMEN

W. Fairclough

The mill stands at the point where the turning to Hambleden village, three-quarters of a mile away, leaves the Henley–Marlow road. At least 350 years old, it is the latest of a series of mills on the same spot. In 1086, when 1,000 cels were taken annually from the river, the rent, which seems to have included both mill and cels, was £1. By the middle of the fourteenth century, when there was a second mill adjoining, the rent had risen to 26s. 8d.

A backwater only a few yards long divides the mill from Hambleden Lock and the river. The weatherboarded building with the steep slate roof has, most appropriately, no sensational history.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, FINGEST

Elliott Seabrooke

In the south-west corner of Buckinghamshire is a district wooded, hilly, near to no railway and served by no good road; and deep in one of its most secluded hollows lies the village of Fingest.

The church, famous for its high, twelfth-century tower topped by twin-gabled roofs, is said to contain also some fragments of the Palace of the Bishops of Lincoln (1163-1541). Prelates were statesmen in those days, serving or opposing the Crown, and in either case maintaining the power of the Church. Non-residence, especially if the see was remote, was consequently a common habit of bishops and a common grievance of the laity. Moreover, a diocese was not then the relatively tidy affair it is to-day, but was apt to be scattered all over the country. Part of Buckinghamshire was, in fact, for long included in the bishopric of Lincoln, a city 125 miles from Fingest. With interests so diffused the bishops, even if they wished, could not perform their duties; and the evil was further aggravated by multiplication of office. Just before the palace at Fingest disappeared, Wolsey was at one and the same time the Pope's Cardinal, the King's chief Minister, the country's Lord Chancellor, while 'drawing the revenues and neglecting the duties' of Archbishop of York, Bishop of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans.

A moral tale, possibly invented by a suffering parishioner, related that one of the Bishops of Lincoln, by name Burghersh, after dying in 1340 returned to the palace precincts in the guise of a huntsman, complaining that unless certain pieces of the common, which he had added to his estate, were restored to public use, he was likely to act as perpetual, and transparent, park-keeper.



ST. LAWRENCE'S, WEST WYCOMBE

Elliott Seabrooke

Sir Francis Dashwood, born in 1708, passed his youth abroad, with results outstripping the moralists' dreams. 'In Russia', so A. F. Pollard relates, 'he masqueraded as Charles XII and in that unsuitable character aspired to be the lover of the Tsarina Anne. In Italy, he was expelled from the dominions of the Church.' Returning to England, he founded the Dilettante Club (qualification for membership, according to Horace Walpole, being nominally acquaintance with Italy, actually inebriation) and the yet sulphureous Hell Fire Club. He was in Florence with Walpole and Thomas Gray in 1740, just before the poet, finding his companion too conscious of being the Prime Minister's son, broke up the party and came home.

In 1763 he became Baron Le Despencer, and in 1781 he died and was buried in the church he had built on the high hill beside the village. His fellow-member of the Hell Fire Club, John Wilkes, declared that 'some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade or vanity; I believe this is the first church which has been built for a prospect'. Wilkes's views on the origins of sacred buildings need not, perhaps, detain us, whereas the view from the church, or rather (for the trees have grown up since his day) from the end of the churchyard, would hold anyone. Nor was Lord Le Despencer's church the first to occupy the site. The old one cannot have resembled the Italianate edifice with which, in 1769, he replaced it; but for the villagers there must have been the same limited choice between a direct but precipitous approach and the more gradual, much longer spiral used by the coaches of the big house across the valley.

It is an extraordinary church, Mediterranean rather than English, pagan rather than Christian. Pillars of porphyry, plaster garlands, a ceiling covered with a painted pattern of noble exuberance, marble paving copied from St. Paul's, tablets by Nollekens, priests' stalls by Chippendale, pulpit and reading-desk in the form of arm-chairs raised on chests of drawers which, pulled out, serve as steps—everywhere the eye is met by something rare or lovely or both. In the centre of the nave stands the font—a slim mahogany column round which a serpent strains to reach three doves perched on the shallow basin above. There are no pews, and most of the glass is clear, so nothing impedes appreciation of the admirable proportions of the whole.

Strange stories were told of meetings in the church and in the hollow Golden Ball over the tower. It is easy to laugh at them and at the nobleman who typified (so much better than the unwilling Byron) the Bad Baronet and the Mad Milor. But there is something persistent in him; an atmosphere not merely *malsain* or arrogant still drenches the hill-top; a sense of style, however wilful. The villagers now worship down on the level. The vicarage, the former Dower House, built entirely of flint, is worth seeing.



DASHWOOD MAUSOLEUM, WEST WYCOMBE

Elliott Seabrooke

Apologies for the wicked nobleman might be continued. Under Bute's administration he surprisingly figured for a short time as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he was not a success. Even in those days of rather amateur finance his Budget speech was so amateurish that it ended—if indeed it got that far—in some of the loudest laughter ever enclosed between brackets. And, as a final discouragement to the defence, there stand arrayed, waiting for the excuses to end, his friends—those people by whom a man is judged. They were a sorry lot.

Prominent among them was that other topical joke, Lord Melcombe Regis, *né* Bubb Dodington. He had been associated with Dashwood in one of the most honourable actions of their careers—an attempt to save the life of Admiral Byng—and when he died in 1762 he left his friend a large sum of money with which was built, a few yards east of the church, the Mausoleum. It is hexagonal in shape, the three sides nearest the church being solid, the other three having wide grilles through which the view, though now fretted by the factory chimneys and approaching villas of High Wycombe, still keeps the world at a distance. Mostly built of flint, it has pillars of Tuscan stone and a stone parapet crumbling from the steady pressure of little bushes which have found cracks wherein to root. Round the walls, on the inside, abound the urns, tablets, busts, and statues of Dashwoods and their relatives and their friends, though numerous empty niches show that, even in dying, Lord Le Despencer's friends were unreliable. No roof shuts out, or ever has shut out, the wind, the rain, and the sun; the Mausoleum stands open to the sky.

Another friend was Paul Whitehead, a hack poet of accommodating disposition, whom subsequent generations have esteemed even more lightly than his own. His noble patron obtained for him a sinecure of £800 a year, with which he hurried off to join the nest of singing birds at Twickenham. At his death, in 1774, the poet made such return as he could by the bequest of his heart. By now nearer seventy than sixty, Le Despencer was, as ever, not the man to be out-gestured. The heart was enshrined in a casket, and the casket was escorted to its resting-place by the County militia wearing sash. As the procession wound its slow way round and up the hill and three times circled the Mausoleum a band of flutes, horns, bassoons, fifes, and drums made solemn music, cannon were fired, choirs chanted funereal glees, the bell tolled. His lordship, it is said, was never happier than when showing the heart to his visitors. Mercifully, he had long been at rest when, in 1839, casket and contents disappeared, never to be heard of again.



GUILDHALL, HIGH WYCOMBE

Stanley Anderson, R.A.

On completion of a tour of the country some American architects, indulging their national love of grading and ranking, declared that the Guildhall at High Wycombe was much the best building of its nature and period that they had encountered. True or not, the story is easy to credit. The colour and proportions of the hall itself, the graceful columns on which it is raised, the spirited turret and weather-vane on high are sufficient to make it a notable structure; and it is, in addition, beautifully sited. As if advancing in welcome it steps forward, in a manner reminiscent of Nash's church in Langham Place, but at the end of a street which is still, after many injuries, incomparably more polite than upper Regent Street. The competition is strong—a number of splendid old houses on either hand and Robert Adam's little Market House just across the way—but it easily dominates the scene, and few people will have eyes for anything else until they have done with looking at the Guildhall.

It was presented to the town by the Earl of Shelburne in 1757. In 1859 it was 'renovated' by Sir George Henry Dashwood, M.P., but though the baronet in this way acquired an inscription on the north wall hardly inferior to Lord Shelburne's on the east, he seems not to have tampered with the work of the original architect, Henry Keene. Keene's name stood high in his lifetime and is now, after long decline, in process of re-establishment. In 1752, when twenty-six years old, he had been appointed Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, a post which he held till his death, when James Wyatt succeeded him. But his chief claim to attention to-day lies in the part he played in the Gothic revival.

Of this movement Keene and James Essex—a more single-hearted man than Keene, perhaps—were the leading exponents. For the most part, Essex worked in or near Cambridge, Keene at Oxford or in Buckinghamshire. At the time of the designing of the Guildhall, Keene had already built his Gothic church at Hartwell, but his important efforts in this style are usually of a later date. He seems to have been a most skilful architect with—in spite of what has been said—no strong predilections. The Guildhall, the fan-vaulted ceilings at Hartwell and at University College, Oxford, and the ground floor at Christ Church library, Oxford, showed that he could do first-rate work in a variety of manners. He is said to have regarded the Guildhall with especial satisfaction.



THE RIVER APPROACH, FAWLEY COURT

John Piper

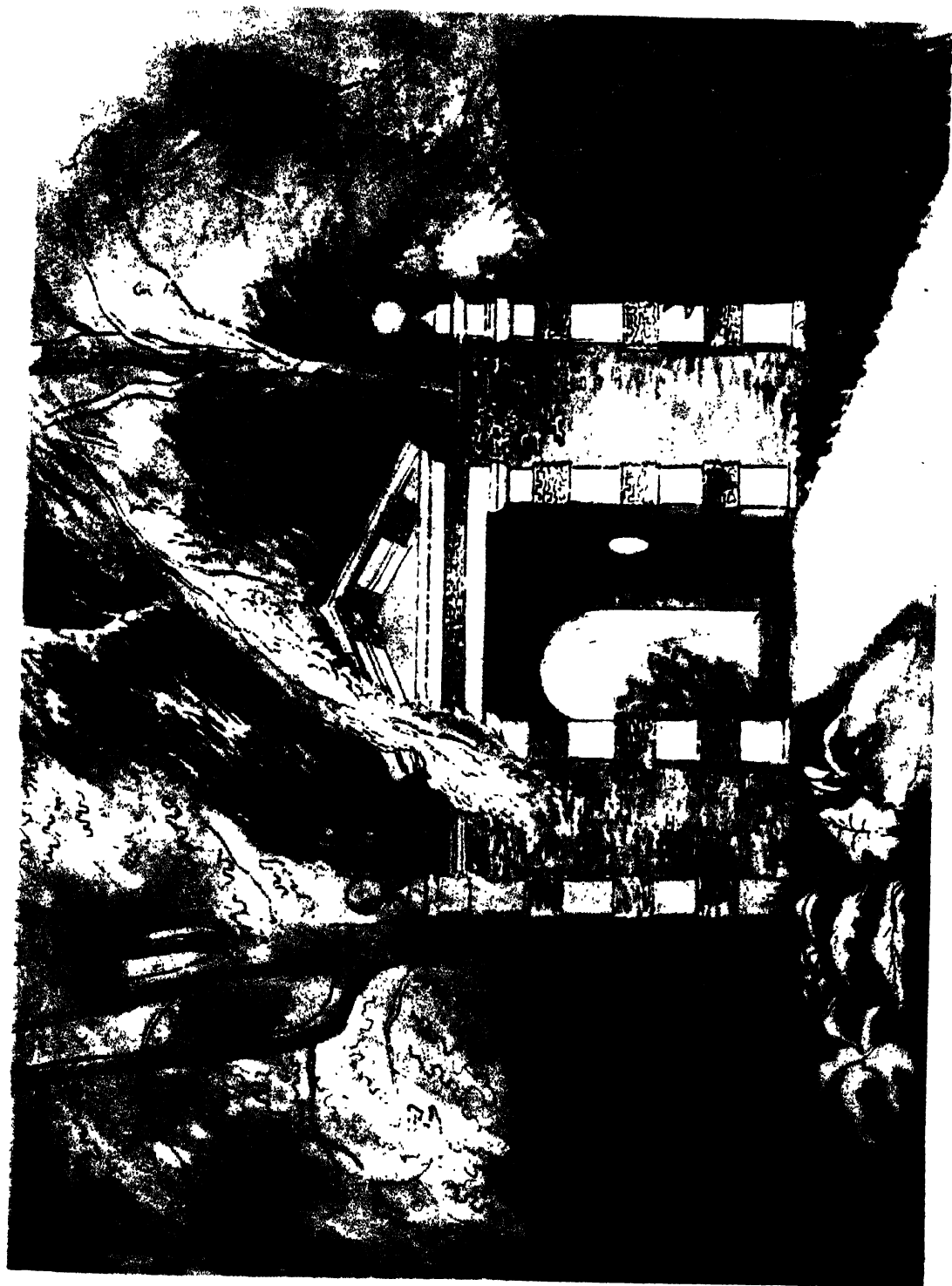
Wren is given as the architect of many private houses up and down the land, but in only two or three cases has all doubt been dispelled. Marlborough House in London is one; another is Fawley Court, so near to Oxfordshire that the county boundary crosses the park.

There was an older Fawley to which, in 1632, Sir Bulstrode Whitelock succeeded on the death of his father, a Stuart judge. Sir Bulstrode claimed to have been, in his youth, so fleet of foot that he could chase and capture hares. He also kept tame cormorants for hunting the river fish. He grew into a studious man, fond of music; but none of his accomplishments was suited to the times in which he lived, and he was too vain to seek happiness in seclusion. Even a euphemistic commentator was forced to admit that 'the flexibility of his conduct during the civil wars has occasioned his memory to be stigmatised with want of principle; though the real cause of his versatility might with more justice be ascribed to a mildness of temper, which divested him of manly fortitude'.

In 1642 Cavalier troops under Sir John Byron were billeted at Fawley; and what they did to the place has been described by Sir Bulstrode himself (*Memorials of the English Affairs*) in a passage that can be all too sympathetically read, with horror or thankfulness, by thousands of householders in Europe to-day. Sufficient here to say that, after Byron's men had moved on, the house could never be lived in again.

It stood derelict for forty years and was then, in 1684, rebuilt by Wren. In 1688 the new owner, William Freeman, gave hospitality to Dutch William, advancing cautiously from Torbay to the capital; but the internal decorating of the house was not completed till some time later. Much later still, James Wyatt invented some beautiful ceilings, mouldings, and other refinements, and Mrs. Damer, who was responsible for the emblematic heads on Henley Bridge, designed doors and bookcases for the Library. The interior of the house is thus of exceptional grace and interest. Besides William III, three other kings have been entertained—George III, George IV, and William IV.

Outside, the park went through the fashions of the eighteenth century. The father of estate agents' English, E. W. Brayley, writing in 1801, observed that 'the view from the east front commands a fine sweep of the river Thames, the village of Remenham, and an island well planted, and ornamented with a neat temple'. The temple is still there and so, scattered about, are statues, urns, a sham and ivy-clad ruin, a dairy with an imported Norman doorway, and this graceful arch which leads down to the river bank not far from the midway mark on the Regatta course. These 'picturesque' features are of varying dates, but may be said to be, for the most part, about a hundred years younger than the house.



MARKET HOUSE, WINSLOW

Stanley Anderson, R.A.

Lipscomb, the county historian, did not think much of the little red-brick town of Winslow. With an effort he called it neat and tidy; beyond that, he was unable to go. In particular the Market House aroused his indignation. He called it disgraceful; and though, from his description, he seems to have been alluding to another building, he would not have much approved the house now bearing the title.

His *History of Buckingham* in four volumes appeared, after some delays, in 1847. He was a man of intellectual scope and attainments, but he could not escape the decay which was attacking everywhere the tastes of the nation. He could still praise the stately homes of the great, though even here he was apt to bestow commendation for what now seem the wrong reasons. The smaller seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses, which delight us to-day, he thought rubbishy. Instructed by Lipscomb and by writers with half his knowledge, succeeding generations began to pull them down. They are still at it.

The most interesting and important house in Winslow stands, obscured behind a high wall, on the Aylesbury road. This is Winslow Hall, one of the very few private residences which have been admitted into the volumes of the Wren Society. It was built in 1700 for William Lowndes who, as Secretary to the Treasury, acquired the pleasant nickname of 'Ways and Means' Lowndes.

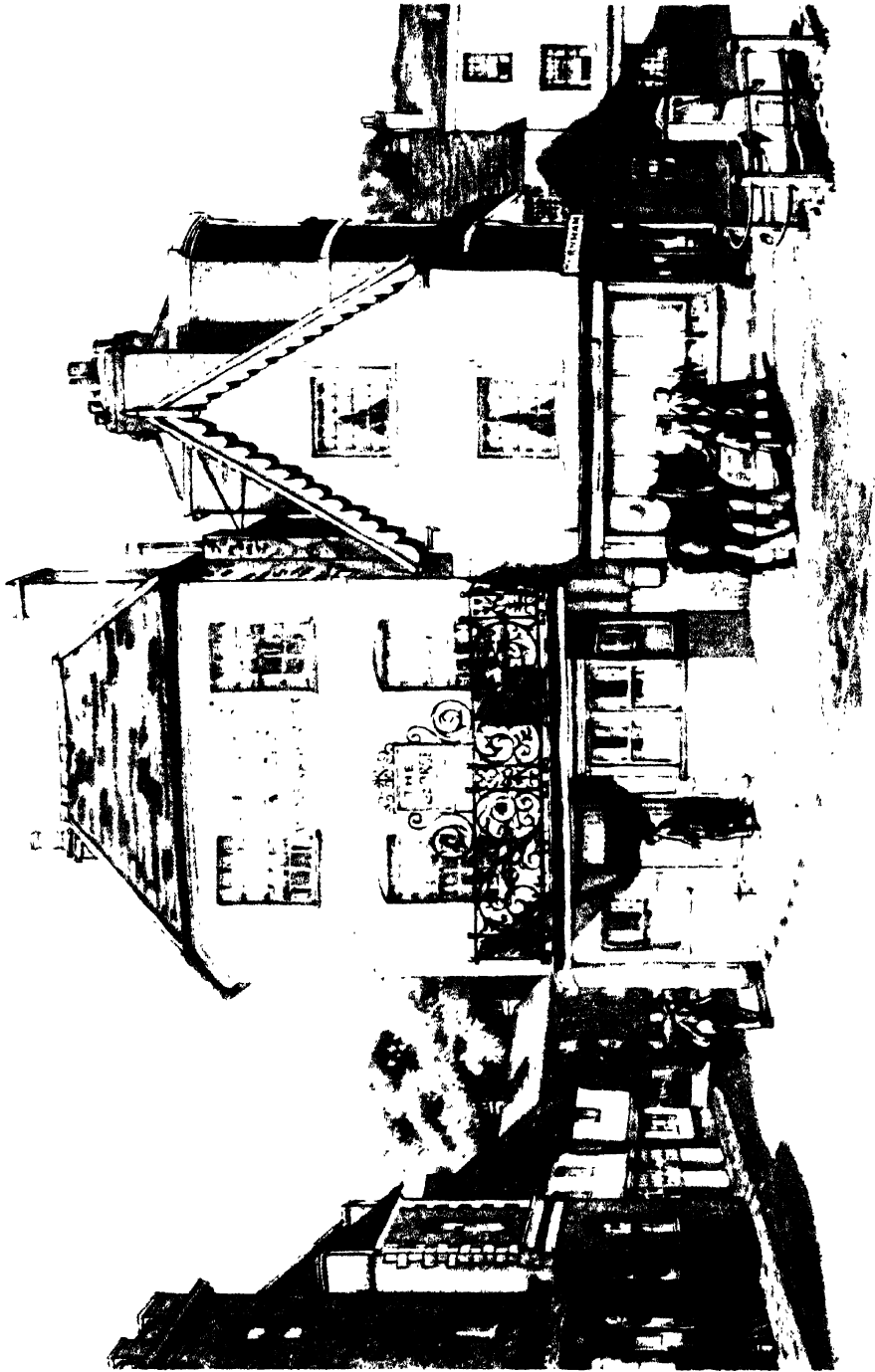


THE GEORGE, WINSLOW

Stanley Anderson, R.A.

Separated from Market House by the little market square stand the expected houses of entertainment, *The Bell* and its younger and smaller rival *The George*. They are unusually good specimens of their kind. The notable wrought-iron balcony of *The George* was originally at Claydon House, a few miles away—the home of the Verneys.

If one cannot say that there's always been a Winslow, it is certainly a very old place. In 794 the Mercian King, Offa, presented it to the Abbey of St. Albans. There is mention of a weekly fair at Winslow in 1234, when already it seems to have been a going concern. The market day was Wednesday. From that love of change which robs the British of all repose, it was altered to Thursday in 1858.



MARKET HILL, BUCKINGHAM

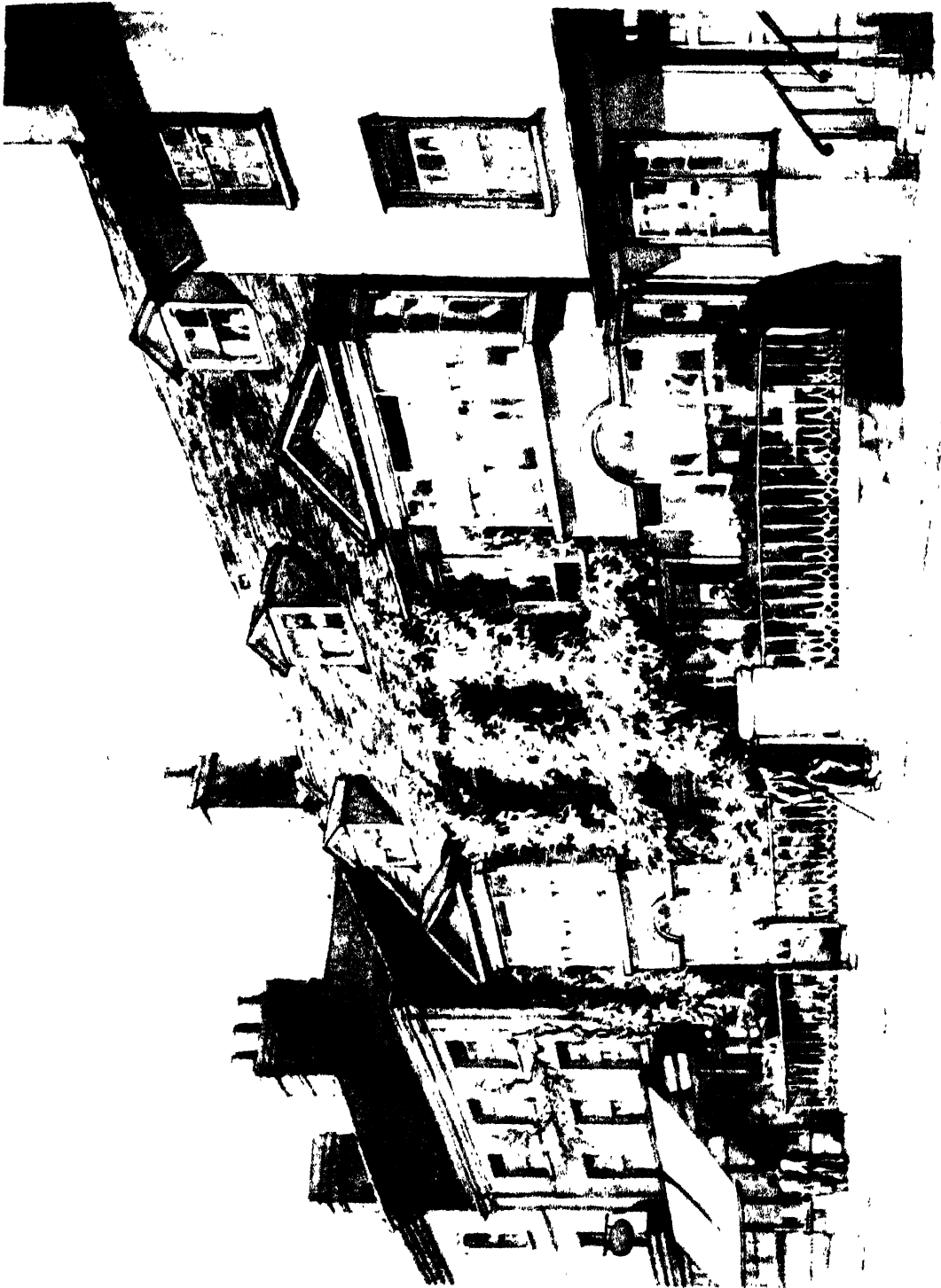
Stanley Anderson, R.A.

Buckingham seems to have first sprung into fame in early Saxon times as the burial place of St. Rumbold, who 'lived only three days, during which he professed himself a Christian, performed many miracles and, on his death, bequeathed his body to be deposited in the church for ever'. He was born in Northamptonshire and it is not clear why his thoughts, at the end, turned to Buckingham; but his shrine proved a great attraction and went far to establishing the fortunes of the town. A number of inns were needed to accommodate the pilgrims.

Aylesbury is now the county town, but for centuries Buckingham held that position. By the sixteenth century it was already in receipt of Parliamentary aid, and losing its importance. During the Civil War it suffered embarrassment by being, at one time and another, the head-quarters of both Charles and Cromwell. The crowning disaster came in 1724, when a third of the houses were destroyed by fire.

However, it was architecturally a good moment for a fire, if a fire there had to be, and the old town to-day is full of gracious buildings dating from the first half of the eighteenth century as well as earlier survivals. The twin houses in the centre of the picture—they seem to have been built before the conflagration—are by no means show pieces in Buckingham, and visitors to England in search of a small town, old, irregular, yet not without signs of half-hearted planning, need not look farther. Except for the porch added to the Town Hall, there is little to distress the most fastidious.

In contrast to domestic street architecture, there may be seen, at the end of an avenue of noble trees leading from the town, the vast mansion called Stowe, the home of the Temples and Grenvilles. This house, or rather its inmates, preserved the influence and charm of Buckingham and destroyed its last hopes of recovery. 'For more than a century', Lord Rosebery could say, ' . . . the influence of Stowe had been one which the most powerful minister could not afford to ignore; and the owner of Stowe had been the hereditary chief of a political group.' On the other hand, the 2nd Duke of Buckingham objected to the railway passing near his property, and compelled George Stephenson to use the Berkhamstead gap; with the result that Bletchley, not Buckingham, became a busy junction and traffic centre.



LECKHAMPSTEAD

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

Here and henceforward the recording follows the northern boundary of the county and keeps very close to Northamptonshire. We have reached a quiet and undeveloped area, full of interest for the antiquarian, full—too full—of repose for the casual visitor. We are a long way in spirit, and a long way by road, from the hotels on the Thames at the other end of the county.

Leckhampstead is a typical village among villages which are almost all typical. It has a mill on a tributary of the Ouse; and it has a very good, if much restored, church with Norman doorways and an early fourteenth-century font with an octagonal bowl. But there are good churches all round it—at Maid's Moreton, at Lillingstone Dayrell, and many other little places which seldom figure on anyone's itinerary. A great highway, once known as Watling Street but now bearing the more befitting name of A. 5, runs past them thinking of something else.



ST. PETER'S, STANTON LOW

John Piper

The church of Stanton Low, or Stantonbury, stands in the fields within two miles of Wolverton Station, where are shunting-yards and works of the London Midland and Scottish railway. The men employed here mostly dwell in New Bradwell, a growing place in a newly formed ecclesiastical district which has absorbed Stantonbury.

Disused and largely unfurnished, the church contains a Jacobean pulpit, now misplaced in the chancel and visible in the drawing. The Norman chancel arch (c. 1150) is of two orders, the outer with chevron moulding, the inner with a large roll with grotesque heads of animals. The pillars are embellished with spiral zigzags and other ornaments; birds and animals reappear on the capitals.

The district is rich in small but notable churches. Besides Stanton Low, Mr. Piper drew Hanslope, Willen, and Gayhurst, which follows.



ST. PETER'S, GAYHURST

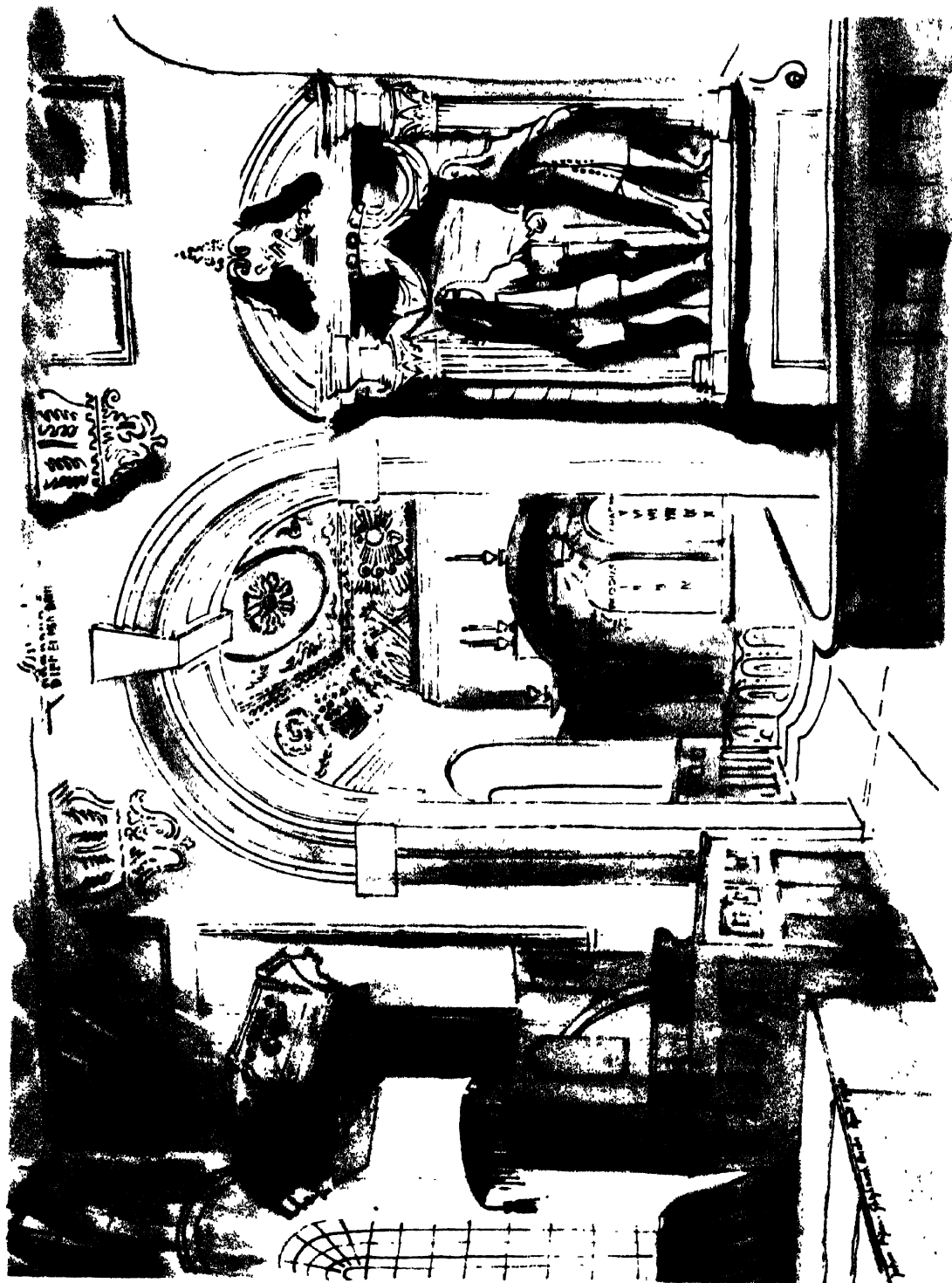
John Piper

Speculation surrounds this beautiful church, but some facts are beyond dispute. It stands in the park of Gayhurst House, built by the Digbys (Everard and Kenelm) in Elizabethan and Stuart times. In 1724 the Bishop of Lincoln authorized the reconstruction of the 'very old, uncomely, ruinous' church, and granted the licence to George Wright, who had acquired the big house in 1704. The new church was built 'in the Greek style' in 1728.

It is at this point that the argument starts. Although Wren had been dead five years, and was over 90 when he died, recurrent attempts are made to connect the church with a design left by the great architect. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, in his *British Architects and Craftsmen*, states without qualification that this is 'the last church designed by Wren'. In the absence of more definite proof than seems yet to have been advanced, we should perhaps be content to describe the building as 'School of Wren'. But there is one untidy fact that must be noted. The Royal arms over the chancel arch show three quarterings of Queen Anne, with a fourth quartering (replacing hers) of Hanover. The Elector of Hanover succeeded Anne in 1714. Two points seem to emerge; the church was not entirely rebuilt in 1728, and something was done to it between 1702 and 1714.

Before the new church arose, George Wright died. His son and heir piously installed, south-east of the nave, the marble effigies of his father and grandfather. Mr. Sitwell, again, describes these two figures, 'side by side under a canopy, framed by Corinthian pilasters and a broken pediment' as being 'the masterpiece of Roubillac which he came from Lyons to execute'. Other authorities are not quite so sure. They are troubled by the dates, the monument having possibly been erected in 1730, at which time Roubillac may just have, but more likely had not, reached England. However, it is customary to allude to the group as 'probably' by Roubillac, but not to include it in the more precise lists of his work.

The grandfather is Sir Nathan Wright (1654-1721), who was Speaker of the House of Lords and Keeper of the Great Seal. Neither as a lawyer nor as a man was he greatly esteemed; he was currently supposed to have amassed his large fortune by corrupt dealings in patronage. He is buried at Caldecote, in Warwickshire, the largest of his three estates. The other figure, George Wright the first, died in 1725. George Wright the second, the builder of the church, lived till 1766, when he was succeeded by his son, George Wright the third—a sensitive man who, understanding that Cowper 'did not much affect strange faces, sent over his servant on purpose to inform me that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor'. Wrights and their descendants went on living at Gayhurst till 1882.



OLNEY

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

Whatever changes Olney has known and must know, its name is imperishable and dear. Here, in 1767, there came to live a gentleman, 36 years old and inclined to plumpness, and a clergyman's widow of 43. The household was unusual, but the neighbours learned that poor Mr. Cowper, a retired lawyer, was not quite right in the head. In 1782 they learned that he was a poet; in 1785 that he was a great poet. Best of all, *The Task* had been composed at Olney, filled six books, and was full of references to the place.

When he was not in his summer-house in the morning, at work on his long poems, or transcribing Homer in the evening, or walking with Mrs. Unwin to Weston in the afternoon, or feeding his tame hares, he was writing to his friends immense letters in which he found distraction, distraction. If his week had been even emptier than usual, no matter, he scribbled 'in the helter-skelter way' about nothing until it was time to slip in a plea for a parcel of fish and to sign himself affectionately. But generally there was something to write about; occasionally, there was something transcendent or frightful, demanding revelation, and when that happened (as in the communication of 20 May 1786 to his uncomprehending and uncompassionate friend, the Rev. John Newton) he became the unsurpassable letter writer.

'If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. . . . I have been standing and still stand on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair . . . I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it, and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment still recommends it. I am not, indeed, so perfectly hopeless as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much, and sometimes even more, worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself as I once could, with carpenters' or with gardeners' tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else He withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providentially led to it; perhaps I might say, with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it; for certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry I would spend with God.'

He was too shy to see much of the people of Olney, and what he saw sufficed him. They cannot be blamed if they wondered, as they must have done, how, going about so little, he found news to put in all those letters of his.



HERTFORDSHIRE

Artists

S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.

BARBARA JONES

H. TRIVICK

MALVINA CHEEK

LOUISA PULLER

ARCHIBALD ZIEGLER

IRENE HAWKINS

WALTER E. SPRADBERY

OF the counties close to the metropolis, Hertfordshire is the least exploited, the least publicized, the quietest. For this reason, its recording was considered less urgent, and was effected less fully, than its neighbours'.

The two main threats to its peace are the colony of cinematic studios near Elstree and the Great Cambridge Road. Elstree, which falls well within the boundaries of a good map of London, was past its best—some way past—before the film magnates found it. The Cambridge Road, on the other hand, following the Roman Ermine Street, runs through the length of the county and traverses some of its pleasantest scenery, and along or beside it most of the recording was done—at Ware, Wadesmill, High Cross, Much Hadham, Standon, Puckeridge, Braughing, and Westmill. The ribbon development that so obstinately results from the widening of arterial ways is not yet here so pronounced as on some of the other main routes radiating from London; but there is always the marked tendency for highway villages, once separate and removed, to approach, merge, and lose their individuality. Sometimes, after the construction of a by-pass, a few old villages will drop (the hectic days behind them) back into cruising speed, while others are rudely accelerated, knocked up, beaten up in their stead. They never know what a year may bring.

Besides the Cambridge Road, two other major routes cross the county: the Great North Road through Hatfield, Welwyn, and Baldock, and the old Holyhead Road (a Telford road) which runs along the Roman Watling Street via St. Albans. The county has, if anything, rather more than the average allotment of main railways; so that, taking one thing with another, the prevailing rusticity of the scene is surprising. Except for the breweries and printing-works at Watford, farming and the growing of vegetables for the London market are still the most common occupations. Characteristically, the county is famous for its watercress—a modest green, with a subtle flavour all its own.

ABBAY GATEHOUSE, ST. ALBANS

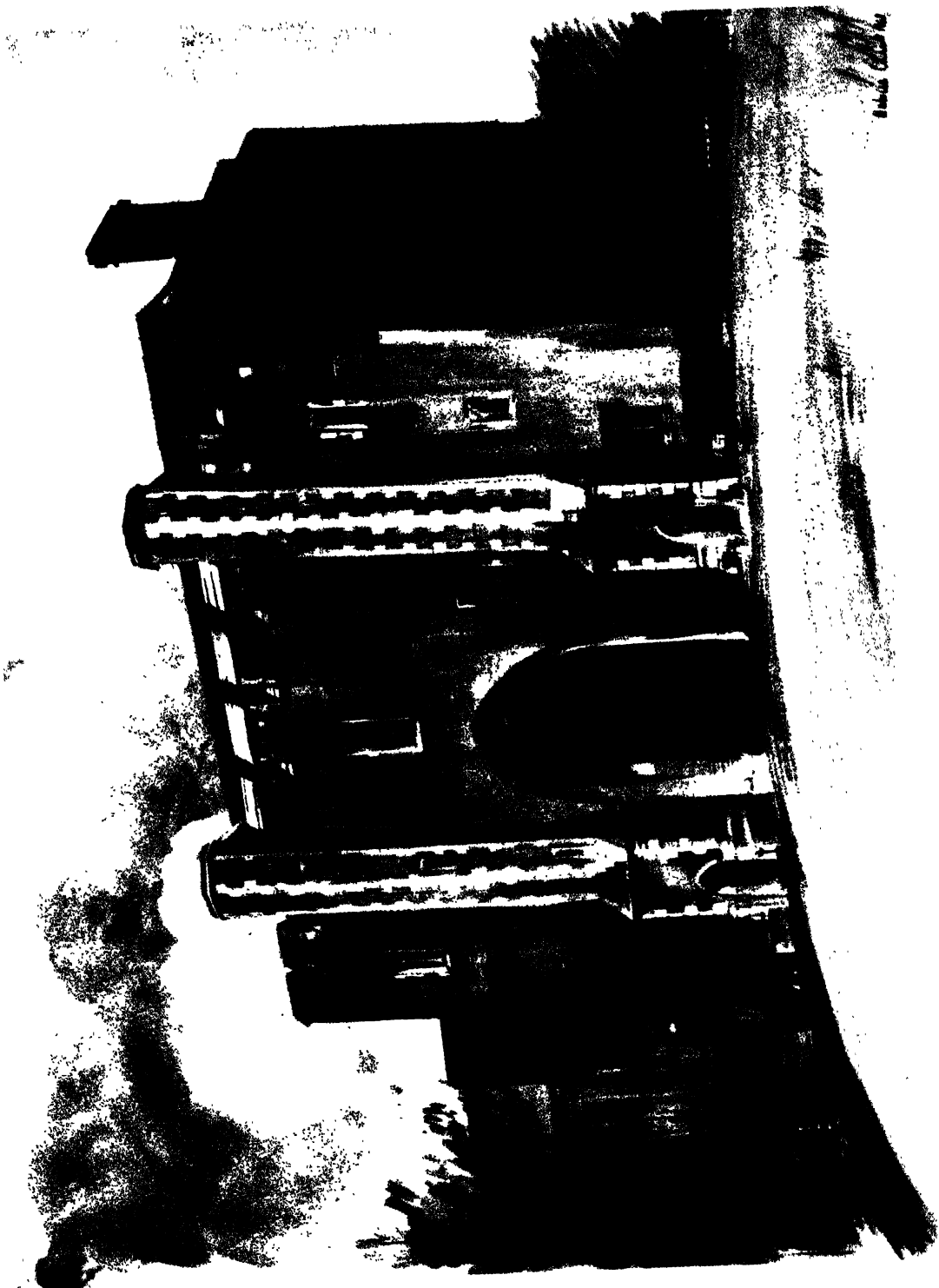
Malvina Cheek

Standing just outside the west door of the great Abbey, the gateway yet manages to avoid being dwarfed. It arose in 1361 or 1362, the work of Abbot de la Mare; he had jurisdiction over the town as well as the monastery, and the Gatehouse was his prison where offenders were confined in subterranean dungeons still existing. In 1381, during the Peasants' Revolt against the hated poll-tax, the insolence of tax-collectors, and the extravagance of John of Gaunt's caretaker government, the rioters led by the priest, John Ball, besieged the place and were held up by the Gatehouse.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the Gatehouse was saved from the general demolition by its dungeons, and became the jail for the Liberty of St. Albans; and for the next ninety-eight years, till 1651, the sessions were held in the large room above. During the Napoleonic Wars French prisoners were confined within the Gatehouse; in 1914-18, Germans.

There was another effect of the dissolution of the monasteries, resulting in over three centuries of altercation. The old Monastic School was turned into the Grammar School, and under a charter from the Crown the beautiful Lady Chapel, at the extreme east end of the Abbey, was allotted as the schoolroom. Not until 1870 was the School transferred to the Gatehouse and the chapel recovered, much damaged by three hundred years of boy.

Built of flint and brick, with stone facings, the Gateway is divided on its northern side into a small entrance for pedestrians and a wider one for vehicles. On the south there is only one arch, a noble affair to which the sharp fall of the road lends additional stature. One would give much to see the monastery which once lay behind such a threshold.



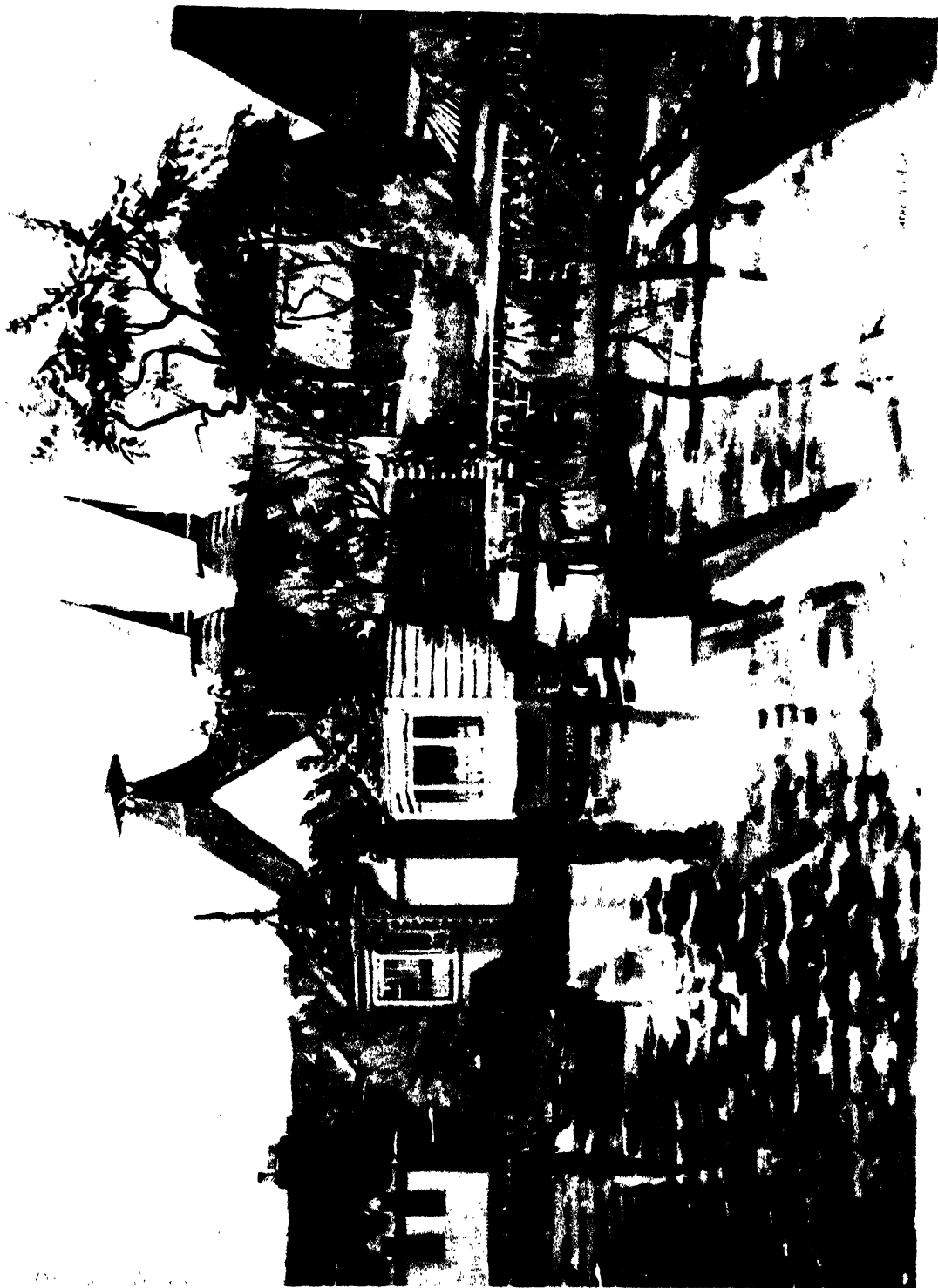
THE BACKS AT WARE

Irene Hawkins

From the windows of a car, Ware is a place of cowled drying-kilns, the signs of its importance as a malting centre. From the arm-chair in the library, it is the farthest point reached by John Gilpin on his ride, and the home of the Great Bed which, in addition to accommodating twelve guests at the inn, provided matter for Shakespeare and Byron.

The scene shown here is more private, and takes us farther back. In very early times the river Lea became the chief communication between east Hertfordshire and London, the means by which the produce of the county was sent to the big market. Hertford, the county town, would have liked to control this trade, but Ware was on the inside, downstream, nearer London. The quarrel must have begun at least as early as the twelfth century, for in 1191 men from Hertford raided Ware and partly destroyed the bridge. Throughout the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the men of Ware were constantly blocking the river, and the men of Hertford liberating it. By 1439 Ware had devised such a system of stakes, mills, weirs, and other obstructions that the block was complete—so complete that the situation, which could not deteriorate, seems from this date to have gradually improved.

The backs at Ware have now, as the little eighteenth-century erections suggest, long been devoted to boating, fishing, and tea-parties in gazebos overhanging the water and overlooking its activities.



YOUNGSBURY, WARE

Louisa Puller

Youngsbury was built in 1745 and, like so many houses of its date, it replaced something older. An Elizabethan Youngsbury stood some 200 yards from the present site; all that is left of it is the beautiful walled garden round which the later and larger walled garden was built. Much earlier still, the Manor of Youngs is mentioned in Domesday, and still earlier a Roman villa must have stood on the Elizabethan site, where a shrubbery grows now. Ovens, urns, jugs, tessellated pavements, and other traces have been unearthed.

When the house was about 25 years old and again when it was about 50, additions were made, so tactfully that they are not easy to detect. A further small addition made in 1888—the artist gives us a peep at it—was far less happy. It was probably at the time of the first alteration, about 1770, that the park was refashioned by ‘Capability’ Brown.

Even among educated people there is ignorance of this man and the movement in which he was so conspicuous a figure. Lancelot Brown (1715–83) was born just after geometric gardening had reached its zenith with Andre Le Nôtre’s work at Versailles. The fashion had been general. Le Nôtre himself had been employed by Charles II to design St. James’s Park; William III brought with him a partiality, soon shared by his subjects, for the formal garden, with clipped yews and recurrent statues of lead. The revulsion, when it came, was towards ‘landscape’ gardening, which meant that the reshaped, replanted, ‘natural’ park-land now came close up to the house, while the utilitarian and ‘artificial’ kitchen garden was moved, with its wall, out of sight. Of this movement, the practical corollary of James Thomson and the Nature poets, Brown is usually regarded as the founder.

So the argument runs, neatly but perhaps overtided. Before Brown there was Kent, and besides Kent there was Bridgman who, laying out Kensington Gardens for Queen Caroline, relied frequently on plans made during the reign of George I. Before Bridgman, ‘landscaping’ round the northern end of the Serpentine had been started, under Anne, by London and Wise; and even at Versailles, though it may be no longer all pure Le Nôtre, there are plenty of informalities. As for Bridgman’s ha-ha or sunken fence, still dividing the Gardens from Hyde Park and hailed by Walpole as the supreme invention of the genre—the device had long been used by French gardeners and known, at least on paper, to English horticulturists.

In time, the ‘landscape’ grew so solemnly absurd, so littered with classical memoranda and sham ruins, that it caught Peacock’s eye, and he brought this phase of the movement to an uproarious end in chapter iv of *Headlong Hall*.



ST. LAWRENCE'S, AYOT ST. LAWRENCE

Barbara Jones

Close by is a much older church, dedicated also to St. Lawrence and built in the twelfth century. In 1778 a local baronet, Sir Lionel Lyde, decided to pull it down and replace it with something better. The Bishop of Lincoln was able to save the old church but not to prevent the new. Sir Lionel engaged an architect, with the pleasing if not very rural result here shown. The outstretched colonnades end each in a pavilion, one to the glory of the founder, the other to the glory and profit of the architect.

Knowingly or ignorantly, the presumptuous baronet chose well and has left us the principal existing work of a man of some eminence. Nicholas Revett was the companion and collaborator of James Stuart during the years 1751-4 when, though much hampered by outbreaks of rioting, plague, and other results of Turkish misrule, they drew and measured the antiquities in and near Athens. In 1762 they published the first volume of *The Antiquities of Athens*, a monumental and influential work recording the treasures of Athens as they were at that time. For some reason or other, and in spite of the fact that the whole project had originated in conversations between Revett and Gavin Hamilton, the public insisted on giving Stuart the lion's share of the credit. He became 'Athenian Stuart' and, in consequence of Revett's withdrawal, he produced the remaining three volumes by himself, thus confirming the public in its error. In 1763 Revett, under the auspices of the Dilettanti Society, undertook a similar errand to Ionia with Richard Chandler, antiquary, and William Pars, painter, and in due course, though with long delays, published his *Antiquities of Ionia*.

Among his patrons other than Sir Lionel was Lord Le Despencer, whom we have met already in Buckinghamshire. He engaged Revett to design him some trifles 'in the Grecian gusto' for West Wycombe Park.

The good bishop's efforts achieved little beyond showing Sir Lionel that there were limits to what he could do, for the old church fell from disuse into disrepair and is now a roofless ruin. Before drawing a moral from this example of eighteenth-century high-handedness, the reader should turn to the record of Hatford Old Church, in Berkshire, where he will find, in events within living memory, matter more up to date.



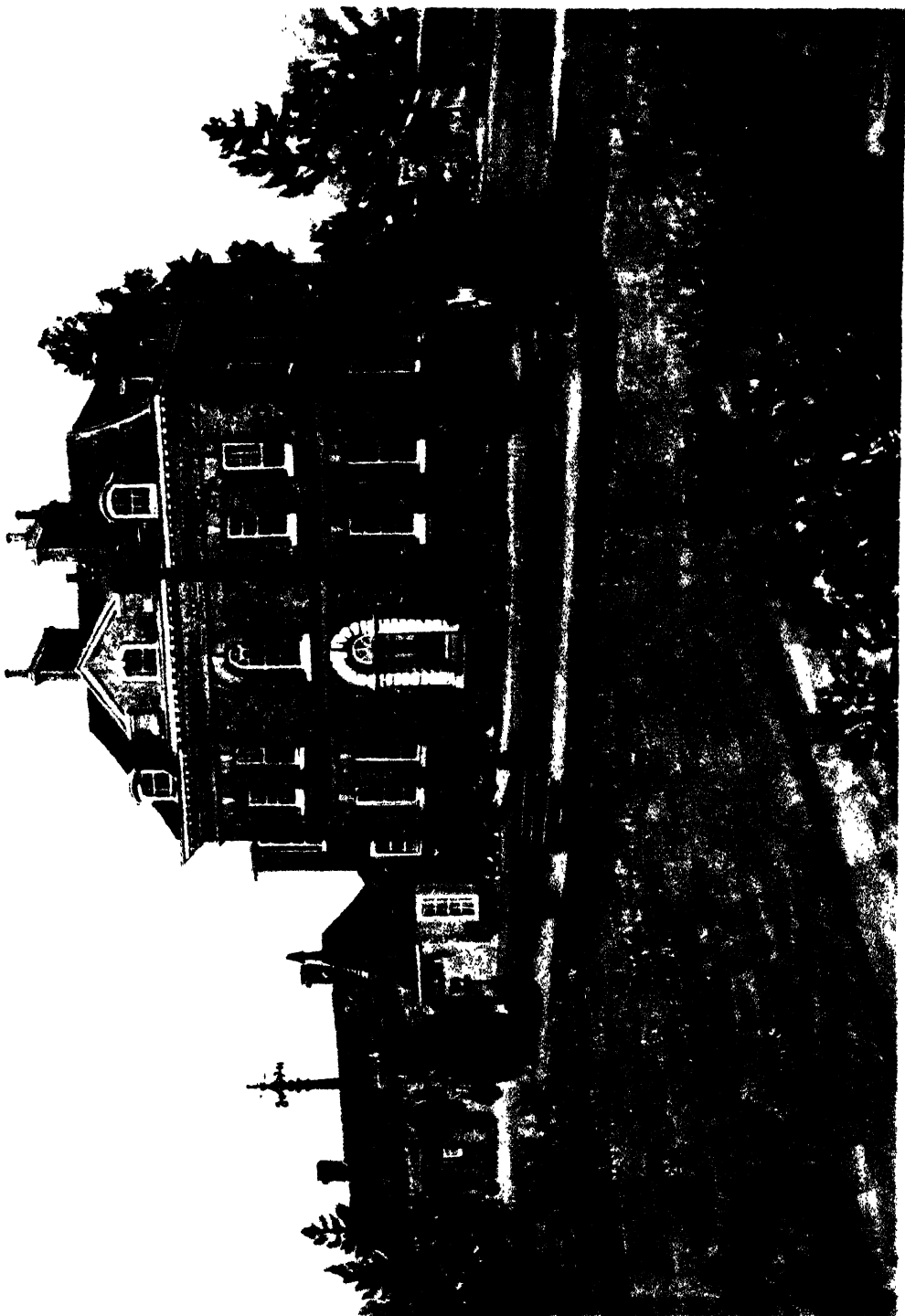
MUCH HADHAM HALL

Irene Hawkins

The Hall at Much Hadham is an unusually symmetrical building of red brick with stone facings, the front and the back (seen here) being almost identical. The architect is not known; the date is generally given as 1745, but may be ten years earlier. Behind its noteworthy wrought-iron gates, the house stands in the middle of the village, to which it may be said to belong entirely. It seems to have no history linking it with the great world outside.

Much Hadham is a beautiful collection of houses of differing sizes, ages, and styles. The whole street deserves to be recorded and provides a good opportunity for local effort in this direction.

It lies in quiet, undulating country through which, two or three hundred years ago, the fashionable world was wont to pass on its way to and from the races on Newmarket heath. It was through these lanes, and probably through Much Hadham itself, that Charles II and his brother James came hacking one day in March 1683. There had been an alarming fire at Newmarket, and they were returning a week sooner than they had intended; and so, as they went on southwards, past Rye House, the forty conspirators waiting with a well-laid plot to do away with the King and his heir and to place the feeble Duke of Monmouth on the throne were unprepared for them. The princes cannot have seen Much Hadham Hall, but they may have glanced at the Old Hall, owned by a family called Newcc. In 1578 one of the Newcc girls, Martha, married Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, Northants, the great-great uncle of another Lawrence Washington who with his brother John found his way to Virginia in 1658.



WESTMILL

Irene Hawkins

A small, characteristic Hertfordshire village, Westmill lies half a mile to the west of Ermine Street, the old Roman thoroughfare. Its mill or mills on the river Rib have disappeared, and now, like most of its peers, it consists of a single street of houses lining the roadway. Ribbon development was not without its charms until, as with much else, we carried it to its logical conclusion and reached perversity.

The street ends in the village green. The fifteenth-century tower of the church of St. Mary overlooks it; eighteenth-century cottages border it; the village pump, in its wooden casing, stands on the grass.

The history of the place is blissfully blank; it seems to have been only once in danger of Fame, and even then the threat soon passed. That was in 1812, when Charles Lamb acquired a thatched and diamond-paned house at Westmill Green, a mile and a half to the south-west. It was the only property he ever possessed. He called it Button Snap; and, as if anxious to provide further evidence of his unsuitability to the life, he laid down the role of country gentleman at the end of three years, when the house was allowed to resume its true career 'in the more prudent hands' of one of the old local families.



BEDFORDSHIRE

Artists

S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.

MALVINA CHEEK

MAURICE DE SAUSMAREZ

BARBARA JONES

KENNETH ROWNTREE, A.R.W.S.

THREE prominent natural features were taken as nuclei of the recording in this county, and for that reason landscape subjects are rather more frequent than among the drawings of the other counties in the volume. It is true that such natural conformations are not susceptible to alteration in structure, but their appearance is liable to, and in many cases is in danger of, change.

The first of the three features is the chalky escarpment, a continuation of the Chilterns, swerving up from Dunstable through Toddington, Harlington, Sharpenhoe Clappers, Barton-in-the-Clay to Hexton, and rising in places to above 800 feet. In this area lie many fine buildings—Dunstable Priory, Wrest Park (near Silsoe), and the church at Chalgrave,—as well as the old lime-kilns at Sundon, and the quarry at Totternhoe whence was taken, in 1169, stone for Windsor Castle.

Secondly, there is the ridge of green sand running from the other side of the Buckinghamshire boundary eastwards through Woburn, Amphill, and Shefford; a strip of land rich in natural and architectural beauties and rare literary associations. It links the Cowper country (above the Brickhills) and the John Bunyan country—not only the places where they lived but the scenes which again and again were the inspiration and matter of their writings. In the history of our literature, this corridor of fifteen miles is unsurpassed in sanctity, in peculiar purity.

Lastly, there is the river—not the Lea, making its brief, customary appearance at the back of the stage, this time near Luton, but the Great Ouse. By this, and by its vassal streams the Ivel, the Hiz, the Purwell, and the Oughton, most of Bedfordshire is watered. So characteristic, and so charming, are the smiling and gentle valleys beside these waterways that several of the villages (near Bedford) and one of the valley scenes were recorded. What would be seventeen miles for a crow is, for the rambling Ouse, forty-five.

Only a few subjects, such as the notable market at Potton, could be sought elsewhere. The county warrants fuller attention than it was possible to afford, or than artists are apt to pay. It seems to be one of those—Hertfordshire is another—which glance with sturdy if unspoken suspicion at Press Agents and Public Relations Officers. The recipient of a commission to make drawings in Bedfordshire would thus sometimes depart with ill-concealed hesitation, only to apply a little later, with unconcealed enthusiasm, for permission to remain there.

SOMERIES CASTLE, LUTON HOO

Barbara Jones

A very old house indeed, probably of the fifteenth century, Someries Castle was begun by Lord Wenlock—‘sumptuously begun by the Lord Wennelok but not finischid’. It has long been a ruin, but seems to have reached the stage of collapse when further decay is very slow. In eighteenth century engravings the old place appears very much as it is to-day.

What is left occupies about two-thirds of the original northern frontage, and consists of a gatehouse, a chapel to the east of it, and a vestibule between. In the drawing the vestibule is on the left of the gatehouse, the chapel being still farther away on the same side. Of the immensely tall tower said to have been once a feature of the building, nothing at all remains. Perhaps the principal interest has still to be mentioned—the red, narrow bricks, of unusually good quality, five courses to the foot. Darker bricks also appear, but only in one place—a diamond shape above the gateway’s inner arch—are they arranged in pattern.



THE BREAD BOX, DUNSTABLE PRIORY

Kenneth Rowntree, A.R.W.S.

Looking very bowed and frail, the little dresser stands withdrawn into the shadow of the west door, at the base of the great west wall towering above it. Among the many benefactions and legacies of Mrs. Jane Cart, who died in 1736 at the age of 83, was a sum of money providing for the distribution of bread to the poor. Each Sunday twenty-four loaves are placed on the shelves. Elsewhere in the county, at Milton Ernest Church, a handsomer cupboard marks a smaller bequest. Twelve loaves are placed there every Sabbath and taken to the recipients' homes by the choir-boys. At Dunstable the bread is called for.

The Priory is rich in splendid mural tablets. Mrs. Cart's is naturally prominent, but all are worth attention, and there is hardly one which does not commemorate a Cart, a Marshe, or a Chew. The families inter-married to such an extent that most of the tablets contain two, and some of them all three, of these names. Local genealogists have doubtless disentangled the relationships; the casual visitor may try to do so, but not for long.

Mrs. Cart, as has been said, was a generous patroness, and the story of one of her gifts seems worth recounting with the help of an old guide-book and parishioners' memories. The gift was a picture—according to Murray's *Handbook for Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire* 'a curious picture by Sir James Thornhill, representing The Last Supper, but treated after the fashion of Paul Veronese, and showing a Greek portico with a feast in progress. Judas, holding the bag, is a prominent figure, and is said to represent the vicar of Bow Church, Cheapside, for whose Church the picture was painted, but with whom Thornhill had quarrelled.' It hung on the east wall, where at one time the Rood used to be. About a hundred years ago the roof of the church had to be restored. For this purpose it was stripped, and the building closed; but the picture was left hanging. It was rained upon and frozen. A workman put his ladder through it, and the winds extended the gash. Eventually it was taken down to make room for the present reredos. 'The picture', the *Handbook* relates, 'now in the belfry, has been cruelly treated, and is nearly destroyed by damp and neglect.' That was in 1895. A parishioner can still recollect seeing fragments of it at the base of the belfry. There is nothing now.



MANOR GATEHOUSE, TILSWORTH

Malvina Cheek

The gatehouse is at least five hundred years old. For a time the upper part, the porter's chamber, was used as a pigeon loft, with the result that the existing roof is much younger than the remainder of the structure. The front, too, has undergone some restoration. Nevertheless, the old place has come through its long career with creditable integrity.

The manor is mentioned in Domesday. A series of manor-houses must have occupied the site; as manor, palace, and farm house, they were so conditioned, deconditioned, and reconditioned that it is difficult to keep track of them. The present one, visible through the raftered passage, dates from about 1800. The moat still surrounds the property with a watery embrace, but the gatehouse no longer guards, as once it did, the drawbridge.

On either side of the altar in the church, just across the road, two splendid monuments commemorate former owners of the manor. One of them, Sir Henry Chester, who died in 1666 and 'by his wisdom, care and prudence advanced his family', seems to have been a Stuart fifth columnist who came into his own and an Order of the Bath at the Restoration.

The little group formed by the manor, the gatehouse, and the church provides an unforeseen pleasure at the end of a village which has managed to erase almost every vestige of its past.

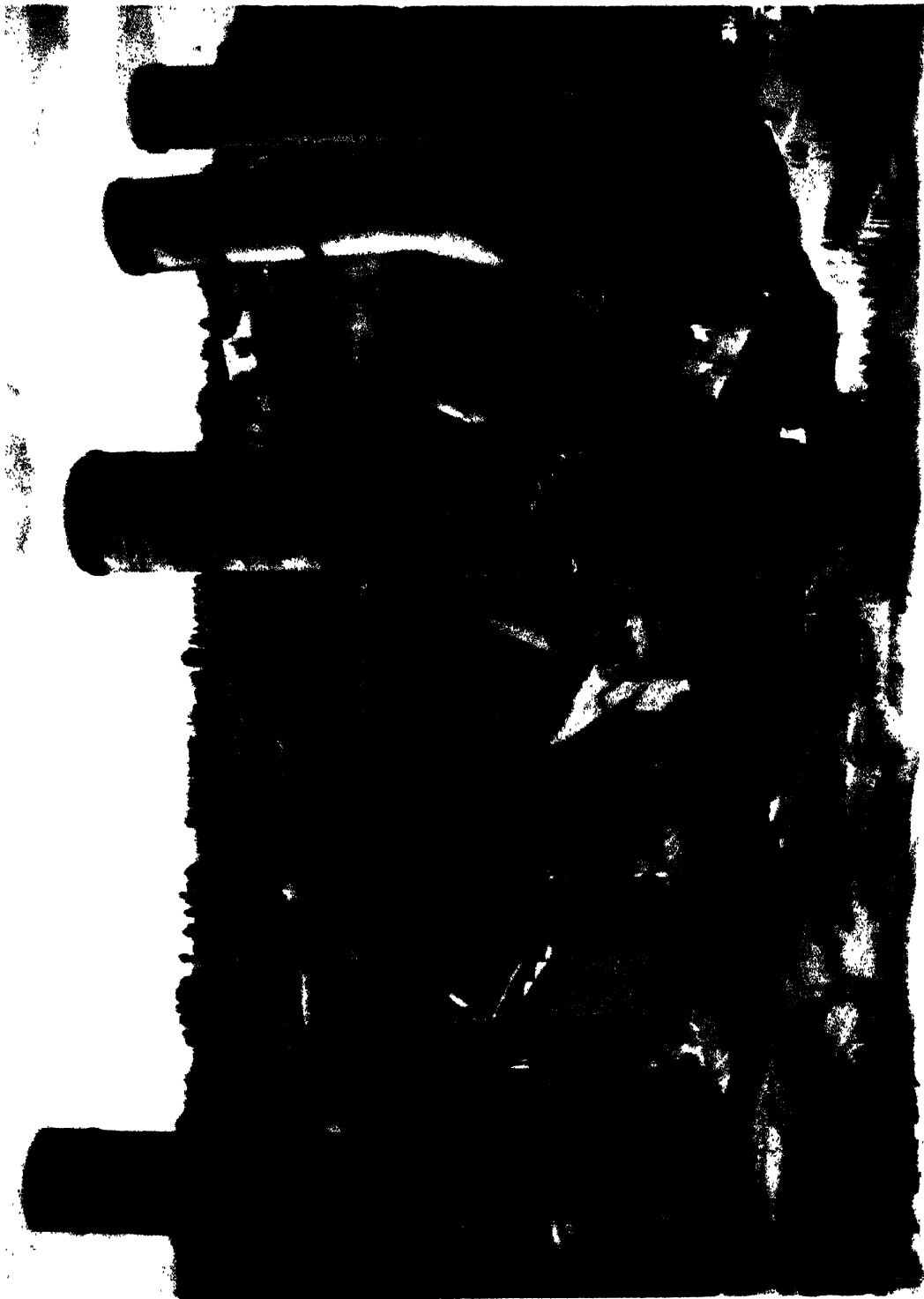


LIME KILNS, SUNDON

Malvina Cheek

As it leaves Dunstable on its way to Fenny Stratford, Watling Street plunges immediately into a deep cutting whose walls are high, precipitous, and, above all, white. We are not yet out of the great tract of chalk running from the Wash to Weymouth, but we are taking farewell of the Chiltern Hills.

Outlying spurs curve away to the north-east, and on this curve lies Sundon. The district has been worked for centuries, mostly for the sake of the soft Totternhoe stone, the top of the chalk marl, but often, as at Sundon, for the lime extracted from burnt chalk. With newer equipment, Sundon now plays its part in the world of cement, and the old lime-kilns, which were falling to pieces when the painting was done, have been demolished. Of the fine view to the north, across Sharpenhoe Clappers to Pulloxhill, they must once have been a desecration. In time they had mellowed and melted into the scene; yet in an age when natural beauty is so often and so wantonly destroyed, regret for their disappearance comes near to sentimentality.



81 DUNSTABLE STREET, AMPHILL

Kenneth Rowntree, A.R.W.S.

So prim, so clean, so house-proud, so guarded, this little residence might serve as an elementary test of the reader, and of us. To anyone who can look at the house without an affectionate smile or ask why it was recorded, we have not made our purpose clear.

It might be left at that; yet there are comments perhaps worth making. The dwelling which now appears so compact was once, in the time of Charles II, a pair of cottages. Except for its painted front, it is brickwork undisguised. The plaster façade may, at a guess, be assigned to 1815.

The immense improvement of road surfaces during the eighteenth century encouraged traffic of all kinds. Whereas, in Queen Anne's day, the occasional, heavy, springless vehicle creaked at walking pace along the rare roads capable of supporting it, by the end of the century 'the roads were thronged as they had never been in any past age, for while the number of vehicles increased the number of riders had not yet diminished. . . . Indeed a rage for travel seized on Englishmen of all classes' (Trevelyan's *English Social History*). The aristocracy went abroad or, with the merely well-to-do, crowded to Bath. Private carriages, hired postchaises with postilions, stage and mail coaches rolled along the new turnpikes. As readers of *Northanger Abbey* will remember, young bloods were buying gigs and phaetons for their fast trotters, though the gentlemen still preferred hacking beside the coach to sitting with the ladies.

The heyday of coaching was finished by 1860, having lasted for three-quarters of a century or more. We have seen, in recent times, the whole country being gradually linked together by services of motor-buses. Something of the kind was done by the stage coaches; and even before the heyday was reached Arthur Young was complaining of a rural exodus—that 'young men and women in the country villages fix their eyes on London' and (what was worse) could achieve their ambition at a cost of eight or ten shillings. Round about 1800, wayside villages suffered changes such as we have seen—a smartening up or a cheapening process, according to the point of view. Our ancestors could not offer petrol, Hovis, and mineral waters, but they could and did make up the faces of their houses and practise a welcoming smile. Good roads, north to south and east to west, run through Ampthill; the inns have commodious yards. A number of the houses have plaster fronts, though they are not all kept as fresh as Number Eighty-one's.



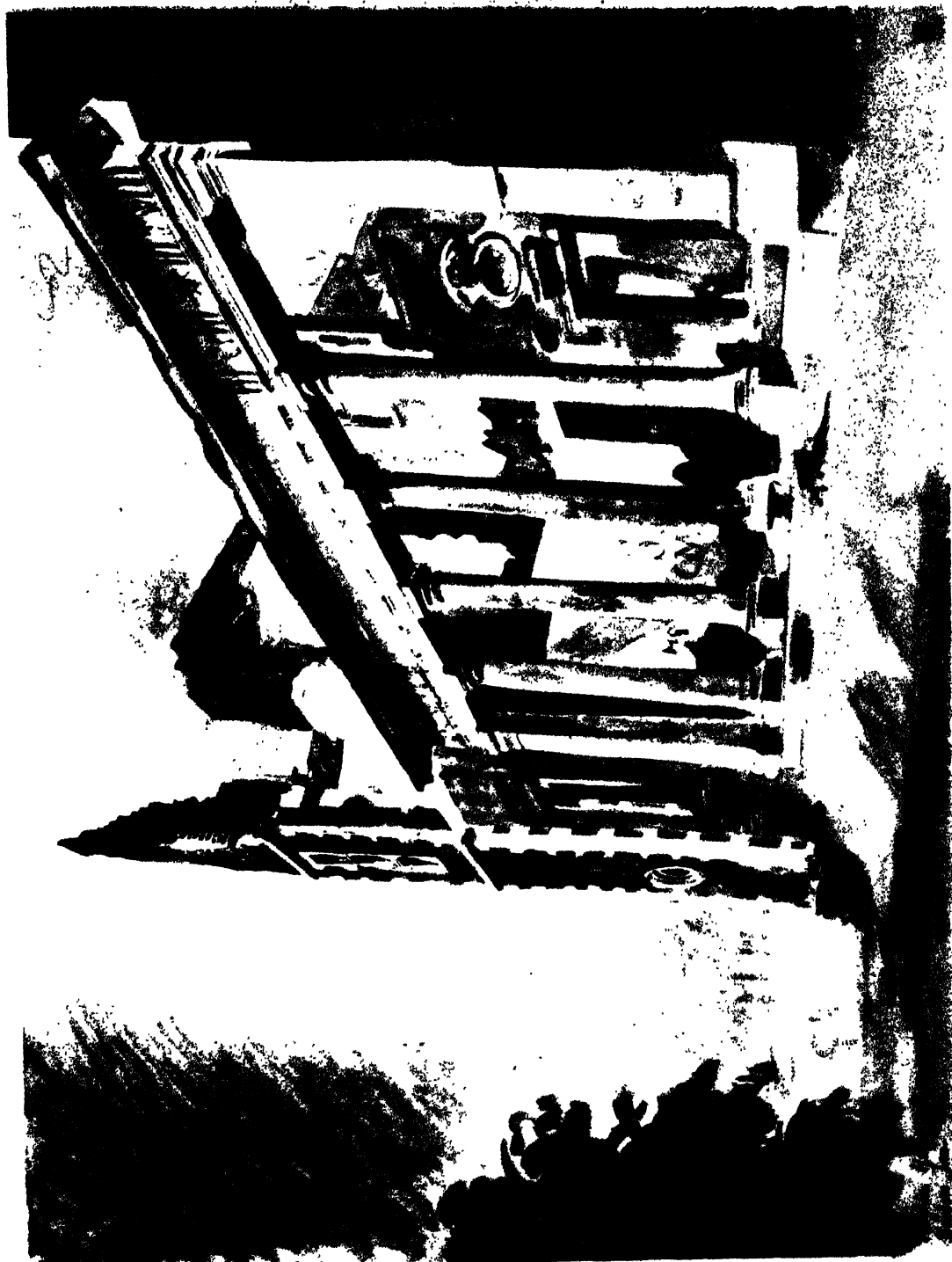
HOUGHTON TOWERS, AMPHILL

Barbara Jones

James I, in 1615, granted some high ground north of Ampthill to the latest and greatest of our Renaissance ladies—Mary, widowed Countess of Pembroke. Niece of the Earl of Leicester; adored sister of Philip Sydney; hostess of Wilton; as intelligent as she was fair, she had numbered among her friends the most illustrious spirits of her shining era. Spenser hymned her in life, and when she died Jonson wrote for her grave in Salisbury Cathedral the most famous epitaph in the language. Could Fate bestow more? Yes, one crowning gift outdoing in splendour all the rest. If, as many believe, her son William Herbert was the Mr. W. H. of Shakespeare's dedication, then she sleeps for ever embalmed in the jewelled folds of the third Sonnet: 'Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee / Calls back the lovely April of her prime.'

When the grant was made, she immediately began the construction of a house worthy of the site. Inigo Jones was the protégé of her son and of her King, and she seems naturally to have turned to him. (John Thorpe also has supporters, but he was scarcely the man for such a commission from such a client.) The Countess spent one summer in her new home. It was not finished till 1621; and in that year, after the King had been one of her few visitors, she died. The house then came into the hands of the Earls of Elgin and later, in 1738, of the 4th Duke of Bedford. His son, Francis, was thrown and killed when returning from hunting, the accident (it is said) being witnessed by his wife from the loggia here shown. She died of grief, and for that or another reason her son, who succeeded his grandfather, unroofed and dismantled the house in 1794. The furniture and fittings were dispersed, mostly to Bedford; and there Jones's (or Thorpe's) staircase, on the handrail of which once rested the fingers of Stuart, Herbert, Sydney, Bruce, and Russell, now helps to bed the clients of the Swan Hotel.

By the beginning of this century the place was an almost total ruin, even what is now erect being partly prone. Pillars and porticoes, crests and devices, porcupines and pineapples, monograms and ciphers crumbled beside the gaping windows or lay on the earth. Full drawings of the old house exist; yet it is to-day so romantic in its wreckage that the possibility of continued reconstruction rouses mixed emotions. It gazes across the vale of Bedford to Northampton, 27 miles away and visible on a clear day. An avenue of elm-trees descended from the front to the Bedford road; the survivors had to make room for battle when the plough challenged the submarine. Behind, an avenue of lime-trees stretched over the brow of the hill to the old brick walls still sheltering the vegetable garden and orchard planned by the Countess and enjoyed by Bruces and Russells.



NEAR LIDLINGTON

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

'There were also in the same Places two other Ways besides that which came strait from the Gate; one turned to the Left Hand, and the other to the Right, at the Bottom of the Hill, but the narrow Way lay right up the Hill, and the name of the going up the Side of the Hill is called *Difficulty*. *Christian* now went to the Spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the Hill. . . . I looked then after *Christian*, to see him go up the Hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his Hands and Knees, because of the Steepness of the Place.'

There is reason to think that, for his *House Beautiful*, Bunyan drew on Houghton Towers; and since *Difficulty* led up to *Beautiful*, the high ground north of Ampthill, where stands the old mansion, has inevitably been identified with Christian's climb. But Lidlington Hill is now more generally accepted as the original—as far as any author ever has one. If it is not the beetling crag that the reader imagined, he must consider that Bedfordshire is a county of wide valleys and gentle slopes, where any sharp rise qualifies as mountainous.

Lidlington, a pleasant sight against trees descending from the Ampthill range, is the true Bunyan scene. Elstow, where he was born; Ampthill, where he was arrested while preaching at a farm; Bedford, where he was in prison for twelve years; all can be visited in the course of a long morning's walk from the spot here depicted. A book which, judged by any standards—literary, spiritual, box-office—is one of the most successful ever written, once made this patch of land more famous than Rydal Mount, Haworth, and Egdon Heath rolled into one. *Pilgrim's Progress* appeared in February 1678. Fuller versions, with added characters, were published in the autumn, the following spring, and (the final edition) in 1684, by which time the earlier editions had already been printed in New England. Although the population of England and Wales was probably not more than five millions, within ten years 100,000 copies of the book were sold here at home. It has since been translated into eighty-four languages and dialects. People who have not read it are fond of declaring that the old book has had its day. The last available figures, before the imposition of paper control, lend no support to this view. Twenty-six English publishers still found it worth their while to issue divers editions.



BRIDGE AT CARDINGTON

Maurice de Sausmarez

From this disregarded bridge on the Bedford-Biggleswade road, and from the shrunken brook it now exaggeratedly crosses, a flock of eminent ghosts and far allusions rises at the sound of our approach through the nettles and weeds. The western keystones of the three central arches bear the following inscriptions: 1st stone, 'J. Smeaton, Eng.'; middle stone, 'S.W. 1778'; 3rd stone, 'S. Green, Surv.'. Mr. Green must be left in reflected glory; his two companions are more than enough for this brief note.

John Smeaton (1724-92) was a Yorkshireman who came to London at the age of 18. After studying law for a while, he turned to mathematical instrument making at premises in Great Turnstile, Holborn. Various ingenious inventions, especially in connexion with hydraulic machinery, won for him the Copley gold medal of the Royal Society, and thereafter he was well launched. At the age of 32 he spent three years designing and building the Eddystone Lighthouse—the third one to occupy the site, it lasted from 1759 to 1882—and he greatly added to the value of the achievement by publishing a long account of the problems met and dealt with in the course of construction. Between 1763 and 1768 he built bridges over the Tweed at Coldstream, the Tay at Perth, and the Tyne at Hexham. The Spurn Lighthouse at the mouth of the Humber is his, and his, too, is all or much of the credit for the Forth and Clyde canal and the harbours of Bristol, Christchurch, Dover, Lynn, Rye, Scarborough, Whitehaven, Workington, Sunderland, Yarmouth, and Ramsgate. He has been called 'the father of the new profession of civil engineering in Britain'.

What was this brilliant and busy man doing in a village in Bedfordshire? The keystone of the middle arch, the only one of the five arches which is not now bone dry, gives the clue. When the brook was a river worthy of a bridge, several water-mills stood beside it. The last remaining one belonged to the Whitbread family, and Samuel Whitbread the first (the founder of the brewing business, and the father of Samuel Whitbread the second, 'the great fermentator', the friend of Fox) engaged Smeaton not only to design the bridge but again, eight years later, to reconstruct the mill. Although the mill was burned down in 1823 and 1840, being on both occasions restored by a Whitbread, a good deal of Smeaton's work escaped destruction.



FELMERSHAM

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

Felmersham is one of a group of creamy-sounding villages—Turvey, Lavendon, Carlton, Chellington, Sharnbrook, Milton Ernest, Pavenham—lying on or near the quiet Ouse north of Bedford. Although they are, in fact, wedged in between the Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire borders, one seems to be in the very heart of the county.

But there have been excitements in Felmersham. Just off the picture, to the left, are a splendid church (one of the best in Bedfordshire) and tithe barn—disproportionately large for the village to-day, and evidence of past monastic importance. The rich bells of St. Mary's were originally six in number; but the sixth (according to Murray) was 'thrown into the River Ouse at the foot of the churchyard, owing to a quarrel between the monks of Felmersham and their beloved brethren at Odell'. There was, though it exists no longer, an old inn dating from the time of Edward III, which used to give some corroboration to the story in its name, *The Six Ringers*.

The big church, the tithe barn, and the missing bell are reminders of a long passed stage in our journey. Parishioners to-day may enjoy, without disloyalty or the incumbent's displeasure, the pretty view towards Odell.



Edmund

THE OUSE IN FLOOD, NEAR HARROLD

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

The first stone bridge in England is thought to have been commissioned by Queen Mathilda in 1126. Harrold had a bridge as early as 1278, and it may well be the one still in use. Like many of its neighbours, it is of considerable beauty, great age, and immense solidity. Piers, arches, and roadway are all of approximately the same width, and to the Ouse, whose flow is as gentle as its name, the masonry administers an unnecessary and unfortunate check. All along the valley, in late winter and early spring (Mr. Badmin's drawing was made in April), floods are habitual and deep; if the summer is wet, they scarcely recede. In a letter to his old friend, Joseph Hill, dated 12 August 1789, Cowper observes that 'the Ouse has hardly deigned to run in his channel since the summer began'. He was speaking, of course, of the river near Olney, six or seven miles away to the south-west; but if the reader cares to turn back to the view of it, in the Buckinghamshire section, he will find, sure enough, the Ouse still spurning his channel.

From the bridge at Harrold there extends for some 300 yards southwards a causeway for pedestrians which tells its own tale. It is built on arches which serve simultaneously as supports for the path and escapes for the water, and it is 5 or 6 feet above the roadway which is itself well above the level of the meads. In the middle of 1945 Italian prisoners of war were set to extensive, and long overdue, dredging of the river for some miles.

The steeple of the church, slender and aspiring, is typical of the district—a theme beautifully and inexhaustibly varied. About three-quarters of a mile east of Harrold, on high ground near Chellington, another such spire springs from a solitary church; and from the ridges looking down on the valley more and more of them can be seen, soaring upwards. There seem always to be several in view, rising through the trees.



THE ROUND HOUSE, HARROLD

S. R. Badmin, R.W.S.

On the triangular green of Harrold stand a Market House—a sort of octagonal bandstand in late-seventeenth-century style, with eight wooden posts and a cornice—and, farther back, the Round House. This was the village prison or lock-up. It is built of stone, of that oolite stone which so often brings, to the visitor to these parts, thoughts of Bath; it is all stone, its dunce's-cap roof as well as its thick wall, and as primitive in design as a Central African hut.

At the back, just beneath the roof, is an iron grating about 8 inches by 5, the sole source of light and ventilation; and the local wrongdoers must often have weighed the relative disadvantages of summer and winter crime, of a single-handed job and of the risk of being insufferably overcrowded with an accomplice. The iron-studded door is barely 5 feet by 2, but no lower than the entries of some of the old cottages hereabouts. Their doorways, like their suits of armour, seem to prove that our ancestors were normally the size of jockeys.

The lock-up—a rare example—must be of extreme antiquity; but the village blacksmith, lately deceased, could remember seeing it used for its old purpose.

